



BOY WITH A SWORD.

(From a painting by Manet in the Metropolitan Museum.)

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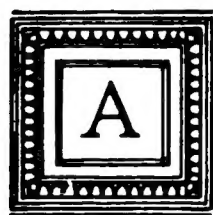
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THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Judge Lindsey wishes to acknowledge that these articles have been worked over and rewritten by Harvey J. O'Higgins, for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, from the original manuscript written by the Judge and from interviews and conversations with him.



AMONG the picture puzzles of your childhood there was one that showed a forest of entangled branches, tree trunks, fallen timber and dense underbrush; and the problem was, in that bewildering jumble of lines, to "find the cat." You traced the outline of a tail among the branches; you spied a paw in the crook of a tree limb; you picked out the barrel of the animal's body in the bark of a trunk; an ear pricked up from the underbrush; an eye stared from the bole of a fallen tree. And when, turning the picture on its side, you gathered those clues together in your eye, suddenly you saw—not the house cat you had expected, but the great "cat" of the jungle, crouching there with such a threatening show of teeth that it almost frightened you into dropping the card. Do you remember that?

Well, there is hidden in our complicated American civilization just such a beast of the jungle. It is not a picture in a picture puzzle. It is a fact in a fact puzzle. There is no man among us, in any sort of public business or profession, who has not seen its tail or its paw concealed among the upper branches, or its eyes and ears watching and listening in the lowest underbrush and fallen

timber of our life. It is there—waiting. To some it has appeared to be a house cat merely; and it has purred to them very soothingly, no doubt. But some have come upon its claws, and they have been rather more than scratched. And others have found its teeth, and they have been bitten—bitten to the soul. A few who have watched it and stalked it carefully know that it is, at the last, very like the dragon in the old fable of Greece, to whom some of the people were daily sacrificed; for it lives upon us. Yes, it lives upon us—upon the best of us as well as the worst—and the daughters of the poor are fed to it no less than the sons of the rich. If you save your life from it, it is at the price of your liberty, of your humanity, of your faith with your fellows, whom you must hand over to it, helpless. And if you attack it——!

I propose to tell, in this story of my own experience, what happens if you attack it. I propose to show the beast from its tail to its nose-tip, and to show it as it is when it has ceased to purr and bares its teeth. I propose to mark its trail and name its victims, to warn you of where it lurks and how it springs. I do not hope to set you on in any organized assault upon it—for I have learned that this is too much to hope—but I trust that I shall be able to show you where the fight against it is being fought, so that you may at least recognize your own defenders and not be led to cry out against them and desert them—when the beast turns polecat—and even, at the instigation of treachery, to come behind your champion and stab him in the back!

The beast in the jungle! How it fights! Any man who truthfully writes the story of his campaigns against it will not write from any motives of vainglory; there is anything but glory to be gained in *that* war. And I do not write in any "holier than thou" attitude of mind, for I understand how I blundered into the hostility, and how the accidents of life and the simplicities of misunderstanding have brought me again and again into collision with the brute. But I write because men have said to me, "You are always crying 'Wolf! Wolf!' when we see no wolf. Show us. We're from Missouri. Don't preach. Tell us the facts." And I am going to tell the facts. They will be "personal." They *must* be personal. I shall have to write about myself, about my friends, about those who consider me their enemy. There is no other way. It is a condition of this whole struggle with the beast that the man who fights it must come out into the open with his life, conspicuously and with the appearance of a strut—like some sort of blessed little hero-martyr—while it keeps modestly under cover and watches him and bides its time!

CHAPTER I

FINDING THE CAT.

I came to Denver in the spring of 1880, at the age of eleven, as mildly inoffensive a small boy as ever left a farm—undersized and weakly, so that at the age of seventeen I commonly passed as twelve, and so unaccustomed to the sight of buildings that I thought the five-story Windsor Hotel a miracle of height and magnificence. I had been living with my maternal grandfather and aunt on a farm in Jackson, Tennessee, where I had been born; and I had come with my younger brother to join my parents, who had finally decided that Denver was to be their permanent home. The conductors on the trains had taken care of us, because my father was a railroad man, at the head of the telegraph system; and we were entertained on the way by the stories of an old forty-niner who told us how he had shot buffalo on those prairies where we now saw only antelope. I was not precocious; his stories interested me more than anything else on the journey; and I stared so hard at the old pioneer that I should recognize him now, I believe, if I met him.

My schooling was not peculiar; there was

nothing "holier than thou" in my bringing up. My father, being a Roman Catholic convert from the Episcopalian Church, sent me to Notre Dame, Indiana, to be educated; and there, to be sure, I read the "Lives of the Saints," aspired to *be* a saint, and put pebbles in my small shoes to "mortify the flesh," because I was told that a good priest, Father Hudson—whom I all but worshiped—used to do so. But even at Notre Dame, and much more in Denver, I was homesick for the farm; and at last I was allowed to return to Jackson to be cared for by my Protestant relatives. They sent me to a Baptist school till I was seventeen. And when I was recalled to Denver, because of my father's failing health, I went to work to help earn for the household, with no strong attachment for any church, and with no recognized membership in any of them.

I suppose there is no one who does not look back upon his past and wonder what he should have become in life if this or that crucial event had not occurred to set his destiny. It seems to me that if it had not been for the sudden death of my father I, too, might have found our jungle beast a domestic tabby and have fed it its prey without realizing what I was about. I should have been a lawyer, I know; for I had had that ambition from my earliest boyhood and I had been confirmed in it by my success in debating at school. (Once, at Notre Dame, I spoke for a full hour in successful defense of the proposition that Colorado was "the greatest state in the union," and proved at least that I had a lawyer's "wind.") But I should probably have been a lawyer who had learned his pleasant theories of life in the colleges. And on the night that my father died, the crushing realities of poverty put out an awful and compelling hand on me, and my struggle with them began.

I was eighteen years old, the eldest of four children. I had been "writing proofs" in the Denver land office for claimants who had filed on government land; and I saved \$150 of my salary before my work there ceased. I found, after my father's death, that this \$150 was all we had in the world, and \$130 of it went for funeral expenses. His life had been insured for \$15,000, and we believed that all the premiums were paid, but we could not find the last receipt; the agent denied having received the payment; the policy had lapsed on the day before my father's death; and we got nothing. Our



JUDGE LINDSEY HEARING THE "KIDS' " SIDE OF THE CASE

furniture had been mortgaged; we were allowed only enough of it to furnish a little house on Santa Fé Avenue; and later we moved to a cottage, on lower West Colfax Avenue, in which negroes have since lived.

I went to work at a salary of ten dollars a month, in a real estate office—as office boy—and carried a “route” of newspapers in the morning before the office opened, and did janitor work at night when it closed. After a month of that I got a better place, as office boy with a mining company, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. And finally my younger brother found work in a law office and I “swapped jobs” with him—because I wished to study law!

It was the office of Mr. R. D. Thompson who still practices in Denver; and his example as an incorruptibly honest lawyer has been one of the best and strongest influences of my life.

I had that one ambition—to be a lawyer. Associated with it I seem to have had an

unusual curiosity about politics. And where I got either the ambition or the curiosity, I have no idea. My father's mother was a Greenleaf* and related to the author of “Greenleaf on Evidence,” but my father himself had nothing of the legal mind. As a boy, living in Mississippi, he had joined the Confederate army when he was preparing for the University of Virginia, had attained the rank of captain, had become General Forrest's private secretary, and had written—or largely helped to write—General Forrest's autobiography. He was idealistic, enthusiastic, of an inventive genius with a really remarkable command of English and an absorbing love of books. My mother's father was a Barr, from the north of Ireland, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian; her mother was a Woodfolk of Jackson County, Tennessee, a Methodist. The members of

*A New England family, to which the poet Whittier was related.

the family were practical, strong-willed, able men and women, but with no bent, that I know of, toward either law or politics.

And yet one of the most vivid memories of my childhood in Jackson is of attending a political rally with my grandfather and hearing a Civil War veteran declaim against Republicans who "waved the bloody shirt"—a memory so strong that for years afterward I never saw a Republican without expecting to see the gory shirt on his back and wondering vaguely why he was not in jail. When I came to Denver, where the Republicans were dominant, I felt myself in the land of the enemy. And when I "swapped" myself into Mr. Thompson's office, I was surprised to find that my employer, though a Republican from Pittsburg, was so human that one of the first things he did was to give me a suit of clothes.

. . . If there is anything more ridiculously dangerous than to blind a child's mind with such prejudices, I do not know what it is.

However, my own observations of what was going on about me were already opening my eyes. I had read in the newspapers of how the Denver Republi-

cans won the elections by fraud—by ballot box stuffing and what not—and I had followed one "Soapy" Smith on the streets, from precinct to precinct, with his gang of election thieves, and had seen them vote not once but five times openly. I had seen a young man, whom I knew, knocked down and arrested for "raising a disturbance" when he ob-

jected to Soapy Smith's proceeding; and the policeman who arrested him did it with a smile and a wink. When I came to Mr. Thompson to ask him how he, a Republican, could countenance such things, he assured me that much of what I had been reading and hearing of election frauds was a lie—the mere "whine" of the defeated party—and I saw that he believed what he said. I knew that he was an honest, upright man, and I was puzzled. What puzzled me still

more was this: although the ministers in the churches and "prominent citizens" in all walks of life denounced the "election crooks" with the most laudable fervor, the election returns showed that the best people in the churches joined the worst people in the dives to vote the same ticket and vote it "straight." And I was most of all puzzled to find that when the elections were over, the opposition newspaper ceased its scolding, the voice of ministerial denunciation died away, and the crimes of the election thieves were condoned and forgotten.

I was puzzled. I saw the jungle of vice and party prejudice, but I did not yet see the "cat." I saw its

ears and its eyes there in the underbrush, but I did not know what they were. I thought they were connected with the Republican party.

And then I came upon some more of the brute's anatomy. Members of the legislature in Denver were accused of fraud in the purchase of state supplies, and some months



JUDGE LINDSEY'S FATHER

later—members of the city government were accused of committing similar frauds with the aid of civic officials and prominent business men. It was proved in court, for example, that bills for three dollars had been raised to \$300, that \$200 had been paid for a bundle of hay worth two dollars, and fifty dollars for a yard of cheesecloth worth five cents; barrels of ink had been bought for each legislator, though a pint would have sufficed; and an official of the police department was found guilty of conniving with a gambler named "Jim" Marshall to rob an express train. I watched the cases in court. I applauded at the meetings of leading citizens who denounced the grafters and passed resolutions in support of the candidates of the opposition party. I waited to see the criminals punished. And they were not punished. Their crimes were not denied. They were publicly denounced by the courts and by the investigating committees, but somehow, for reasons not clear, they all went scot free, on appeals. Some mysterious power protected them; and I, in the boyish ardor of my ignorance, concluded that they were protected by the Republican "bloody" shirt—and I rushed into that (to me) great confederation of righteousness and all decent government, the Democratic party.

It would be laughable to me now, if it were not so "sort of sad."

Meanwhile I was busy about the office, copying letters, running errands, carrying

books to and from the court rooms, reading law in the intervals, and at night scrubbing the floors. I was pale, thin, big-headed, with the body of an underfed child and an ambition that kept me up half the night with Von Holst's "Constitutional Law," Walker's "American Law," or a sheepskin volume of Lawson's "Leading Cases in Equity." I was so mad to save every penny I could earn that instead of buying myself food for luncheon I ate molasses and gingerbread

that all but turned my stomach; and I was so eager to learn my law that I did not take my sleep when I could get it. The result was that I was stupid at my tasks, moody, melancholy and so sensitive that my employer's natural dissatisfaction with my work put me into agonies of shame and despair of myself. I became, as the boys say "dopey." I remember that one night, after I had scrubbed the floors of our offices, I took off the old trousers in which I had been working, hung them in a closet, and started home; and it was not until the cold wind struck my bare knees that I realized I was on the street in my shirt. Often when I was given a brief to work up for Mr.

Thompson I would slave over it until the small hours of the morning and then, to his disgust—and my unspeakable mortification—find that my work was valueless, that I had not seized the fundamental points of the case or that I had built all my arguments on some misapprehension of the law.

Worse than that, I was unhappy at home.



JUDGE LINDSEY'S MOTHER.

Poverty was fraying us all out. If it was not exactly brutalizing us, it was warping us, breaking our healths and ruining our dispositions. My good mother—married out of a beautiful Southern home where she had lived a life that (as I remembered it) was all horseback-rides and negro servants—had started out bravely in this debasing existence in a shanty, but it was wearing her out. She was passing through a critical period of her life, and she had no care, no comforts. I have often since been ashamed of myself that I did not sympathize with her and understand her, but I was too young to understand and too miserable myself to sympathize. It seemed to me that my life was not worth living—that everyone had lost faith in me—that I should never succeed in the law or anything else—that I had no brains—that I should never do anything but scrub floors and run messages. And after a day that had been more than usually discouraging in the office and an evening of exasperated misery at home, I got a revolver and some cartridges, locked myself in my room, confronted myself desperately in the mirror, put the muzzle of the loaded pistol to my temple and pulled the trigger.

The hammer snapped sharply on the cartridge; a great wave of horror and revulsion swept over me in a rush of blood to the head; and I dropped the revolver on the floor and threw myself on my bed, sobbing and shuddering.

By some miracle the cartridge had not exploded; but the nervous shock of that instant when I felt the trigger yield and the muzzle rap against my forehead with the impact of the hammer—that shock was almost as great as a very bullet in the brain. I realized my folly, my weakness; and I went back to my life with something of a man's determination to crush the circumstances that had almost crushed me.

Why do I tell that? Because there are so many people in the world who believe that poverty is not sensitive, that the ill-fed, overworked boy of the slums is as callous as he seems dull. Because so many people believe that the weak and desperate boy can never be anything but a weak and vicious man. Because I came out of that morbid period of adolescence with a sympathy for children that helped to make possible one of the first courts established in America for the protection as well as the correction of children. Because I was never afterward as

afraid of anything as of my own weakness, my own cowardice—so that when the agents of the Beast in the courts and in politics threatened me with all the abominations of their rage if I did not commit moral suicide for *them*, my fear of yielding to them was so great that I attacked them more desperately than ever.

It was about this same time, too, that I first saw the teeth and the claws of our metaphorical man-eater. That was during the conflict between Governor Waite and the Fire and Police Board of Denver. He had, under the law, the appointment and removal of the members of this board, and when they refused to close the public gambling houses and otherwise enforce the laws against vice in Denver, he read them out of office. They refused to go and defied him with the police at their backs. He threatened to call out the militia and drive them from the City Hall. The whole town was in an uproar.

One night, in the previous summer, I had followed the excited crowds to Coliseum Hall to hear the governor speak, and I had seen him rise like some old Hebrew prophet with his long white beard and patriarchal head of hair, and denounce iniquity and political injustice and the oppressions of the predatory rich. He appealed to the Bible in a calm prediction that, if the reign of lawlessness did not cease, in time to come "blood would flow in the land even unto the horses' bridles." (And he earned for himself, thereby, the nickname of "Bloody Bridles" Waite.)

Now it began to appear that his prediction was about to come true; for he called out the militia, and the board armed the police: My brother was a militia man, and I kept pace with him as his regiment marched from the armories to attack the City Hall. There were riflemen on the towers and in the windows of that building; and on the roofs of the houses for blocks around were sharpshooters and armed gamblers and the defiant agents of the powers who were behind the Police Board in their fight. Gatling guns were rushed through the streets; cannon were trained on the City Hall; the long lines of militia were drawn up before the building; and amid the excited tumult of the mob and the eleventh-hour conferences of the Committee of Public Safety and the hurry of mounted officers and the marching of troops, we all waited with our hearts in

our mouths for the report of the first shot. Suddenly, in the silence that held an expectation of the storm, we heard the sound of bugles from the direction of the railroad station, and at the head of another army—a body of Federal soldiers ordered from Fort Logan by President Cleveland, at the frantic call of the Committee of Public Safety—a mounted officer rode between the lines of militia and police and in the name of the President commanded peace.

The militia withdrew. The crowds dispersed. The police and their partisans put up their guns, and the Beast, still defiant, went back sullenly to cover. Not until the Supreme Court had decided that Governor Waite had the right and the power to unseat the Board—not till then was the City Hall surrendered; and even so, at the next election (the Beast turning polecat), "Bloody Bridles" Waite was defeated after a campaign of lies, ridicule and abuse, and the men whom he had opposed were returned to office.

I had eyes, but I did not see. I thought the whole quarrel was a personal matter between the Police Board and Governor Waite, who seemed determined merely to show them that *he* was master; and if my young brother had been shot down by a policeman that night, I suppose I should have joined in the curses upon poor old "Bloody Bridles."

However, my prospects in the office had begun to improve. I had had my salary raised, and I ceased doing janitor work. I had become more of a clerk and less of an office boy. A number of us "kids" had got up a moot court, rented a room to meet in and finally obtained the use of another in the old Denver University building, where, in the gaslight, we used to hold "quiz classes" and defend imaginary cases. (That, by the way, was the beginning of the Denver University Law School.) I read my Blackstone, Kent, Parsons—working night and day—and I began really to get some sort of "grasp of the law." Long before I had passed my examinations and been called to the bar, Mr. Thompson would give me demurrers to argue in court; and having been told that I had only "a pretty poor sort of legal mind," I worked twice as hard to make up for my deficiencies. I argued my first case, a damage suit, when I was nineteen. And at last there happened one of those lucky turns common in jury cases, and it set me on my feet.

A man had been held by the law on several counts of obtaining goods under false pretences. He had been tried on the first count by an assistant district attorney and the jury had acquitted him. He had been tried on the second count by another assistant, who was one of our great criminal lawyers, and the jury had disagreed. There was a debate as to whether it was worth while to try him for a third time, and I proposed that I should take the case, since I had been working on it and thought there was still a chance of convicting him. They let me have my way, and though the evidence in the third charge was the same as before—except as to the person defrauded—the jury, by good luck, found against him. It was the turning point in my struggle. It gave me confidence in myself and it taught me never to give up.

And now I began to come upon "the cat" again.

I knew a lad named Smith whom I considered the victim of malpractice at the hands of a Denver surgeon whose brother was at the head of one of the great smelter companies of Colorado. The boy had suffered a fracture of the thigh-bone, and the surgeon—because of a hasty and ill-considered diagnosis, I believed—had treated him for a bruised hip. The surgeon, when I told him that the boy was entitled to damages, called me a blackmailer—and that was enough. I forced the case to trial.

I had resigned my clerkship and gone into partnership with a fine young fellow whom I shall call Charles Gardener*—though that was not his name—and this was to be our first case. We were opposed by Charles J. Hughes, Jr., the ablest corporation lawyer in the state; and I was puzzled to find the officers of the gas company and a crowd of prominent business men in court when the case was argued on a motion to dismiss it. The judge refused the motion, and for so doing—as he afterward told me himself—he was "cut" in his club by the men whose presence in the court had puzzled me. After a three weeks' trial, in which we worked night and day for the plaintiff—with X-ray photographs and medical testimony and fractured bones boiled out over night in the medical school where I prepared them—the jury stood eleven to one in our favor, and the case had to be begun all over

*This is one of the few fictitious names used in the story. Judge Lindsey wishes it disguised "for old sake's sake."



JUDGE LINDSEY
(From a recent photograph)

again. The second time, after another trial of three weeks, the jury "hung" again, but we did not give up. It had been all fun for us—and for the town. The word had gone about the streets, "Go up and see those two kids fighting the corporation heavyweights. It's more fun than a circus." And we were confident that we could win; we knew that we were right.

One evening, after dinner, when we were sitting in the dingy little back room on Champa Street that served us as an office, A. M. Stevenson—"Big Steve"—politician and attorney for the Denver City Tramway Company, came shouldering in to see us—a heavy-jowled, heavy-waisted, red-faced bulk of good-humor—looking as if he had just walked out of a political cartoon. "Hello, boys," he said jovially. "How's she going? Making a record for yourselves up in court, eh? Making a record for yourselves. Well!"

He sat down and threw a foot up on the desk and smiled at us, with his inevitable cigarette in his mouth—his ridiculously inadequate cigarette. (When he puffed it, he looked like a fat boy blowing bubbles.) "Wearing yourselves out, eh? Working night and day? Ain't you getting about tired of it?"

"We got eleven to one each time," I said. "We'll win yet."

"Uh-huh. You will, eh?" He laughed, amusedly. "One man stood out against you each time, wasn't there?"

There was.

"Well," he said, "there always will be. You ain't going to get a verdict in this case. You can't. Now I'm a friend of you boys, ain't I? Well, my advice to you is you better settle that case. Get something for your work. Don't be a pair of fools. Settle it."

"Why can't we get a verdict?" we asked.

He winked a fat eye. "Jury'll hang. Every time. I'm here to tell you so. Better settle it."*

We refused to. What was the use of courts if we could not get justice for this crippled boy? What was the use of practicing law if we could not get a verdict on evidence that would convince a blind man? Settle it? Never.

So they went to our client and persuaded the boy to give up.

* Many of the conversations reported in these articles are given from memory, and they are liable to errors of memory in the use of a word or a turn of expression. But they are not liable to error in substance. They are the unadorned truth, clearly recollected.

B. B. L.

"Big Steve," attorney for the tramway company! The gas company's officers in court! The business men insulting the judge in his club! The defendant's brother at the head of one of the smelter companies! I began to "connect up" the cat.

Gardener and I held a council of war. If it was possible for these men to "hang" juries whenever they chose, there was need of a law to make something less than an unanimous decision by a jury sufficient to give a verdict in civil cases. Colorado needed a "three-fourths jury law." Gardener was a popular young man, a good "mixer," a member of several fraternal orders, a hail-fellow-well-met and as interested as I was in politics. He had been in the insurance business before he took up law, and he had friends everywhere. Why should he not go into politics?—as he had often spoken of doing.

In the intervals of the Smith suit we had had a case in which a mother, whose child had been killed by a street car, had been unable to recover damages from the tram-



Original from "B. B. L."

way company, because the company claimed, under the law, that her child was worthless, alive or dead; and there was need of a statute permitting such as she to recover damages for distress and anguish of mind. We had had another case in which a young factory worker had been injured by the bursting of an emery wheel; and the law held that the boy was guilty of "contributory negligence" because he had continued to work at the wheel after he had found a flaw in it—although he had notified the foreman of the defect, which was not repaired—and he had had no choice except to work at it or leave the factory and find employment elsewhere. There was need of a law giving workmen better protection in such circumstances. Why should not Gardener enter the legislature and introduce these bills—which I was eager to draft? Why not, indeed! The state needed them; the people wanted them; the courts were crippled and justice was balked because of the lack of them. Here was an opportunity for worthy ambition to serve the community and help his fellow men.

That night, with all the high hopes and generous ideals and merciful ignorance of youth, we decided—without knowing what we were about—to go into the jungle and attack the Beast!

CHAPTER II

THE CAT PURRS.

DENVER was then, as it is now, a beautiful city, built on a slope, between the prairies and the mountains, always sunny, cool and clear-skied, with the very sparkle of happiness in its air; and on the crown of its hill, facing the romantic prospect of the Rockies, the state Capitol raised its dome—as proud as the ambition of a liberty-loving people—the symbol of an aspiration and the expression of its power. That Capitol, I confess, was to me a sort of granite temple erected by the commonwealth of Colorado to law, to justice, to the ideals of self-government that have made our republic the promised land of all the oppressed of Europe; and I could conceive of no nobler work than to serve those ideals in the assembly halls of that building, with those eternal mountains on the horizon and that sun of freedom overhead. Surely a man may confess so much, without shame, of his youth and his inex-

perience. . . . It is not merely the gold on the dome of the Capitol that has given it another look to me now.

It was the year 1897. I was about twenty-eight years old, and my partner, Gardener, was three years younger. He was more worldly-wise than I was, even then; for while I had been busy with briefs and court work, he had been the "business head" of the firm, out among business friends and acquaintances—"mixing," as they say—and through his innumerable connections here and there, with this man and that fraternity, bringing in the cases that kept us employed. He was a "Silver Republican"; I, a Democrat. But we both knew that if he was to get into politics it must be with the backing of the "party organization" and the endorsement of the "party boss."

The "Silver Republican" Boss of the day was a man whom we both admired—George Graham. Everybody was fond of him. "Why," they would tell you, "there isn't a man in town who is kinder to his family. And he's so charitable!" At Christmas time, when free baskets of food were distributed to the poor, George Graham was chairman of the committee for their distribution. He was prominent in the fraternal orders and used his political power to help the needy, the widow and the orphan. He had an engaging manner of fellowship, a personal magnetism, a kindly interest in aspiring young men, a pleasant appearance—smooth and dark in complexion, with a gentle way of smiling. I liked him; and he seemed to discover an affection for both Gardener and me, as we became more intimate with him, in the course of Gardener's progress toward his coveted nomination by the party.

That progress was so rapid and easy that it surprised us. We knew, of course, that we had attracted some public attention and much newspaper notice by our legal battles with "the corporation heavyweights" in our three big cases against the surgeon, the tramway company and the factory owner. But this did not account to us for the ease with which Gardener penetrated to the inner circles of the Boss's court. It did not explain why Graham should come to see us in our office, and call us by our first names. The explanation that we tacitly accepted was one more personal and flattering to us. And when Gardener would come back from a chat with Graham, full of "inside infor-

mation" about the party's plans—about who was to be nominated for this office at the coming convention, and what chance So-and-so had for that one—the sure proofs (to us) that he was being admitted to the intimate secrets of the party and found worthy of the confidence of those in power—I was as proud of Gardener as only a young man can be of a friend who has all the brilliant qualities that he lacks himself. Gardener was a handsome fellow, well-built, always well-dressed, self-assured and ambitious; I did not wonder that the politicians admired him and made much of him. I accepted

joyed, in the same way, his gradual penetration behind the scenes in politics. I saw, with him, that the party convention to which we had at first looked as the source of honors, was really only a sort of puppet show of which the Boss held the wires. All the candidates for nomination were selected by Graham in advance—in secret caucus with his ward leaders, executive committeemen and such other "practical" politicians as "Big Steve"—and the convention, with more or less show of independence, did nothing except to ratify his choice. When I spoke of canvassing some of the chosen dele-



JUDGE LINDSEY'S EARLY HOME IN DENVER

his success as a tribute to those qualities in him that had already attached me to him with an affection rather more than brotherly.

We said nothing to the politicians about our projected bills. Indeed, from the first, my interest in our measures of reform was greater than Gardener's. His desire to be in the legislature was due to a natural ambition to "get on" in life, to acquire power in the community as well as the wealth and distinction that come with power. Such ambitions were, of course, beyond me; I had none of the qualities that would make them possible; and I could only enjoy them, as it were, by proxy in Gardener's person. I en-

gates of the convention, Gardener said: "What's the use of talking to those small fry? If we can get the big fellows, we've got the rest. They do what the big ones tell them—and won't do anything they aren't told. You leave it to me." I had only hoped to see him in the lower house, but he, with his wiser audacity, soon proclaimed himself a candidate for the Senate. "We can get the big thing as easy as the little one," he said. "I'm going to tell Graham it's the Senate or nothing for me." And he got his promise. And when we knew, at last, that his name was really on "the slate" of candidates to be presented to the conven-

tion, we were ready to throw up our hats and cheer for ourselves—and for the Boss.

The convention met in September, 1898. There had been a fusion of Silver Republicans, Democrats and Populists that year, and the political offices had been apportioned out among the faithful machine-men of these parties. Gardener was nominated by "Big Steve" in a eulogistic speech that was part of the farce; and the convention ratified the nomination with the unanimity of a stage mob. We knew that his election was as sure as sunrise, and I set to work looking up models for my bills with all the enthusiasm of the first reformer.

Meanwhile there was the question of the campaign and of the campaign expenses. Gardener had been assessed \$500 by the committee as his share of the legitimate costs of the election, and Boss Graham generously offered to get the money for him "from friends." We were rather inclined to let Graham do so, feeling a certain delicacy about refusing his generosity and being aware, too, that we were not millionaires. But Graham was not the only one who made the offer; for example, Ed Chase, since head of the gamblers' syndicate, made similar proposals of kindly aid; and we decided, at last, that perhaps it would be well to be quite independent. Our law practice was improving. Doubtless it would continue to improve now that we were "in right" with the political powers. We put up \$250 each and paid the assessment.

The usual business of political rallies, mass-meetings and campaign speeches followed in due course, and in November, 1898, Gardener was elected a State Senator on the fusion ticket. I had been busy with my three-fourths-jury bill, studying the constitution of the state of Colorado, comparing it with those of the other states, and making myself certain that such a law as we proposed was possible. Unlike most of the state constitutions, Colorado's preserved inviolate the right of jury trial in criminal cases only, and therefore it seemed to me that the legislature had plenary power to regulate it in civil suits. I found that the Supreme Court of the state had so decided in two cases, and I felt very properly elated; there seemed to be nothing to prevent us from having a law that should make "hung" juries practically impossible in Colorado and relieve the courts of an abuse that thwarted justice in scores of cases. At the same time

I prepared a bill allowing parents to recover damages for "anguish of mind" when a child of theirs was killed in an accident; and, after much study, I worked up an "employer's liability" bill to protect men who were compelled by necessity to work under needlessly dangerous conditions. With these three bills in his pocket, Senator Gardener went up to the Capitol, like another David, and I went joyfully with him to aid and abet.

Happy? I was as happy as if Gardener had been elected President and I was to be Secretary of State. I was as happy as a man who has found his proper work and knows that it is for the good of his fellows. I would not have changed places that day with any genius of the fine arts who had three masterpieces to unveil to an admiring world.

I did not know, of course—but I was soon to learn—that the legislature's time was almost wholly taken up with the routine work of government, that most of the bills passed were concerned with appropriations and such necessary details of administration, and that only twenty or thirty bills such as ours—dealing with other matters—could possibly be passed among the hundreds offered. It was Boss Graham who warned us that we had better concentrate on one measure, if we wished to succeed with any at all, and we decided to put all our strength behind the three-fourths-jury bill. Since Graham seemed to doubt its constitutionality, I went to the Attorney-General for his opinion, and he referred me to his assistant—whom I convinced. I came back with the assistant's decision that the legislature had power to pass such a law, and Gardener promptly introduced it in the Senate.

It proved at once mildly unpopular, and after a preliminary debate, in which the senators rather laughed at it as visionary and unconstitutional, it was referred to the Attorney-General for his opinion. We waited, confidently. To our amazement he reported it unconstitutional, and the very assistant who had given me a favorable opinion before, now conducted the case against it. Nothing daunted, Gardener fought to get it referred to the Supreme Court, under the law, and the Senate sent it there. I got up an elaborate brief, had it printed at our expense and spent a day in arguing it before the Supreme Court judges. They held that the court had already twice found the legislature possessed of plenary powers in such

matters, and Gardener brought the bill back into the Senate triumphantly, and got a favorable report from the judiciary committee.

By this time Boss Graham was seriously alarmed. He had warned Gardener that the bill was distasteful to him and to those whom he called his "friends." It was particularly distasteful, it seemed, to the Denver City Tramway Company. And he could promise, he said, that if we dropped the bill, the railway company would see that we got at least four thousand dollars' worth of litigation a year to handle. To both Gardener and myself, flushed with success and roused to the battle, this offer seemed an amusing confession of defeat on the part of the opposition; and we went ahead more gaily than ever.

We were enjoying ourselves. If we had been a pair of chums in college, we could not have had a better time. Whenever I could get away from my court-cases and my office work, I rushed up to watch the fight in the Senate, as eagerly as a freshman hurrying from his studies to see his athletic roommate carry everything before him in a football game. The whole atmosphere of the Capitol—with its corridors of colored marble, its vistas of arch and pillar, its burnished metal balustrades, its great staircases—all its majesty of rich grandeur and solidity of power—affected me with an increased respect for the functions of government that were discharged there and for the men who had them to discharge. I felt the reflection of that importance beaming upon myself when I was introduced as "Senator Gardener's law partner, sir"; and I accepted the bows and greetings of lobbyists and legislators with all the pleasure in the world.

When Gardener got our bill up for its final reading in the Senate I was there to watch, and it tickled me to the heart to see him. He made a fine figure of an orator, the handsomest man in the Senate; and he was not afraid to raise his voice, and look as independent and determined as his words. He had given the senators to understand that anyone who opposed his bill would have him as an obstinate opponent on every other measure; and the Senate evidently realized that it would be wise to let him have his way. The bill was passed. But it had to go through the lower house, too, and it was sent there, to be taken care of by its op-

ponents—with the tongue in the cheek, no doubt.

I met Boss Graham in the corridor. "Hello, Ben," he greeted me. "What's the matter with that partner of yours?" I laughed; he looked worried. "Come in here," he said. "I'd like to have a talk with you." He led me into a quiet side room and shut the door. "Now look here," he said. "Did you boys ever stop to think what a boat you'll be in with this law that you're trying to get, if you ever have to defend a corporation in a jury suit? Now they tell me, down at the tramway offices"—the offices of the Denver City Tramway Company—"that they're going to need a lot more legal help. There's every prospect that they'll appoint you boys assistant counsel. But they can't expect to do much, even with you bright boys as counsel, if they have this law against them. You know that all the money there is in law is in corporation business. I don't see what you're fighting for."

I explained, as well as I could, that we were fighting for the bill because we thought it was right—that it was needed. He did not seem to believe me; he objected that this sort of talk was not "practical."

"Well," I ended, "we've made up our minds to put it through. And we're going to try."

"You'll find you're making a mistake, boy," he warned me. "You'll find you're making a mistake."

We laughed over it together—Gardener and I. It was another proof to us that we had our opponents on their knees. We thought we understood Graham's position in the matter; he had made no disguise of the fact that he was intimate and friendly with Mr. William G. Evans—the great "Bill" Evans—head of the tramway company and an acknowledged power in politics. And it was natural to us that Graham should do what he could to induce us to spare his friends. That was all very well; but *we* had made no pledges; *we* were under no obligations to anyone except the public whom we served. Gardener was making himself felt, and he intended to continue to make himself felt. He did not intend to stultify himself, even for Graham's good "friends." I, of course, went along with him, rejoicing.

He had another bill in hand (House Bill 235) to raise the tax on large foreign insurance companies so as to help replenish the depleted treasury of the state. Governor

Thomas had been appealing for money; the increased tax was conceded to be just; and it would add at least \$100,000 in revenue to the public coffers. Gardener handled it well in the Senate, and—though we were indirectly offered a bribe of \$2,500 to drop it—he got it passed and returned it to the lower house. He had two other bills—one our “anguish of mind” provision and the second a bill regulating the telephone companies; but he was not able to move them out of committee. The opposition was silent but solid.

It became my duty to watch the two bills that we had been able to get as far as the house calendar on final passage—to see that they were given their turn for consideration. The jury bill came to the top very soon, but it was passed over, and next day it was on the bottom of the list. This happened more than once. And once it disappeared from the calendar altogether. The Clerk of the House, when I demanded an explanation, said that it was an oversight—a clerical error—and put it back at the foot. I began to suspect jugglery, but I was not yet sure of it.

One day while I was on this sentry duty, a lobbyist who was a member of a fraternal order to which I belonged, came to me with the fraternal greeting and a thousand dollars in bills. “Lindsey,” he said, “this is a legal fee for an argument we want you to make before the committee, as a lawyer, against that insurance bill. It’s perfectly legitimate. We don’t want you to do anything except in a legal way. You know our other lawyer has made an able argument, showing how the extra tax will come out of the people in increased premiums,” and so he went on. I refused the money and continued trying to push along the bill. In a few days he came back to me, with a grin. “Too bad you didn’t take that money,” he said. “There’s lots of it going round. But the joke of it is, I got the whole thing fixed up for \$250. Watch Cannon.” I watched Cannon—Wilbur F. Cannon,* a member of the house and a “floor leader” there. He had already voted in favor of the bill. But—to anticipate somewhat the sequence of events—I saw Wilbur F. Cannon, in the confusion and excitement of the closing moments of the session, rush down the aisle toward the Speaker’s chair and make a motion concerning the insurance bill—to what effect I could not hear. The motion



WILBUR F. CANNON
PURE FOOD COMMISSIONER.

was put, in the midst of the uproar and declared carried; and the bill was killed. It was killed so neatly that there is to-day no record of its decease in the official account of the proceedings of the House! Expert treason, bold and skilful!

Meanwhile, I had been standing by our jury bill. It went up and it went down on the calendar, and at last when it arrived at a hearing it was referred back to the Judiciary Committee with two other anti-corporation bills. The session was drawing toward the day provided by the constitution for its closing, and we could no longer doubt that we were being juggled out of our last chance by the clerk and the Speaker—who was Mr. William G. Smith, since known as “Tramway Bill.”*

“All right,” Gardener said. “Not one of Speaker Smith’s house bills will get through the Senate until he lets our jury bill get to a vote.” He told Speaker Smith what he intended to do, and next day he began to do it.

That afternoon, tired out, I was resting, during a recess of the House, in a chair that stood in a shadowed corner of a committee

* Wilbur F. Cannon is now Pure Food Commissioner in Colorado.

* Smith is now tax agent in the tramway company’s office.

room, when the Speaker hurried by heavily, evidently unaware of me, and rang a telephone. I heard him asking for "Mr. Evans" in a low, husky voice. I heard, sleepily, not consciously listening; and I did not at first connect "Mr. Evans" with William G. Evans of the tramway company. But a little later I heard the Speaker say: "Well, unless Gardener can be pulled off, we'll have to let that 'three-fourths' bill out. He's raising hell with a lot of our measures over in the Senate. . . . What? . . . Yes. . . . Well, get at it pretty quick."

Those hoarse, significant words awakened me like the thrill of an electric shock—awakened me to an understanding of the strength of the "special interests" that were opposed to us—and awakened in me, too, the anger of a determination to fight to a finish. The Powers that had "fixed" our juries were now fixing the legislature. They had laughed at us in the courts; they were going to laugh at us in the Capitol!

Speaker Smith came lumbering out. He was a heavily built dark man, with a big jaw. And when he saw me there, confronting him, his face changed from a look of displeased surprise to one of angry contempt—lowering his head like a bull—as if he were saying to himself: "What! That d—little devil! I'll bet he heard me!" But he

did not speak. And neither did I. He went off about whatever business he had in hand, and I caught up my hat and hastened to Gardener to tell him what I had heard.

When the House met again, in committee of the whole, the Speaker, of course, was not in the chair, and Gardener found him in the lobby. Gardener had agreed with me to say nothing of the telephone conversation, but he threatened Smith that unless our jury bill was "reported out" by the Judiciary Committee again and allowed to come to a vote, he would oppose every house bill in the Senate and talk the session to death. Smith fumed and blustered, but Gardener, with the blood in his face, outblustered and outfumed him. The Speaker, later in the day, vented some of his spleen by publicly threatening to eject me from the floor of the House as a lobbyist. But he had to allow the bill to come up, and it was finally passed, with very little opposition—for reasons which I was afterward to understand.

It had yet to be signed by the Speaker; and it had to be signed before the close of the session or it could not become a law. I heard rumors that some anti-corporation bills were going to be "lost" by the chief clerk, so that they might *not* be signed; and I kept my eye on him. He was a fat-faced, stupid-looking, flabby creature—by name D. H. Dickason—who did not appear capable of doing anything very daring. I saw the chairman of the enrolling committee place our bill on Dickason's desk among those waiting for the Speaker's signature; and—while the House was busy—I withdrew it from the pile and placed it to one side, conspicuously, so that I could see it from a distance.

When the time came for signing—sure enough!—the clerk was missing, and some bills were missing with him. The House was crowded—floor and galleries—and the whole place went into an uproar at once. Nobody seemed to know which bills were gone; every member who had an anti-corporation bill thought it was his that had been stolen; and they all together broke out into denunciations of the Speaker, the clerk and everybody else whom they thought concerned in the outrage. One man jumped up on his chair and tried to dominate the pandemonium, shouting and waving his hands. The galleries went wild with noisy excitement. Men threatened each other with violence on the floor of the House,



"TRAMWAY BILL" SMITH
FORMERLY SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
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cursing and shaking their fists. Others rushed here and there trying to find some trace of the clerk. The Speaker, breathless from calling for order and pounding with his gavel, had to sit down and let them rage.

At last, from my place by the wall, on the outskirts of the hubbub, I saw the Clerk dragged down the aisle by the collar, bleeding, with a blackened eye, apparently half drunk and evidently frightened into an abject terror. He had stolen a bill introduced by Senator Bucklin, providing that cities could own their own waterworks and gas-works; but the Senator's wife had been watching him; she had followed him to the basement and stopped him as he tried to escape to the street; and it was the Senator now who had him by the neck.

They thrust him back into his chair, got the confusion quieted, and with muttered threats of the penitentiary for him and everybody concerned in the affair, they got back to business again with the desperate haste of men working against time. And our jury bill was signed!

It was signed; and we had won! (At least we thought so.) And I walked out of the crowded glare of the session's close into an April midnight that was as wide as all eternity and as quiet. It seemed to me that the stars, even in Colorado, had never been brighter; they sparkled in the clear blackness of the sky with a joyful brilliancy. A cool breeze drew down from the mountains as peacefully as the breath in sleep. It was a night to make a man take off his hat and breathe out his last vexation in a sigh.

We had won. What did it matter that the Boss, the Speaker, the clerk and so many more of these miserable creatures were bought and sold in selfishness? That spring night seemed to answer for it that the

truth and beauty of the world were as big above *them* as the heavens that arched so high above the puny dome-light of the Capitol. Had not even we, two "boys"—as they called us—put a just law before them and made them take up the pen and sign it? If we had done so much without even a whisper from the people and scarcely a line from the public press to aid and back us, what would the future not do when we found the help that an aroused community would surely give us? Hope? The whole night was hushed and peaceful with hope. The very houses that I passed—walking home up the tree-lined streets—seemed to me in some way so quiet because they were so sure. All was right with the world. We had won.

CHAPTER III

THE CAT KEEPS ON PURRING.

THE fact, of course, was that we had won nothing. Our precious jury law was soon taken to the Supreme Court, on an appeal from a damage suit, and the judges declared it unconstitutional, without any blushing apologies for reversing their previous decisions. But this

blow did not fall until after an interval of some months; and Gardener and I, resting on our scanty laurels were allowed to reconsider the incidents of the session and count our bruises.

Gardener had had one hard knock, scarcely noticed in the fury and heat of the fight, but now sorely painful. Boss Graham had given him to understand, more or less plainly, that if he intended to continue his career in politics as he had begun it, he need not look for any further support from the Republican machine in Denver. Elections cost money; the money had to come from those who were able to subscribe it; and the Republican machine could not afford to offend such liberal subscribers as Mr. Evans



"BIG STEVE"—ATTORNEY FOR THE DENVER
CITY TRAMWAY COMPANY.

of the tramway company, Mr. Cheesman of the water company, Mr. Field of the telephone company, the insurance magnates and the rest of the "powers."

I do not know that the ultimatum was expressed even so delicately as this; but it was an ultimatum, and the more Gardener thought of it and talked to me about it, the more disheartened he became. He had one more term to serve in the Senate—and then what? Why then simply extinction—the end of his political career. It was as useless to appeal from the Boss to the convention as to turn from a man to ask aid from his shadow. And to go to the people? To ask assistance from the public whom we had tried to serve? We might as well have rushed out from the decision of the Supreme Court into the street and called to the passers-by to come in and reverse the rulings of the judges. The people had handed over their political powers to the convention and the Boss as surely as they had delegated their judicial functions to the courts.

What were we to do then? I did not know. My own inclination was simply to fight—not because I saw any prospect of succeeding, but because I enjoyed the "scrap." Fight for the fun of it—fight for exercise—fight for any reason—but fight! We had our law practice to support us. We were not dependent upon politics for our living. We could make reform our hobby and keep the joy of political battle as a sort of recreation for our after-hours.

Gardener shook his head over it, and we went back to our practice. A very interesting development of events began at once to open on us.

Some months earlier, Boss Graham brought us a case to defend, and he had brought it from the offices of the Denver City Tramway Company. It involved a charge of assault against a street-car conductor, and nothing more; and we undertook to defend the conductor. But the trial came on during the last days of the legislative session; an evening newspaper was scoring the tramway company viciously in its columns at the time; and we, as attorneys for the defense, shared in the printed abuse of the company.

Here was a situation in which I did not relish finding myself. "Don't worry," Graham said, "They're just blackmailers—trying to hold up the company." "But," I protested, "they'll prejudice the jury against us." "Don't worry," he said. "You can't lose. The

jury'll hang." This was even less to my taste. We were not only being set up publicly as copartners in corruption with the very corporation that we had been attacking, but we were actually being compelled to profit by the jury fixing for which we had assailed the corporation. I could not make up my mind whether this was accidental or malicious; and I went through with the case. It ended in a hung jury. The prosecution was dropped. We received \$500. from the tramway company.

I objected to Graham that \$500 was too much—that we did not charge \$500 for such cases. "But," he said, with his suave smile, "you've helped them defeat a civil damage suit that would have taken a lot of the time of one of their leading counsel to defend." I accepted the explanation, though I knew it was not an explanation at all—for it was the hung jury and not we who had won the suit. Our jury law was to be tested before the Supreme Court, on an appeal from a damage suit; and I eased my conscience by telling Graham that if the court found the law unconstitutional—as he seemed to expect it would—Senator Gardener intended to propose, at the next session, a constitutional amendment permitting the passage of our law.

Then I went to Gardener with my qualms about the whole case and the fee we had received for it. He pooh-poohed my squeamishness. "If they're fools enough to pay us more than the thing's worth," he argued, "that's *their* lookout. The more fools they! If we're going to fight these people, we've got to have money, haven't we? We've got to take every cent we can get. Don't be foolish. You're not practical. You never were. Leave the business end of it to me."

Very soon another case came to us, sent in by another corporation politician. And the defendant was the famous "Jim" Marshall, a well-known gambler and the very same man whom I had seen accused of conspiring with a police captain to rob an express train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. In this case he was involved in a dispute about the lease of a gambling house; and though the city, at the time, was supposed to be "shut down tight" against all gambling, Marshall assured me that this was only a political ruse to deceive the "goody-goodies." It was "on the cards" to open up again very soon, and he wanted the house in readiness.

I learned to like Marshall. He was a

good-hearted, fearless man; and in the hands of any other system but that under which we lived, he might have been an invaluable man to the community. We became the best of friends. I learned from him all I wished to know of the connection between "the cat," politics and the gamblers; and what I learned made clear to me the real meaning of the struggle that I had seen between the old Police Board of Denver and "Bloody Bridles" Waite.

We won Marshall's case for him; and without waiting for his bill, he sent us a fee of \$1,000. Meanwhile other corporation cases had been coming in—and bringing large fees. Gardener was jubilant. I became more and more uneasy. These people were not paying us—as I began to see—they were trying to buy us. They were using on us a system which they must have used on hundreds of young men in Denver, before and since—and not only in Denver, but in every city in every state in this union where Business wishes "special privileges" and debauches the community to obtain them. They were trying to buy us and they were succeeding. Gardener was becoming cynical. I was, to him, more and more impractical. We discussed it and discussed it—sitting in our offices (we had taken new ones on Lawrence and Seventeenth Street)—sitting of a Sunday afternoon on the porch of his little home (he was newly married)—walking up and down, of an evening, on the street—or wherever else we happened to have an idle and companionable moment together.

I do not wish to be gossipy; but the situation was typical and I wish it to be understood. It is easy enough to condemn the man who becomes the tool of the "interests"; and it is common enough to exult in his final disgrace and to congratulate the community on his punishment. But it is better to understand what he had to fight against, to appreciate the overwhelming odds he had against him in the struggle, to pity him and to save for the men who ruined him the wrath that is wasted now upon their victim.

I have written this story, thus far, very ill, if I have not let you see the good there was in Gardener. In our long companionship he had attached me to him by every admiration that a man has for what is strong and capable. He was ambitious—but is that a crime? He wished to be rich

—and who does not? He was eager to take his place as a man of note among his neighbors, to have a career in politics, to be able to enjoy and to have his family enjoy the fruits of that career and the honors of its distinction. Are these the traits of a weakling? Or are they the very qualities that make for the usefulness of a strong man in an honest community? And yet it was even by these qualities that the Beast got him. It is by them that it holds him. It is because of them that he does its work to-day so well.

"Why, Ben," he would say to me, "you know how things are in this town. We can't get a look in on anything if these big fellows don't want to let us. Their men are on the doors everywhere. Look at Graham. They own him, and *you* know it. And he has the say whether or not I'm ever to get another election to anything! Look at the courts. Those judges get their places through Graham, the same as I do. Look at the hung juries. You don't suppose they have to *buy* those juries, do you? The poor old dubs who wait around up there for a job on jury duty know who's who in this town. They want to stand in with the powers. They hang the jury in the hope that some of the big fellows will notice them and give them a soft thing up at the Court House or the Capitol. We're trying to buck up against the whole game. And what do we do it for? For 'the people.' The dear people! To h—l with them. A good half of them are in this game themselves. *They* won't help us. They'll turn on us, quick as a cur, as soon as they get the word. And the other half doesn't know and doesn't want to know. They wouldn't believe us if we told them. *They* don't care. All they want is to make a living and keep out of trouble and not be bothered about 'politics.' . . . Our play is to keep quiet and get money and get *known*; and then, when we're Somebody, show these fellows where we're at. Just play the game a while. We can't do anything by raising a kick yet. They'll simply chuck us out and lock the doors."

All this was surely true, and I could not deny it. Nevertheless, I had some sort of vague hope that we should not have to go that way, that perhaps things would turn out better than they seemed. I was impractical, as Gardener said, particularly in money matters. I had started out in my younger days as a grasping little miser stinting myself for the

very necessities of life, and hoarding up every penny I could get. I had invested my savings in real estate during the Denver land boom; and then values declined; the boom collapsed; and after an agony of worry and apprehension, I lost everything. And I felt relieved. I felt as relieved as if I had wakened up from a nightmare to find a load of terror gone from my mind. With some sort of instinctive fear of financial affairs, I have never since been able to consider them as a wise man should.

As I look back on Gardener's struggle now, I see that it was my own weakness to some extent that saved me. I had no more ambition to be rich, and for that reason the bribe that helped to buy Gardener did not

of it for fear of facing the truth about it. Gardener was no hypocrite; that was part of his strength; and I did not wish to hear him say the things I hoped against. But I could not blink the facts for long. They kept coming to me from other people, from friends and acquaintances outside the office; and I saw that Gardener was accepting my silence as a consent to the use of the firm in the service of the "interests." I could not go on accepting their fees. A break between Gardener and me was inevitable. I had to face it.

I faced it alone, in my office, one day that I shall never forget—looking out of the window at a sunset that was beautiful on the mountain peaks. Gardener had cried: "Let



JUDGE LINDSEY'S BIRTHPLACE NEAR JACKSON, TENN.

properly tempt me. I had not his ambition to be prominent in politics; the law satisfied me—as it did not satisfy him—and I had gone into politics only to try to improve the laws. I had none of his personal aggressiveness and determination; I was content to drift along, hoping for the best. Yet this very hope was grounded in a silent disinclination to drift into any crookedness; and as Gardener went further and further along the path that was opened up to him by the favor of the "powers," I found him getting further and further away from me.

There is no need to trace, step by step and incident by incident, the misery of that gradual separation. It went on for months, and it went on in silence. I could not speak

them say what they like. *Let* them call me a 'tool.' I don't care. I'm going to play the game and play it to win—and there's only one way to do it—and that's to sit in with *them*." I could not answer him. I could only say that I would share in no more corporation fees.

From his point of view he was right; and my own point of view, I knew, was too vague and impractical to argue with him. He had all the evidence, all the tangible proofs, on his side; and I had nothing but a sort of formless hope in the right, a feeling of conscience that I could not voice, a silent reluctance to sell myself even to "gain the whole world." They had taken him up to the mountain top and shown him all the

kingdoms of the earth—and he had gone from me as irrevocably as the past in which we had struggled so happily together.

A sunset, at such a moment, is a sad thing to watch. It was carrying away with it all that companionship of youth, all that *camaraderie* in hope and idealism in which we had lived. It was leaving me with nothing but bitter memories and a failure that almost precluded hope. And yet there burned in the sky a color of wrath that burned in me too in a hate for the men whom we had fought. Nothing was sacred to them. No one was too low for them. Laws and courts, judges and juries, politicians and gamblers, the Speaker in his chair and the poor fallen creatures on the street—they debauched them all and bought

and sold them all. And the youth who had ideals, who had intellect and ambition—he, too—they must have him. They must have new tools, strong tools, to replace the ones they wore out and cast aside. They had taken Gardener. He had gone. If they had done nothing else, *that* alone would have been enough to make me swear never to forgive them, never to yield to them—to make me resolve to oppose them, to thwart them in whatever small way might be in my small power—to make me fight in any sort of forlorn hope that some time I should see “a new birth of freedom” like a clean day arising upon us, on our city, on our Capitol, on our mountains that I watched there, almost through tears, as they grew more and more somber with the fall of night.

The Second Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the November Number.

THE UNCONQUERED

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

NOW, think you, Life, I am defeated quite?
 More than a single battle shall be mine
 Before I yield the sword and give the sign
 And turn, a crownless outcast to the night.
 Wounded, and yet unconquered in the fight,
 I wait in silence till the day may shine
 Once more upon my strength, and all the line
 Of thy defences break before my might.

Mine be that warrior's blood who, stricken sore,
 Lies in his quiet chamber till he hears
 Afar the clash and clang of arms and knows
 The cause he lived for calls for him once more,
 And straightway rises, whole and void of fears,
 And arming, turns him singing to his foes.





SIXTEEN MILES TO BOSWELL'S

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

ONE passenger off the five-thirty, coming up the hill," announced Sue Boswell, peering eagerly out of the Inn's office window. "That makes nine for supper. I'll run and tell mother."

"Nine—poor child," murmured Tom Boswell, behind the desk. "That's certainly a great showing for a summer hotel, on the fifteenth day of July. If we don't do better in August—the game's up."

He stared out of the window at the approaching guest, who, escorted by Tom's brother, Tim, was climbing the road toward Boswell's Inn at a pace which indicated no pressing anxiety to arrive. As the pair drew nearer, Tom could see that the stranger was a rather peculiar looking person. Of medium height, as thin as a lath, with a nearly colorless face in which was set a pair of black eyes with dark circles round them, the man had somewhat the appearance of an invalid; yet an air of subdued nervous energy

about him in a measure offset the suggestion of ill-health. He was surveying Boswell's Inn as he approached it, in a comprehensive way which seemed to take in every feature of its appearance.

Across the desk in the small lobby the newcomer spoke curtly. "Good room and a bath? I want an absolutely quiet room where I get no kitchen noises or ball-room dancing. Windows with a breeze—if you've got such a thing."

"I can't give you the bath," Tom answered regretfully, "because we haven't got one in the house. But you can have plenty of hot and cold, in cans. The room will be quiet, all right. And we always have a breeze up here, if there is one anywhere in the world. Shall I show you?"

"Lead on," assented the stranger. He had not offered to register, though Tom had extended to him a freshly dipped pen.

"He's going to make sure first," thought

Tom, recognizing a sign of the experienced traveler. He led the way himself, feeling, for some reason, unwilling to hand young Tim the key and allow him to exploit the rooms. As they mounted the stairs, Tom was rapidly considering. He had brought along three keys—rather an unusual act on his part. It was hard to say why he felt it necessary to bestow any special attention upon this guest, who certainly was by no means of an imposing appearance, and whose hot-weather dress was as careless as his manner.

He opened the door of the first room, and the stranger looked in silently. "I'll show you another before you decide," said Tom hurriedly, without waiting.

This was not his best empty room, and he felt somehow that the man who wanted a room and a bath and a breeze knew it. He led the way on along the hall to a corner room in the front. This was his second best. Tom always preferred to reserve his choicest for a chance millionaire or a possible wealthy society lady—though Heaven knew that, during the six weeks the Inn had been open, no guest distantly resembling one or the other of those desirable types had approached the little mountain hostelry.

"Anything better?" inquired the thin man, his extraordinarily quick glance covering every detail of the room like lightning, as Tom felt.

"Sure—if you want the bridal suit." Tom pronounced it proudly as it were a claw-hammer and white waistcoat.

"Bring her on."

Tom marched ahead to the two rooms opening on the little balcony above the side porch, a balcony which belonged to the "bridal suite" alone, and which commanded the finest view into the very heart of the mountains that the house afforded. Seeing his guest—after one look around the spotless room with its pink and white furnishings, and into the small dressing-room beyond—stride toward the outer door, Tom threw it wide. The guest stepped out onto the balcony. Here he pulled off his hat, which he had not before removed, and let the breeze—for there was unquestionably a breeze, even on this afternoon of a day which had been one of the hottest the country had known—drift refreshingly against his damp brow. The zephyr was strong enough even to lift slightly the thick locks of black hair which lay above the white forehead.

"Price for this?" asked the stranger, in his abrupt way, turning back into the room.

Tom mentioned it—with a little inward hesitation. The family had differed a good deal on the question of prices for these best rooms. In his opinion that settled upon for the bridal suite was almost prohibitively high. Not a guest yet but had turned away with a sigh. For a moment he had been tempted to reduce it—but he had promised the others to stick by the decision at least through July. So he mentioned the price firmly.

The guest glanced sharply at him as he did so. There was a queer little contraction of the stranger's thin upper lip. Then he said: "I'll take 'em—for the night, and you may hold 'em for me till to-morrow night. Tell you then whether I'll stay longer."

Tom understood, of course, that it was now a question of a satisfactory table. But here he knew he was strong. Mother Boswell's cooking—there was none better obtainable. He was already in a hurry to prove to this laconic stranger who demanded the best he had of everything, including breezes, that in the matter of food Boswell's Inn could satisfy the most exacting. Not in elaborately dressed viands or rare kitchen products, of course—that was not to be expected off here. But in temptingly cooked every-day food, and in certain extras which were Mother Boswell's specialties, and which the few people now in the Inn called for with ever increasing zest—though they seldom deigned to send any special word of praise to the anxious cook—Boswell's needed to ask forbearance of nobody.

"I'll send your stuff up right away," said Tom, as the other man cast his straw hat upon a chair and went over to a washstand where hung several snowy towels. "Have some hot water?"

"Yes—and iced."

"All right." Tom was off on the jump. It was certainly something to have rented the bridal suite even for the night, but he felt more than ordinarily curious to know who his guest was.

"Might be a traveling man," he speculated, when he had given Tim his orders, "though he doesn't exactly seem like one. But he looks like a fellow who's used to getting what he wants."

When the new guest came downstairs, at the peal of a gong through the quiet house, Tom saw him cast one keen-eyed glance in

turn at each of the other occupants of the lobby, as they clustered about the door of the dining room. Seven of these were women, and of that number at least five were elderly. Of the two younger ladies, neither presented any special attractiveness beyond that of entire respectability. The eighth guest was a man—a middle-aged man who was reading a book and who carried the book into the dining-room with him, where he continued to read it at his solitary table.

Tom Boswell was at the elbow of the latest arrival as he entered the dining-room, a long, low, but airy apartment, as spotless and shining in its way as the bedroom upstairs had been. There was no head waiter, and Tom himself piloted the new guest to a small table by a window, looking off into the mountains on the opposite side of the house from that of the bridal suite. The women boarders were all behind him, the solitary man just across the way at a corresponding small table. Certainly, the proprietor of Boswell's Inn possessed that great desideratum for such an official—tact.

Sue Boswell, aged fifteen, in a blue-and-white print frock and white apron so crisp that one could not discern a wrinkle in them, waited on the new guest. She did not ask him what he would have, nor present to him a card from which to select his meal. She brought him first a small cup of chicken broth, steaming hot; and though he regarded this at first as if he had no appetite what-

ever, after the first tentative sip he went on to the bottom of the cup. When this was gone, Sue placed before him a plate of corned-beef hash, an alluring pinkness showing beneath the gratifying upper coat of brown. A small dish of cucumbers—thin, iced cucumbers, with a French dressing—accompanied the hash; and with these he was offered hot rolls so small and delicate and crisp that, after cautiously sampling the butter with what seemed a fastidious palate, the guest took to eating rolls as if he had seldom found anything so well worth consuming.

Something made of red raspberries and cream followed, and then half a large muskmelon, its golden heart filled with crushed ice, was placed before him. Last appeared a cup of amber coffee. As the guest tasted this beverage, a look of complete satisfaction overspread his pale face, and he drained the cup clear and asked for more.

Presently he strolled out into the lobby. Here Tom awaited him behind the desk. The hotel register was open, and Tom's fingers suggestively held a pen. The guest obeyed the hint. At an inn so small, it certainly would be a pity for any guest not to add his name to the short list.

For it was a very short list. Although a full month had gone by since the first arrival had written her name, the bottom of the page had not been quite reached when this latest one scratched his in characters which looked quite as much like Arabic as Eng-



HERE TOM AWAITED HIM BEHIND THE DESK.

lish. When Tom came to examine the name later, he made it out to be Perkins, though it might quite as easily have been Tompkins, or Judson, or any other name which had an elevated letter somewhere in the middle. The initials were quite indecipherable. But Perkins it turned out to be, for when Tom tentatively addressed the new comer by that appellation there was no correction made, and he

continued to respond whenever so accosted.

Mr. Perkins spent the evening smoking upon the porch, his head turned toward the mountains. The next morning, when he had eaten a breakfast which included some wonderful browned griddle-cakes and syrup—another of the Inn's specialties—he strolled away into the middle distance and was observed by various of the guests, from time to time, perched about among the rocks, in idle attitudes.

"He's a queer duck," observed Tom in the kitchen, that day, describing Mr. Perkins to his mother. Mrs. Boswell seldom appeared beyond her special domain, that of the kitchen, but left the rest of the house-keeping to her daughters, Bertha and Sue, the management of the Inn to Tom and Tim. "Silent as an owl. Seems to like his food—nothing strange about *that*. He doesn't act sick, exactly, but tired, or bored, or used up, somehow. Eyes like coals and sharper than a ferret's. I can't make him out. He won't talk to anybody, except now and then



A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO WAS READING A BOOK.

a word or two to Mr. Griffith. Never looks at the ladies—but I tell you they look at him. Every one of 'em has a different notion about him. Anyhow, he's taken the bridal suit for two weeks. Goes down to the post office for his mail—gave particular orders not to have it sent up here. That's kind of funny, isn't it?—Oh, I meant to tell you before. He's paid for his rooms a week in advance."

"It helps a little," said his

sister Bertha. She was twenty-five years old, and if any one of this family had the responsibility of the success of Boswell's Inn heavily and anxiously at heart, it was Bertha.—"But it can't make up the difference. Here's July half over, and not a dozen people in the house. What *can* be the matter? Isn't everything all right?"

"Sure it's all right," insisted Tom. "We just haven't got known, that's all."

"But how are we ever going to get known, if nobody comes? Our advertisement in the city papers costs dreadfully, and it doesn't seem to bring anybody."

"Now see here," said Tom firmly, "don't you go to getting discouraged. This is our first season. We can't expect to do much the first season. We're prepared for that."

But he realized, quite as clearly as his sister, that they had not been prepared for so complete a failure as they were making. Boswell's Inn stood only sixteen miles away from a large city, a great Western railroad center, into which early and late, thousands

of tourists were pouring. The road out into the mountains was a good one, the trip easy enough for the owners of motor cars, of whom the city held enough to make a continuous procession all the way if only they could be headed in the right direction. But how to head them? That was what Tom couldn't figure out.

On the third evening after Mr. Perkins's arrival, Tom, strolling gloomily out upon the porch to see if any one was lingering there to prevent his closing up, discovered Perkins sitting alone, smoking. There had not been a new arrival that day; worse, one of the elderly ladies had gone away. She had departed reluctantly, but her absence counted just the same, and Tom was missing her as he had never expected to miss any elderly lady with iron-gray curls and a cast in one eye.

"Nice night," observed Tom to Mr. Perkins.

"First-class."

"Getting cooled off a bit up here?"

"Pretty well."

"Are you—having everything you want?"

Tom asked the question with some diffidence. It was a matter of regret with him that he couldn't afford yet to put young Tim into buttons, but without them he was sure the lad made as alert a bell-boy and porter as could be asked.

"Nothing to complain of."

Tom wished Mr. Perkins wouldn't be so taciturn. The proprietor of the Inn That Couldn't Get A Start was feeling so blue to-night that speech with some one besides his depressed family was almost a necessity. He couldn't talk with the women; Mr. Griffith, though kindly enough, had his nose forever buried in a book. Perkins looked as if he could talk if he would, and have something interesting to say, too. Tom tried to think of an observation which would draw this silent man out. But quite suddenly, and greatly

to Tom's surprise, Mr. Perkins began to draw Tom out. Even so, his questions were like shots from a gun, so brief and to the point were they.

"Doing any advertising?" broke the silence first, from a corner of the thin mouth. Perkins's cigar had been shifted to the opposite corner. He did not look at Tom, but continued to gaze off toward a certain curious effect of moonlight against the rocky sides of the canyon.

"We have a card in all the city papers."

"Any specials?—Write-ups?"

"Well, this is our first season, and we didn't feel as if we could afford to pay for that."

"No pulls, eh?"

"You mean——?"

"No friends among the newspaper men?"

"I don't know one. They don't seem to come up here—I wish they would."

"Ever ask one?"

"I don't know any," repeated Tom.

A short laugh, more like a grunt, was Perkins's reply. Tom didn't see what there was to laugh at in the misfortune of his having no acquaintance among the writing fel-

lows. He waited eagerly for the next question. It was worth a good deal to him merely to have this outsider show a spark of interest in the fortunes of Boswell's Inn.

"When did you open up?" It came just as he feared Perkins was going to drop the subject.

"The third of June."

"Own the house?"

"No—lease it, cheap. It's an old place, but we put all we could afford into freshening it up."

"Cook a permanent one?"

The form of the question perplexed Tom for an instant, but it presently resolved itself, and he was grinning as he replied: "Sure she is. It's my mother. Do you like her cooking?"

"A I."—Ah, Tom would tell his mother that. The young man flushed



IF ANYONE HAD THE SUCCESS OF BOSWELL'S INN AT HEART, IT WAS BERTHO.

slightly in the darkness of the porch. It was almost the first compliment paid her, and she worked like a slave, too.

"Little waitress your sister?"

"Yes. Sue's young, but we think she does pretty well."

"Delivers the goods. Housekeeper a member of the family, too?"

"Yes—and Tim's my brother. Oh, it's all in the family. The only trouble is—" he hesitated.

"Lack of patronage?"

"We can't keep open much longer if things don't improve."—The moment the words were out Tom regretted them. He didn't know how he had come to speak them. He hadn't meant to give this fact away. Certainly there had been nothing particularly sympathetic in the tone of Perkins's choppy questions. But the other man's next words knocked his regrets out of his mind in a jiffy.

"Could you entertain a dozen men at supper to-morrow night if they came in a bunch without warning?"

"Give us the chance!"

"Chance might happen—better be prepared. I expect to be away over to morrow night myself, but have the tip that a crowd may be coming out to sample the place. It may be a mistake—don't know."

"We'll be ready. Would they come by train?"

"Don't ask me—none of my picnic. Merely overheard the thing suggested"—and Perkins, rising, cast away the close-smoked stub of his cigar. "Good night," said he, carelessly enough, and strolled in through the wide hall of the old stone house. Tom looked after him as he mounted the stairs. His spirits had gone up with a bound. A dozen men to supper! Well—he thought they *could* entertain them. He would go and tell his mother and Bertha on the instant; the prospect would cheer them immensely. He wondered how or where Perkins had overheard this rumor. At the post office, most likely. It was a gossip place, the center of the tiny burg at the foot of the mountain, an eighth of a mile away, where a dozen small shops and half a hundred houses strung along the one small street, at the end of which the two daily trains made their half-minute stops.

The dozen men had come and gone. There were fourteen of them, to be exact,

and they climbed out of a couple of big touring cars with sounds of hilarity which made the elderly ladies jump in their chairs. They had swarmed over the place as if they owned it, had talked and laughed and joked and shouted, all in a perfectly agreeable way which woke up Boswell's as if it were in the center of somewhere instead of off in the mountains. They had scrawled fourteen vigorous scrawls upon the register and made it necessary to turn the page, this of itself affording the clerk a satisfaction quite out of proportion to the apparent importance of the incident. Then they had gone gayly in to supper, had sat about two stainless tables close by the open windows, and had been waited upon by both Sue and Tim in such alert fashion that their plates arrived almost before they had unfurled their napkins.

Out in the kitchen, crimson-cheeked and solicitous, Mrs. Boswell had sent in relays of broiled chicken, young and tender, browned as only artists of her rank can brown them, flanked by potatoes cooked in a way known only to herself. These were two of her "specialties," which the elderly ladies were accustomed to enjoy without mentioning it. Pickles and jellies such as the fourteen men had tasted only in childhood accompanied these dishes, and the little hot rolls came on in piles which melted away before the delighted attacks of the hungry guests; then the kitchen itself became alarmed, and cut the elderly ladies a trifle short—at which complaints were promptly filed, though it was the first time this had happened.

Other toothsome dishes followed and were partaken of with such zest, and so many frank expressions of approval, that Sue and Tim carried to the kitchen reports which forced their mother to ask them to stop, lest she lose her head. When the amber coffee, with a fine cheese and crisp wafers, ended the meal, the guests were in such a state of satisfaction that Tom, though he did not know it, had acquired with them his first "pull."

He did not know it—not then. He only knew that they were very cordial with him, asked him a good many interested questions, and that one requested to be shown rooms, remarking that his wife and children might like to run out for a little while before the summer was over. Most of them looked back at the Inn as the automobiles bore



THE NEXT MORNING, HE STROLLED AWAY INTO THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

them away, and one waved his cigar genially at Tom, standing on the top step.

He was standing on the top step again the next morning when Mr. Perkins returned. Tom was wishing Perkins had been there the night before, to see the truth of the rumor he had reported confirmed.

"Well, we had the crowd here last night," was Tom's greeting, as Perkins's sharp black eyes looked up at him from the bottom step.

"So I see." Perkins held up a morning paper. The inevitable cigar was in his mouth. His face indicated no particular interest. He went along into the house as Tom grasped the paper. *So he saw!* What did he mean by that? It couldn't be that any of that party of men had, unsolicited, taken the trouble to—

But they had, or one of them had. In a fairly conspicuous position on one of the local pages of the best city daily was an item of at least a dozen lines setting forth the fact that a party of prominent men, including several newspaper men, had taken supper the night before at Boswell's Inn, Mount o' Pines, and had found that place decidedly attractive. The paragraph stated that such a supper was seldom found at summer hotels, added that the air and the view were worth a long trip to obtain when the city was sweltering with heat, and ended

by speaking of the prime condition of the roads leading thereto. Altogether, it was such an item as Tom had often longed to see, and the reading of it went to his head. When, ten minutes later, Tim, coming up from the post office with the mail and another of the morning papers, excitedly called Tom's attention to a second paragraph headed, "Have You Had a Supper at Boswell's Inn?" Tom became positively delirious.

"It pays to set it up to a bunch like that," was Perkins's comment when Tom showed him this second free advertisement.

"But I didn't treat them. They paid their bills," cried the young host.

"Charge your usual price?"

"Sure. We didn't have anything extra—except the cheese. Tim drove ten miles for that."

"Usual price was all the treat those fellows needed."

"Do you mean you don't think I charge enough?" Tom's eyes opened wide. He had felt as if he were robbing those men when he counted up the sum total.

"Ever dine at the Arcadia?—or the Princess?"

"No."

"They do."

Tom did not know the prices at these im-

posing popular hotels in the near-by city, but he supposed they were high. He felt as if he were the greenest innkeeper who ever invited the patronage of city guests.

"Would you advise me to put up the price?" Tom asked presently, with some hesitation.

Perkins glanced at him out of those worn, brilliant, black eyes of his, which looked as if they had seen more of the world than Tom's ever would see in the longest life he could live, though Perkins himself could hardly be over forty, perhaps not quite that.

"Not yet, son," said he. "By and by—yes. But keep up the quality now—and then."

That evening a young man, whom Tom recognized as one of the party of the night before, the one who had waved to him as he had driven away, appeared again. He came in a runabout this time and brought two women, who proved to be his mother and sister. The young man himself—Mr. Haskins—smiled genially at Tom, and said by way of explanation:

"I liked your place so well I brought them up to see if my fairy tales were true."

Upon which Tom naturally did his best to make the fairy tales seem true, and thought, by the signs he noted, that he had succeeded.

During the following week three or four others of the men of the original party came up to Boswell's or sent small parties. Evidently the flattering paragraphs in the two dailies had made some impression also on people eager to get away from the intense heat of a season more than ordinarily trying. They found the air stirring upon the porches and through the rooms at the Inn; and they found—which was, of course, the greater attraction—a table so inviting with appetizing food, and an unpretentious service so satisfactory, that mouth-to-

mouth advertising of the little new resort, that most-to-be-desired means of becoming known, began, gradually but surely, to tell.

Strange to say, several more paragraphs now appeared; brief, crisp mention of the simple but perfect cooking to be had for the short drive of sixteen miles over the best of roads. These inevitably had their effect, and at the end of the third week Tom declared to Perkins that he was more than making expenses.

"Much more?" inquired that gentleman, his eyes as usual upon the view.

"Enough so we're satisfied and won't have to close up. Why, there's been from one to three autos here every day this week."

One of Perkins's short laughs answered this—Tom never could tell just what that throaty chuckle indicated. Presently he found out.

"What you want, Boswell," said Perkins, removing his cigar—an unusual sign of interest with him—"is a boom. I'd like to see you get it. Gradual building up's all right, but quick methods pay better."

"A boom! How on earth are we to get a boom?"—Tom felt a bit disconcerted.

He had noticed for several days an increasing restlessness in the silent guest. Instead of sitting quietly upon the porch with his cigar, Perkins had fallen to pacing up

and down, with a long, nervous stride. At first he had seemed moody and fatigued, now he had the appearance of a man eager to be at something from which he was restrained. When Tom asked his startled question about the desirable boom, Perkins got out of his chair with one abrupt movement, threw one leg over the porch rail, and began suddenly to talk. He could not be said really to have talked before. Tom listened, his eyes sticking out of his head.

"Bunch of motoring fellows down in town—Mercury Club—want to get up an auto parade, end with supper



TIM MADE AS ALERT A BELL-BOY AND PORTER AS COULD BE ASKED.

somewhere. Hotels at Lake Lucas, Pleasant Valley and half a dozen others, all crazy to get 'em. Happen to know a chap or two in town who could swing it out here for you if you cared to make the bid, and could handle the crowd. Chance for you, if you want it. Make a big thing of it—lanterns, bonfires, fireworks, orchestra—regular blow-out."

Tom's breath came in gasps. "Why—why—" he stammered. "How could we—how could we—afford—What—How——?"

Perkins threw away the stub of a cigar, chewed to a pulp at the mouth end. His eyes had an odd glitter. "I've what you might call a bit of experience in that sort of thing," he said in a quiet tone which yet had a certain edge of energy to it. "Going away next week, but might put this thing through for you, if you cared to trust me."

"But—the money?" urged Tom.

"Willing to stand for that—pay me back if you make enough. Otherwise—my risk. Something of a gambler, I am. Club'll pay for the fireworks—that's their show. Bonfires on the mountains around are easy. Lanterns cheap. Get special terms on the music—friend of mine can. Supper's up to you. Can you get extra help?"

"We can manage the supper," agreed Tom, his round cheeks deeply flushed with excitement. "Say, you're—you're awfully kind. I don't know why——"

Perkins vaulted over the porch rail. From the ground below he looked back at Tom. For the first time since he had come to Boswell's Inn Tom caught sight of the gleam of white teeth, as an oddly brilliant smile broke out for an instant on the face which was no longer deadly white but brown with tan. "Son," said Perkins, preparing to swing away down to the post office, "I told you I was a gambler. Gambler out of work's the lamest duck on the shore. Game of booming the Inn interests me—that's all."

Tom watched the lithe, slim figure in the distance for a minute before he went in to break the plan to the force of Boswell's. "He's no gambler," said he to himself, "or I couldn't trust him the way I do. He's queer, but I don't believe he has any other motive for this than wanting to help us."

With which innocent faith in the goodness of the man who had already seen more of the world than Tom Boswell would ever see, he rushed in to tell Bertha and the rest

of his depressed family the astounding talk he had just had with Perkins.

"Mother Boswell, you've got to come out on the porch—just one minute—and look."

"No, no, child, I can't. I——"

"Not where the folks are—just out on Mr. Perkins's balcony. He told me to take you."

"But I can't leave——"

"Yes, you can. Everything's all right. Come—quick. The first autos are coming—you can see 'em miles off."

With one glance about the kitchen, where two extra helpers were busy with the last preparations, over which Mrs. Boswell had kept a supervising eye to the smallest detail, herself working harder than anybody, the mistress of the place suffered herself to be led away. Up the back stairs, through Mr. Perkins's empty rooms, out upon the balcony, Sue hustled her mother, and then, with one triumphant "There!" swept an arm about the entire horizon.

"My goodness!" burst from the lady's lips, and she stood gazing, transfixed.

At the foot of the mountain side, where lay the little village street with its row of shops and houses, glowed a line of Chinese lanterns, hung thickly along the entire distance. The winding road up to the Inn was outlined by lanterns; the trees about the Inn held out long arms dancing with the parti-colored lights; the porch below, as could be told by the rainbow tints thrown upon the ground beneath, was hung with them from end to end.

"My goodness!" came again from Mrs. Boswell, in stupefied amazement. "There must be a thousand of those things. How on earth——?"

But her ear was caught by a distant boom, and her eyes lifted to the surrounding mountain heights. In a dozen different places bonfires flashed and leaped, with an indescribable effect of beauty.

"They're firing dynamite up on West Peak," explained Sue. "Jack Weatherbee offered to do that. Tim's got boys at all those places to keep up the fires—and put 'em out afterward.—Oh, look—now you can see the parade beginning to show!"

Down upon the distant plain, across which lay the winding road out from the city, one could discern a trail of light—thrown by many searchlights—and make out its rapid advance. The sight moved Mrs. Boswell instantly to action again.

"I must get back to the kitchen," she cried, and vanished from the balcony.

"If you could only see the Inn from outside!" Sue called after her—but uselessly. Mrs. Boswell felt that the entire success of the "boom" depended upon the kitchen. They might string lanterns from Boswell's to Jericho, but if the supper shouldn't be good—The thought sent her down the back stairs at a speed reckless for one of her years. But she reached the bottom safely, or this story would never have been told.

The first cars in the procession came up the steep road with open cut-outs. The bigger cars made nothing of it; the smaller ones got into their low gears and ground a bit as they pulled. In fifteen minutes from the first arrival, the wide plateau upon which the Inn stood looked like an immense garage, cars of every description having been packed in together at all angles. Up the Inn steps flowed a steady stream of people: men in driving attire and motor caps; women in long coats and floating veils, under which showed pretty summer frocks; a few children, dressed like their elders in motoring rig, their faces eager with interest in everything. In the hall, behind a screen of flags and evergreen, the orchestra played merrily. It presently had to play its loudest to be heard above the chorus of voices.

In less time than it takes to tell, every table in the airy dining-room, lit by more Chinese lanterns and hung with streamers of bunting, was filled. Reservations had been made by mail and telephone for the past three days, and with a list in his hand Tom hurried about. He could never have kept his head if it had not been for young Haskins at his elbow. Haskins was secretary of the Mercury Club and knew everybody. He was a genial fellow, and if anybody attempted to tell Tom that a mistake had been made, and certain reservations should have been for the first or second table, instead of the fifth, Haskins would cut in with a joke and have the murmurer appeased and laughing in a trice.

As for Perkins—but where was Perkins? Up to the last minute before the first car arrived, Perkins had been in evidence enough—in fact, he had been everywhere all day, personally supervising every detail, working like a fiend himself and inspiring everybody else to work, proving himself the ablest of generals and a perfect genius at effective decoration. The Inn, inside and out, was a

fairyland of light and color—even the sated eyes of the city people, accustomed to every trick of effect in such affairs, were charmed with the picturesque quality of the scene. But now Tom could see nothing of Perkins anywhere. Tim, hurriedly questioned, shook his head, also puzzled.

Late in the evening, there came a moment when Tom could free himself long enough to run up to Perkins's room. He was uneasy about his guest—and friend—for that the stranger seemed to have become. Perkins certainly didn't look quite strong—could he have overdone and be ill, alone in his room? After one hasty knock, to which he got no answer, Tom turned the knob. Through the open balcony door he saw a leg and shoulder—and smelled the familiar fragrance of the special brand.

"Hello, son," was Perkins's greeting.

"You're not sick?"

"Never. Things going O. K.?"

"Oh, splendid!—Such a crowd—such a jolly crowd!—But—why don't you come down?"

"To help make things go?"

"No, no—to enjoy it. You've *done* enough. You must know some of these people, and if you don't—it's worth something just to look at 'em. I didn't *know* ladies dressed like that—under those things they wear in the autos. Say, Mr. Perkins—the *Lieutenant-Governor's* here—and *his wife!*"

"So?"

"Mr. Haskins thinks they want to stay all night. The lady hasn't been sleeping well through the heat—Mr. Haskins says she's taken a fancy to the Inn. But I haven't a really good room for 'em."

"Take mine."

Tom gasped. "Oh, *no!* Not yours—after all you've done——"

"Going to-morrow, you know. It doesn't matter where I hang up to-night. Matters a good deal where Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor hangs up."

"But where——?"

"Anywhere. May sit up till morning, anyhow. Feel like it. Your show sort of goes to my head."

"*My* show!—*Yours!*—But why on earth don't you come down and——?"

"By and by, son. Say, send me some clean linen and I'll see that this room's in shape for the lady—girls all busy yet. Room swept yesterday. My truck's packed—I'll have things ready in ten minutes."

Tom went downstairs feeling more than ever that his guest was an enigma. But he was too busy to stop just then to think about it.

The hours went by. The guests talked and laughed, ate and promenaded. They crowded the porch to watch the fireworks on the mountain; they swept over the smooth space and the roadway in front of the Inn, looking up at it and remarking upon the quaint charm of it, the desirability of its location, its attractiveness as a resort. Tom heard one pretty girl planning a luncheon here next week; he heard a group of men talking about entertaining a visiting delegation of bankers up here at Boswell's, out of the heat.

Everywhere people were asking, "Why haven't we known about this?" and to one and another Arthur Haskins, in Tom's hearing, was saying such things as—"Just opened up. Jolly place, isn't it? Going to be the most popular anywhere around. Deserves it, too."

"But is the table as good every day as it is to-night?" one skeptic inquired.

"Better."—Haskins might have been an owner of the place, he was so prompt with his flattering statements. "First time I came up was with a crowd of fellows. We took them unawares, and they served a supper that made us smile all over. Their cook can't be beaten—and the service is first-class."

It was over at last. But it was at a late hour that the first cars began to roll away down the hill—and later still when the last

got under way. They carried a gay company, and the final rockets, spurring from West Peak, flashed before the faces of people in the high good humor of those who have been successfully and uniquely entertained.

The Lieutenant-Governor and his wife had gone to the pink-and-white welcome of the bridal suite when Perkins at last came strolling downstairs. Only Haskins's party remained in the flag-hung lobby, the women sheathing themselves in veils, as their motor chugged at the porch steps.

Haskins turned as Perkins crossed the lobby. He stared an instant, then advanced with outstretched hand, smiling.

"Why, Mr. Parker," he said, "I didn't know you were here. Dr. Austin was asking me to-day if I knew where you were. He seems to have got you on his mind. He'll be delighted to see you. I'll call him—he's just outside. He's with our party."

With an expression half dismayed, half amused, Perkins looked after the

Mercury Club's secretary as he darted to the outer door, where a big figure in a motoring coat was pacing up and down.

Tom, leaning over the office desk, looked at Perkins. But Haskins had called the man "Parker." What—?

The big figure in the motoring coat came hurriedly in at the doorway and grasped the hand of Tom's guest. "Parker," he cried, "what are you doing here? Are you responsible for this panjandrum to-night? Didn't I send you off for an absolute rest?"

"Been obeying directions strictly, doctor.



"MY GOODNESS!" BURST FROM THE LADY'S LIPS.

I've lain round up here till the grass sprouted under my feet. You haven't seen me here to-night, have you?"

"No, but the thing looks like one of your managings."

"No interest in this place whatever. Never heard of it till I stumbled on it." But Perkins's eyes were dancing.

"You're looking a lot better, anyhow. Come out here and meet Mrs. Austin. I want to show her the toughest patient I ever had to pull loose from his work."

The two went out upon the porch. Tom gazed at young Haskins, as the latter looked at him with a smile.

"Did he engineer this part of the thing, too, Boswell?" questioned the young man, interestedly.

"Sure, he did. But who is he?"

"Didn't you know who he was?—That's so—you've called him Perkins all along, but this is the first time I've seen him here, and I didn't put two and two together. His letters and 'phones about this supper came from in town, somewhere. Why, he's Chris Parker, the biggest hotel man in the country. Nobody like him—he'd make the deadeast hotel in the loneliest hamlet pay in a month. Head of all the hotel organizations you can count. Most original chap in the world. Dr. Austin was telling me to-night about ordering him off for a rest because he'd put such a lot of nerve fiber into his schemes he was on the edge of a bad breakdown. Well, well—you're mighty lucky if you've got him backing you. No other man on earth could have got the Mercury Club up here to-night—a place they'd never heard of."

So Tom was thinking. He was still thinking about it when the motor car shot away down the hill with its load, the physician calling back at his ex-patient—"Don't get

going too soon again, Parker! So far, so good, but don't——"

The last words were lost in a final boom from West Peak.

Tom went slowly out upon the porch, feeling embarrassed and uncertain. How could he ever express his gratitude to this mighty man of valor?

"Perkins" was sitting, as usual, astride the porch rail, the red light of his cigar glowing against the dark background of the mountains where the bonfires were dying to mere sparks. He looked around as Tom appeared, and grinned in a friendly way under the Chinese lanterns.

"Tough luck, to get caught at the last minute, eh?" he said.

"Mr. Per—Parker—" began Tom—and stopped.

The "biggest hotel man in the country" looked at the greenest young innkeeper, and there was satisfaction in his bright black eyes.

"Not any thanks, son. Should have died in one week more if I couldn't have worked off a few pounds of high pressure. This sort of thing to me's like a game to a gambler—as I told you. Had to keep incog., or I'd have had a dozen parties from town after me on one deal or another. Thought I could put this little stunt through without giving myself away—but came downstairs five minutes too soon. —Went off pretty well—eh? You'll have patronage after this, all right.—No—no thanks, I said. I'm under obligations to you for trusting me to run the thing. It's saved my life!"

Well, if it were all a game, Tom thought, as he watched Mr. Christopher Parker run lightly up the stairs, a few minutes later, it was certainly a wondrous friendly one. *And Boswell's Inn was now known to be only sixteen short motor miles from town.*



"PERKINS."

The Autobiography of Judge Lindsey, beginning in this number, is the clearest exposition of "What is the Matter in America" that we have ever seen. Best of all, he gives practical remedies. And it's a thrilling story, too. We urge you to read it, to talk about it, and to get others to read it.



A LAND WHERE BRIDES ARE KIDNAPPED INSTEAD OF COURTED.

THE LAND OF LOVELY LADIES

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Fight for the Highway of Nations," "Prisoners of the Harem," "Masters of Europe," etc.

Special Commissioner for "Everybody's Magazine" in the Caucasus and Central Asia

FROM the Obi to the Oxus, from Vladikavkaz to Vladivostok, the Little Father rules over some strange peoples and strange lands; but the Caucasus is the strangest of all. I hold, indeed, that the Caucasus is the most interesting land in all the world and I can back my opinions with good reasons. If you would visit the Country of Fair Women, where Circassians of surpass-

ing loveliness can be bought for fifty dollars, where brides are kidnapped instead of courted, where feminine beauty is so common that plainness rests the eye; if you would journey through a land where men still go forth to war in helmet and chain mail; if you would stay in a city where eighty languages are spoken and where revolution laughs at the law, if, carrying your life in



TYPICAL SLAVE GIRLS OF CIRCASSIA.

your hand and your hand on your pistol, you would penetrate to the fastnesses of those wild hillfolk who feed the flesh of their dead to birds and hang the bones of the departed in a bag beside the family hearth; if you would watch the last of the Fire Worshippers at their mysterious rites before the eternal

flame which rises from the Caspian shore; if you would see with your own eyes the land where Buffalo Bill recruits his Cossack horsemen and the Sultan his Georgian beauties; if you would live for a space in an atmosphere of treason and intrigue and rebellion, where every man's hand is quick on



THE "MERRY WIDOW" HATS OF DAGHESTAN.

the trigger or the knife-haft and where life is inconceivably cheap; come with me to the Caucasus, the cradle of our race.

As the geography of our school days does not always stay with us, and that you may be saved the trouble of bringing forth the family atlas, which is a heavy book at best, you will pardon me, my friends, if I explain that the Caucasus is that narrow isthmus—about the size of Texas, in fact—which separates Europe from Asia, and the Black Sea from the Caspian. Athwart this neck of land the Caucasian mountains rear themselves in a mighty and impenetrable wall, and the Pass of Dariel is the door in this wall through which most of the migrating peoples between East and West have come since men began to move at all. From each of these migrations stragglers remained, some in one valley, some in another; and so well did they succeed in keeping their race intact and in retaining each its own customs, costumes, language and religion, that the Caucasus contains to-day the direct and not greatly changed descendants of peoples otherwise lost in the mists of remote antiquity. As some one has aptly said, it is an ethnological museum where the invaders of Europe, as they traveled westward to be manufactured into nations, left behind samples of themselves in their raw condition.

From the times before the years began the Caucasus has been the home of myth and legend. For was it not the country of the Amazons, the land of Gog and Magog, the scene of the adventures of Ulysses and the martyrdom of Prometheus? Were not its shores visited by Jason and his Argonauts and all the rest



THIS IS THE TYPE OF BEAUTY I TRAVELED SIX THOUSAND MILES TO SEE

of that long line of fabulous characters which have passed slowly out of the histories of the learned into the story-books of the nursery? It was on the slopes of Kasbah, let us believe, that Abraham's tent was pitched, and on its sister mountain, Ararat, that the Ark of Noah rested, and from the plains between the two that the Three Wise Men set out for Bethlehem.

But it is with the people of the Caucasus rather than with its romantic history that we have to do; its gallant Georgians, its savage

Suanitians, its mail-clad Kubachi, its swaggering Circassians, its lazy Mingrelians of the fever-coast, and above all with those women whose names have been the synonym for feminine grace and beauty almost since the world began. Indeed, it was for the express purpose of seeing its women that I went to the Caucasus—those women who enchanted Solomon and Nebuchadnezzar, who beguiled the hours of Harun-al-Rashid, and of whose extraordinary beauty I had caught fleeting glimpses in the palaces of the Sultan and the Khedive, or whom I had seen depicted in vivid colors on the bill boards of sideshows and museums.

I came upon the first of these women whom I had traveled six thousand miles to see, if I remember rightly, somewhere in the vicinity of Vladikavkaz, at the head of the Great Georgian Military Road. That I was surprised, and at first a trifle disappointed, there is no denying. My ideas of Circassian women, you see, had been chiefly gained from Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum and from those sideshows, with their glaring pictures and loud-voiced "barkers" which used to flank the entrance to the Greatest Show on Earth. With these recollections still vivid in my mind, I naturally searched the countryside for hectic-cheeked beauties, topped with miniature haystacks of peroxidized, blondined, straw-colored hair. So, when I came face to face with my first group of real, simon-pure Circassians, it took me a few minutes to realize how ravishingly pretty they were. They stood under a plane tree at the entrance to a little village and I stopped my troika that I might see them the better. After one has traveled six thousand miles by boat and train and troika, slept in mud huts and lived on sour bread and caviare, he is to be excused for staring.

Are the women of Georgia and Circassia as beautiful then, you promptly ask, as we have always heard? Standards of beauty differ, but to my mind there is an altogether extraordinary loveliness among them. Originality of per-



THEY ARE TRAINED TO TWIST AND SWAY IN THEIR
STRANGE DANCES



ANOTHER LOVELY LADY; BUT THIS ONE
IS A TARTAR.

fectly chiseled features, of great, lustrous, liquid eyes with ever a tinge of melancholy in them, of firm, full mouth, of cherry lips and alabaster skin and indigo black hair—the exact antithesis of that piquant irregularity of features which has come to pass for beauty among ourselves. These are women, you feel, whose lips would whisper passionate love or, if occasion called, sing high the song which sends their men to battle; whose fingers would grasp the dagger or sweep across the lute strings with an equal aptness.

It struck me as particularly interesting that these big-eyed beauties in their outlandish clothes, staring at me from under the shade of a plane tree in the heart of Caucasia, were living ancestresses, as it were, of the girls I knew at home; the sun-tanned, lithe-limbed, trim-skirted, shirt-waisted girls who play golf or tennis, who swing

the thong over a four-in-hand or sit at the wheel of a racing motor-car. To imagine them as in any way related was so altogether preposterous that I laughed aloud till the girls under the plane tree laughed back in pure good fellowship. And thus emboldened, I got down and took their pictures.

One of the strangest anomalies of history is presented by the Circassians, a race whose men are characterized by a love of freedom equalling that of Andreas Hofer or William Tell, but whose women not only accept, but



A TYPE OF THE HIGH CLASS GEORGIAN WOMEN.



AT THE WEDDING OF A CIRCASSIAN COUNT IN TIFLIS.

actually seek slavery as the most desirable of conditions. History can show no more thrilling story than that of Circassia's twenty-four year struggle against the might of Russia; and yet, from the time Circassia was first known to Europe it has been the regular custom for these independence-loving, self-governing mountaineers to sell their daughters and their sisters as slaves. Difficult as it may be to credit the assertion that these beautiful Circassians actually look forward with pleasure to the day when they will be sold into slavery, it must be remembered that, to the women of Circassia, slavery and marriage are purely synonymous terms. To them, slavery means an exchange from a laborious life of poverty in the mountains to one of ease and luxury in a city harem. Far from dreading their sale, the girls of Circassia look forward to it as the great opportunity of their lives. Each of them has ever before her the possibility of being selected for one of the Imperial harems, and pictures herself, like so many other slave-girls of her race, as controlling the rise and fall of royal scepters.

Was not the present Khedivah,—at the approach of whose closely-guarded carriage the guests on the terrace at Shepherd's

eagerly crane their necks while the police and soldiery, in compliance with Eastern etiquette, turn their backs,—a slave-girl from Circassia, presented to little Prince Abbas, as he then was, for a playmate "with the love of Uncle Abdul-Hamid!" Was not the Sultana Valideah of the late Sultan Abdul-Hamid's harem,—that austere old lady who held the reins of authority over close upon two thousand women of the Imperial household and who had more real influence in the government of the empire than the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizier rolled into one—was she not a slave-girl from these same Caucasian hills? Do not these white-skinned beauties wield petticoat influence in Fez, Teheran and Cairo, in Bokhara and Mecca and even in Timbuctoo? Even if she is not chosen by royalty, those who purchase the fair damsels of Circassia are the titled and the rich, and not the slightest social degradation is attached to her position, even when she is taken to harems in which a Turkish wife may be installed as head of the household. As one of the Russian officials in the Caucasus expressed it to me, an officer who had traveled in America with the Grand Duke Alexis and was ac-

quainted with American customs and modes of thought: "These girls, daughters of poor mountain farmers, look forward to being sold into slavery just as some of your English and American country girls of good faces and good figures look forward to escaping the drudgery and monotony of farm life by going upon the stage as chorus girls. And," he added politely, for he knew the world, did this wise old Russian, "I rather think the Circassian girl makes the wiser choice of the two."

These girls of Georgia and Circassia are trained for the slave-market much as a thoroughbred is trained for the race course, or, perhaps the simile would be an apter one, as a prize heifer is groomed for the show ring. From feet to forehead their skins are rubbed with sweet ointments until their bodies are as white and smooth as the satin of a bridal gown. Their hands and feet are manicured and polished until the nails would make those corals sold on the Capri-Naples boats look insipid in comparison. Morning, noon and night, their beautiful hair is oiled and combed and re-combed and then combed all over again. Indeed, I never saw so much hair-combing in my life as in these same Caucasian mountains, though I am quite willing to admit that the results were worthy of the pains. Finally, belladonna is injected into the eyes, and that is where those liquid, lustrous orbs of which the story-tellers write,

come in. Everything considered, I think I should quite as soon be a prize bull terrier and have my ears clipped and be washed twice a day in bluing, as to be the stock-in-trade of a needy, Circassian mountaineer, and be rubbed and oiled and polished and combed and perfumed during every waking hour by relatives who wished to get a fancy price.

The preparation of a Circassian girl for the market does not end with the beautification of her body, for she is taught to twist and turn in the languorous dances of the East, to play as well as may be upon the flute, the one-stringed fiddle and the guitar, to sing the quaint and plaintive songs of the hillfolk, to make, with equal readiness and dexterity, a cup of coffee or a bed, and all those hundred



A MODERN AMAZON—THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL IN NATIONAL DRESS.

and one accomplishment which may help to bring a ready sale at a round price, and may find favor for her in the eyes of her future lord and master.

"Ask a higher price for me, oh my father" is their frequent admonition to the parent who is managing the sale. This affords a double gratification; that of being highly valued for themselves—if I were a slave I am sure I should rather be a high-priced one—and of being most highly profitable to the family left behind in the mountains. And after one has ridden, as I have, through these mountains of Georgia and Circassia, and has seen with his own eyes the unbelievable poverty of the people and the miserable dwellings in which they live; after he has watched the women laboring in the fields, oftentimes yoked beside an ox from dawn to dark, toiling in the eternal, hopeless struggle to meet the ever-increasing demands of the Russian tax-gatherer, he will understand why the men of Circassia are actually compelled to sell their daughters and their sisters, and why those daughters and sisters are only too willing to exchange a life of toil and degradation for one of luxury, influence and ease.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind, any mention of a slave-dealer calls up pictures of savage-faced, brutal, black-browed men, of the Legree or Tippoos Tib types, lashing their manacled lines of human merchandise as they



A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD PERSIAN BRIDE.

struggle through the swamps and forests to the slave-ships waiting at the coast. Now the slave-dealers whom I number among my acquaintances are not at all like this. One of them, whom I first met in Constantinople and later on in the Caucasus, in search of likely-looking live-stock, as it were, is as suave and gentlemanly a person as one would wish to meet. Of course he doesn't go about advertising the fact that he is a slave-dealer, for the Russians are opposed to the practice, for one reason and another, and make it exceedingly unhealthy for these gentry when they catch them.

If you were to ask him point-blank what his

business was, he would probably tell you that he was an exporter or a collector of rare articles for the foreign market, and either answer would be true as far as it went. These suave, smooth-spoken gentry, usually Armenians, who make periodical tours of the Caucasian villages in search of girls for the Turkish market, very much as an American horse-dealer drives through the farming districts in search of horses, are not at all the type of slave-dealers pictured by the readers of Uncle Tom's cabin and Livingstone's Journal. They treat their comely purchases kindly enough, so far as I was able to see, and they would no more think of misusing them than a dealer would think of ill-treating a horse which he had just purchased.

One fine morning the troika of the slave-dealer pulls up before the humble dwelling of some poor mountain farmer, whose daughter is celebrated for her beauty. Out strides the farmer, his *bourka* thrown back to reveal the silver *kinjal* swinging at his waist, his cap of shaggy sheepskin brushing the lintel of the narrow door. After the usual salutations—in those lands the curt “Good morning” of the Occident does not suffice—the subject of the visit is led forth.

“She seems comely enough,” says the Armenian, damning by faint praise, “but too lean in the hips. This lot is for Morocco and those Moors—curse their sullen tight-fisted ways—want their women fleshy. Still, she might be disposed of, if the price could be made to suit my pocketbook, which has flattened indeed since I came among you hill-robbers. We are not merchants of the bazaar, to spend time and breath in chaffering; what ask you for the girl?”

The farmer glances at his wife inquiringly and the latter covertly raises her hand, the fingers all outspread. “Five hundred roubles” says the farmer promptly.

“Heaven help us” exclaims the Armenian piously. “Do you think, then, it is the chamberlain of the Sultan or the Shah who has come among you? Believe me, I never heard of such a price! It is plain that I must seek farther.”

“Be not so fast,” says the father, laying on the Armenian’s shoulder a detaining hand. “We be but poor folk, and she is the only girl we have. Let us call it four hundred roubles, then.”

“Too cheap, oh my father,” interrupts the subject of the haggling. “You are holding me too cheap! Think you that I am worth no more than the Governor’s grey Orloff horse!”

“Horses are scarce and girls are plenty,” retorts the Armenian. “Three hundred and fifty will I give and not a kopeck more.”

“But those limbs, that chest, that skin!” protests the father. “Why, man, there is no such girl on all the mountain side; she can sing and dance and play the flageolet—no, four hundred is my lowest price.”

“She has her merits, I grant you,” says the dealer, “but four hundred roubles is a vast sum. But the more I look at the girl the more I like her. And that there may be no hard feeling, I will accept your offer of three hundred and seventy-five, one hundred to bind the bargain, the balance when she

is delivered, sound and well, at the town of Petrovsk, at the third shop on the right hand of the silk bazaar.”

A slave-dealer usually stipulates that his purchases shall be delivered, cash on delivery, as it were, at some small port on the Black Sea. Here, saying farewell to the fathers or brothers who have brought them, the slaves are embarked on small, swift steamers and shipped to Constantinople, Trebizond, Smyrna, or Saloniki, either to fill orders already given or for sale at secret auction, or, perhaps, if the venture is deemed a profitable one, to be taken for sale to such far distant points as Bagdad, Fez, or Mecca. As such things go, Circassian girls can be had, this season at least, for very reasonable prices—or so it seemed to me. I was repeatedly urged to buy a fine, buxom, upstanding creature for the equivalent of eighty dollars, while a ravishing beauty, who would have dislocated the necks of half the loungers on Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly, was offered me for double that sum.

Lest any conscientious reader of this article feel impelled to go out to the Caucasus and lend his efforts to the suppression of this pernicious traffic, I will repeat a little incident which was told me one night in the Officers’ Club at Tiflis. Said one of my companions, a commander in the Russian navy, who was in Tiflis on a visit. “Despite the utmost efforts of our government, the slave-traffic between the Caucasus and Turkish ports has increased, of late years, rather than declined. So, when I was given the command of a gunboat two or three years ago, and ordered to patrol that fever-haunted Mingrelian coast on the lookout for smugglers and slavers, I was as proud as some of these Circassians with a new *bourka*. In the gray of an early morning, after endless days of waiting, we caught sight of a suspicious-looking steamer slipping swiftly and silently out to sea from a port that I knew was almost unused except for the loading of wood, certainly not by anything as swift as this boat. It was a stern chase from the first, for the steamer I was pursuing boasted good engines, and it was not until a shell from one of our forward guns whined across her bows that she hove to and waited sullenly for our approach. My gig was lowered away and I was rowed across to the ship. I found, just as I had expected, that she was packed from stem to stern with Caucasian beauties en route for the slave-

markets of Constantinople. I might as well admit that, as I went aboard her, I rather likened myself to a sort of modern Sir Galahad saving damsels in distress, but my knightly dreams were quickly dissipated. I gave orders that a prize crew be put aboard and that the slaver be taken to Batum, whence the girls would be returned to their homes. All this I tried to explain to the throng of frightened, wide-eyed beauties who surrounded me, but no sooner were my intentions understood than they threw themselves at my feet, begging me with tears in their eyes not to send them back to the squalor of their mountain homes but to forward them at once to their Turkish destination."

It was my fortune, good or bad as you choose to look at it, to be in Constantinople at the time of the deposition of Abdul-Hamid. One of the young Turkish officers entrusted with the administration of the ex-Sultan's affairs and the dispersal of his harem, was a personal friend, and on more than one occasion when calling on him at his bureau in the Ministry of War, I found him quite discouraged at the ill-success which had attended his efforts to restore to their families the women of the Imperial harem. There were something over seventeen hundred of them in all, for the most part from Georgia or Circassia, though there were also large numbers of negresses who had been imported from Tripoli, Abyssinia, and the Sudan. No attempt was made to return these latter to their homes, as the task was obviously an impossible one, so they were given their freedom and small pensions on which to live. But the thousand-odd Circassians presented a wholly different problem. The finances of the new Turkish régime do not permit the Government to maintain a permanent beauty show, even if it wanted to. The new Sultan, Mohammed V, has a matrimonial establishment of his own which is quite sufficient for his needs, and so the Government was confronted with the problem of what was to be done with these women, most of whom, remember, knew no other life than that of the harem, had no recollection of their parents or where they came from, and were quite unable to care for themselves if thrown upon the world. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, from one end of the Caucasus to the other, offering to pay the transportation of those relatives who would come to Constantinople to reclaim

their women, and in this manner hundreds of women were restored to their families after years of separation. (It would be interesting to know if they will now be sold over again.) Others, for whom no claimants could be found, were given as wives to officers of the army and navy, and still others were provided with pensions and establishments of their own.

Every Caucasian girl, in course of time, is either sold into slavery or she gets married,—marriage by capture being still *à la mode* among these half-civilized children of the mountains. Marriage by capture simply means that a young mountaineer, having fixed his eye on a beauty in some neighboring tribe, one fine morning swoops down from his home in the hills, clad in his best *bourka* and lambskin cap, his waist fairly abristle with weapons, gallops up to the house of his intended, seizes her and despite her struggles and protestations—which, it must be admitted, are often but perfunctory—lifts her to his saddle bow and gallops away with his bride in his arms, *à la* Lochinvar. This summary form of taking in marriage does not dispense, however, with the bridegroom's paying the *kalim* or price of the bride to her parents. Should this not be paid a blood-feud would promptly ensue and the bridegroom and his father-in-law, not to mention all the male relatives on either side, would take pot-shots at each other whenever occasion offered, until one family or the other had been exterminated. In the Caucasus, life, as I have already remarked, is cheap and a blood-feud provides these simple-minded children of the mountains with much the same pleasurable excitement which a bull-fight gives to the Spaniards or a ball game to our highly civilized selves. In a country where the people are regarded simply as the source of taxes, and where a mountaineer with a total income of \$150 a year, including all the products of his land, is compelled to pay a tenth of it over to the Russian tax-gatherer, the *kalim* is not apt to be exorbitant, being, in some cases I heard of, as low as three roubles (\$1.50)—a good deal less than the price of an ass, which costs at least fifteen.

Really, I don't know that I can blame these parents for being a trifle cool toward a son-in-law who has walked, or rather galloped, off with a valuable daughter. Now just take it to yourself. If you had brought up a daughter with all imaginable care and spent every available cent you could beg,

borrow or steal on ointments and hair-tonics and perfumes with which to beautify her; after you had taught her to dance the cake-walk and play ragtime and all the other pleasing accomplishments of the day; and had planned to sell her at the next visit of the slave-dealer for enough to buy a cottage and a garden and a phonograph; and if then, a good-for-nothing, harum-scarum youth should gallop up on a circus horse and carry her off, you would feel a little peevish yourself with this self-inflicted son-in-law, now wouldn't you? I know that I should.

Among the tribes of the Western Caucasus wife-stealing is the rule rather than the exception, for a man is not considered brave unless he kidnaps the girl he loves. Among the Khevsurs, however, marriage takes on a little more of a ceremony, in which the *dekanos* or local Orthodox priest plays a part. Betrothal, in this tribe, takes place when the couple are mere children, frequently when they are only eight or ten years old, though they are seldom married before they are fourteen. In witness of betrothal the bridegroom gives to the bride's parents a token—usually a brass ring set with colored glass, worth about a rouble and a half. I bought one of these rings from a disappointed father-in-law—disappointed, I might add, because his daughter had been married before he had had a chance to sell her—but so large and ferocious-looking was this engagement circlet that I never dared wear it for fear of being arrested for wearing brass “knuckles.” After the parents have accepted such a token of engagement, according to tribal law, they cannot marry their daughter to another man without soothing the wounded feelings of the disappointed one by giving him sixteen cows. The stealer of another man's bride also pays sixteen cows to the injured bridegroom, this pleasing arrangement appearing to be quite satisfactory to every one concerned, the original bridegroom thus entering into possession of a very respectable herd.

When the girl—presuming she has remained true to her first choice—becomes of marriageable age, which is about her thirteenth or fourteenth birthday, the bridegroom sends half a dozen sheep to her parents by the hand of a professional woman negotiator and two arbitrators. Approaching the bride's house with great stealth, and usually in the night time, they suddenly burst in the door. The parents of the bride having guessed,

with amazing perspicacity, the reason for this somewhat informal entrance, the haggling begins. The parents demand a higher price for their daughter than they had originally named, and the negotiator, in turn, tells them how fortunate they should be to get such a thrifty, industrious, brave, good-looking, much-sought-after and altogether desirable son-in-law on any terms. Suddenly, the arbitrators, who have taken no part in the discussion, whether from weariness or hunger I do not know, jump up and drawing their *kinjals*, drag the sheep they have brought into the house itself and slaughter them before the family hearth. The parents, overcome by this sudden burst of generosity, summon their relatives, and after a carouse in which huge quantities of roast mutton and the brisk red wine of the Caucasus play an important part, the bride, accompanied by her family and followed by the entire population of the village, is taken to the bridegroom's house. A search party is then sent out to find the bridegroom, who is generally discovered hiding in the house of a neighbor. The pair being seated before the fire in such a position that the wood-smoke will blow into their faces, the long-haired *dekanos* approaches and, giving each a taper to hold, sews the ends of their garments together with needle and thread. Then, holding aloft a great wooden bowl of *vodka*, he invokes a blessing on the newly married pair and drinks to their health in a single prodigious draught—a drink the half of which would incapacitate a man of a less hardy nation. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride returns to the home of her parents, and for fourteen days the couple avoid each other as though they had the plague, even refusing to recognize each other before strangers. At the end of this period, however, the bridegroom gallops up to the house of his parents-in-law, swings his wife to his saddle-bow, and when the simple home of wood and stone is reached, carries her over the threshold into the scene of her new life. There she will winnow and dry the maize, hang the tobacco leaves in the loft, help with the vintage and the beasts, work the wooden loom, prepare her husband's food and rear children to be sold into Turkish harems if they are girls, or, if they are boys, to don, perhaps, the white fur cap and the long gray tunic and serve in the Circassian bodyguard of the Tzar.

When in Tiflis, I attended a very fashionable Circassian wedding indeed,—a photo-

graph of which is reproduced herewith. But the bride, who was a beauty in her native dress, had persuaded her father to send to Moscow for a European-cut dress of the latest fashion, and, further to spoil what might have been a charming picture, she insisted on appearing with her hair done in the wholly unbecoming mode of the West. The rest of the picture was quite satisfactory, however; the *dekanos* with his long hair done up on the top of his head in a Psyche knot, the father of the bride, a fine figure of a man, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, with a gold-mounted *kinjal* swinging at his waist and his cap of Persian lamb as fine and soft as velvet, and best of all the fellow-officers of the bridegroom who attended and who, when the wedding was over, formed a lane with crossed sabres under which the happy pair passed.

Generally speaking, the marriages of the Khevsurs are of an unstable nature. A husband can send his wife away even a week after the wedding, if he sees fit; it is sufficient for him to say that he does not like her looks, that her cooking does not please him or that she is a poor housekeeper. The husband having selected another bride, these two are married by the *dekanos* with ceremonies like those of the first occasion; so it will be seen that it is both possible and permissible for him thus to make the rounds of all the marriageable girls in the vicinity. It takes a man of some means, however, to play this progressive matrimonial game, for he is bound to pay each wife that he rejects as not up to his requirements a *solatium* of five cows—and in the Caucasus a man's wealth is measured by his cattle. The parents of a Khevsur woman who has run away from her husband must pay the latter eighty roubles—about forty dollars—or she cannot marry again. Although the Khevsurs give a nominal allegiance to the Orthodox Church, polygamy is not unknown among them, a man being occasionally found who has two wives, but never more. As a general thing the Khevsurs regard their wives very much in the light of slaves and treat them without any particular tenderness or affection. As an illustration of this I remember an incident I saw while riding across the mountains of Daghestan. A man, a woman and an ox were trudging slowly down the road in the direction of a field that obviously had to be plowed. The ox, perhaps in consideration of its future labors, carried nothing.

The man, in consideration of what is due to the male sex in the Caucasus, was burdened by nothing more than his arms. The woman carried the plow.

Among the Khevsurs, when the time for a woman's confinement approaches, she is driven from her home to a hut, called *sachekhi*, which has been built for her by the women at least a *verst* outside the village. Here she is left to have her child, without any help and in terrible suffering, physicians and midwives being quite unknown among these primitive mountain folk. If the throes are very severe and her cries are heard, the kindly disposed villagers arm themselves with rifles and creeping up stealthily to the vicinity of the hut, fire a sudden, crashing volley to frighten away the evil spirit, incidentally frightening the woman almost to death and thereby mitigating her pains. The day after the birth of the child the neighbors bring her bread, but rather than contaminate themselves by venturing within the hut, they leave it at some distance outside, so that she must go after it herself. Mother and child must remain in the hut for forty days, unvisited by husband or neighbors. At the end of this time she is permitted to return to the village, but that both may be still further purified they spend a fortnight longer in a shanty built for the purpose, called *samrevlo*, which is to be found in the outskirts of every Khevsur village. When the mother eventually returns home the *sachekhi* is burnt so that the evil spirit may not settle there.

Though fate has thrown a good many strange sights in my way, and I have journeyed in many countries, yet I do not remember ever to have visited so interesting a land, or to have been in the society of so many handsome men and pretty women. Proud in the conscious knowledge that they are of the purest stock in all the world, and members of its handsomest race, a group of these untutored Caucasians can give points on dignity and deportment to any gathering of the great ones of the earth. But it was the women that I went to see, and it is the women who will linger longest in my memory, and to me, at least, that country of wild mountains and wilder peoples will be always the Land of Lovely Ladies. But most interesting of all is the fact that in these fair women we see, in flesh and blood, what manner of folk our ancestresses were in those days when Caucasia was the cradle of the world and the world was very, very young.

FATHER FEE, ORPHAN COLLECTOR



By
CASPAR DAY



Illustrations by
Thomas Fogarty

FATHER FEE was that hopeless thing, an easy-going failure. His sixty years had made his short frame stiff with rheumatism; his mind, too, did not bend readily to circumstances. Father Fee was Irish of the Irish, but times had changed in the coal country. Even back in the Molly Maguire period he was a thought old-fashioned. The era of automobiles and Hearstian politics finally classified him as dead timber.

Three bishops had come and gone during the thirty years of the old man's priesthood. The fourth was a young man, intelligent, modern, vital, ambitious, occupied with men and affairs. Upon this prelate Father Fee made an exceedingly bad impression. He attended the bishop's luncheon, given the rural pastors, in greasy broadcloth, poured his bouillon into the saucer to cool it, refused a modest glass of claret with emphasis far stronger than his grammar and, lastly, mangled his cigar with the grape-scissors and jammed the resulting fine-cut into a dudheen.

Bad table manners were not the worst of it. The bishop's inquiries among the Millerville laity disclosed a state of affairs highly discreditable. The church needed painting. Father Fee was always shabby, generally in debt. He preached with such a brogue that the rising generation wouldn't listen to his

homilies. His parishioners neglected their duties, put their money into cock-pits and fighting dogs instead of into the collection plate, and even married Protestants with impunity. The parochial residence swarmed with ownerless children, old dogs, sick cats, unattractive white rats, featherless chickens, feeble-minded pet rabbits; and generally there was a sick horse or a motherless calf in the back yard, taking treatment from the reverend veterinarian.

Father Fee bore his removal to Slaty Creek in the easy, cheerful spirit characteristic of his dealings with the three former bishops and his other sixteen parishes. Millerville gave him a parting gift of fifty dollars and offered the five children car fare to the Catholic Orphanage at Enderly. The first godsend enabled Father Fee to decline the second. He packed his own belongings in the Dublin-made trunk that had come over seas with him in 1859, marshaled Spotty, the lame pointer; Mary Davitt, the fire orphan; Chris Lieb, the railroad orphan; Andrew Mayhew, the typhoid orphan, Stella and Dominik Miliauckas, the mine orphans; and transferred the whole establishment to the drab-tinted house in Slaty Creek. Mary Cecilia Gratz undertook to "do" for him in the parish house as she had "done" for his predecessor. Poor Mary Cecilia Gratz, too, was quite in harmony with



THOMAS FOGARTY

FATHER FEE SCRATCHED HIS SHAGGY GRAY HEAD IN TROUBLED PROTEST.

the law of nature that drifted miscellaneous unfortunates into the keeping of Father Fee. She was a withered bride of five-and-forty, whose husband had been railroaded from church to the penitentiary on a murder charge; her years of "workin' out" were also years of hopeless waiting.

There was no one in Slaty Creek who would serve soup in teacups nor see offense in a dudheen. Socially and ecclesiastically, Slaty Creek was at the end of the earth. It was a one-mine town. It had to the full the benefits of corporation law; it enjoyed company land, company houses, company water, company store, company butcher, company doctor, company justices of the peace, company railroad, company ambulances, company wages, and European contract labor. Almost the only thing that the laws of Pennsylvania did not empower somebody to furnish in bulk for the town was the English language.

Months went on, and Father Fee lived according to the light that was in him. The bishop could not accurately say that the appointee made a mess of parish affairs, because the spiritual kingdom had fallen upon evil days under the last three rulers; but certainly the old man made a bad matter no better. At the end of his second year at

Spotty leaped up in welcome, her paws against his breast.

"'Twas God's will I'd be givin' 'em a short sermon this day. The church was cold. Poor Tom was too far gone in the suds, las' night bein' pay night, an' he didn't light the stoves for us. I'd not be half a doctor, like I am, if I kep' women an' children shiverin' there more'n jus' what the souls o' them insists on.—Charge down, Spotty, ould lass.—Well, but what's in the pot for to-day, Mary? Heart, but God gives us the appetites after late mass! Would it be corn beef, now?"

Mary Cecilia shook her head gloomily. "Vhen you get one more child-orphan from these peoples, Mamie McDavitt mus' go on the silk mill, sure. She gets big alreaty. And always Dominik an' the new Eytalian are fighting an' eating."

Father Fee shoved his hat back with a red hand. His heavy face lost its weariness and his bright little eyes gleamed.

"Aye," he responded, chuckling. "Fight-in' an' eatin'—the true ways for a lad to be. God grant they grow up together fat an' hearty at it! I mind myself, now, an' the County Mayo dirt I bit my teeth on, fightin' in the road forninst me father's place. Aw,

St. Andrew's a crisis came suddenly.

"Your letter waits yet," said Mary Cecilia, meeting the priest at the house door on Sunday noon. "You did not read it las' night, an' to-day maybe you forget once again. Your dinner I haf not ready so soon as this; you got time for reading it."

Father Fee smote his shoes on the door-sill to jar off the mud of a January thaw. Old

them days!—I could do with a County Mayo petatie hot in me hand, too, this minute.”

“Vith no money by me how can I get some? Bread an’ pork an’ cornmeal for six children is expensif, Ref’rence. Only by that curing of his so-sick horse for the grocer las’ week do we get cornmeal off the grocer still. The store bill is so big he says he couldn’t trust no more with us.” Hereat Mary Cecilia, faithful soul, thought of the six orphans and put her apron to her eyes.

“I got two dollars to-day, only,” said the priest, feeling in his pockets. “They had a big pay yesterday. I was hopin’ for a bit more, maybe; but it’s God’s way, sure, an’ ’tis no matter. We’ll do; we’ll slip along someways. If there was one o’ the Irish in the church to-day at all, I’d be bringin’ home the round dollars. ’Twas on St. Patrick I’d fixed me bit of a sermon. But whin I went into the althar an’ seen out o’ the tail o’ me eye only the Austhrians an’ Dagoes an’ Lithuish an’ Slavish an’ Polanders on the benches, why I knew ’twas a bad day for religion again. But I says to myself, ‘Father, the poor lads can sort o’ half onderstan’ ye. Fire ahead with Irelan’s saint, then. ’Tis good as another. Only las’ pay ye preached ag’in drinkin’, an’ two weeks before that by the Bishop’s own pers’nal orders ye told them the sins that do come out o’ dancing. It’s a pity the Irish ain’t by to hear ye to-day, but they’ve most like gone over to the prize-fight, down Cedar Run way. Go ahead, then. St. Patrick might be the pleasant change for the for’ners.’ So I gave it them good an’ I hope they took it in. If so be I c’d speak the language o’ one sort o’ them, I c’d get plenty o’ cash out o’ that there nation. But the rest o’ the kinds would be leavin’ in the middle o’ mass wid cries o’ rage; so ’tis just as well—just as well.”

“Two dollars! Ref’rence, I cannot stretch so hittle money so long ways. I cannot do! No, I cannot do!”

“Whist, now,

Mary! There’s many a thing we could go without an’ not come to want. Ye’re not yerself to-day, woman. Six childern, says you? Well, what of it? Sure, the world ’ud give ’em a livin’ somehow; an’ why aren’t they the better off in a priest’s house, where I can look out for ’em like a mother an’ teach ’em right ways an’ see they keep the fasts o’ the church? Them Homes is no home to a kid an’ well God knows it.”

“You will be starving!” moaned Mary Cecilia. She had an attack of influenza, and life looked darker than usual.

“Lord bless you, there might be a marriage or a christenin’ any day, now Advent is out! There’s ways an’ ways for the money to come in. Never fret.”

“Or a fun’ral,” sighed the housekeeper. Father Fee winced.

“No, not that. God save ’em!” he said hastily. “’Tis past my heart to look to *that* money, wid the widow an’ the childern kneelin’ in the front seats, an’ a fine big lad layin’ stiff in his coffin next the rail! I never buried a man yet that I c’d do it with a peace o’ mind; bad or good, I know he’s missed in some house. But it’s droves an’ droves I’ve buried in thirty years—drink an’ railroad an’ mines—God rest the poor souls!”

“I haf had trouble so much. I haf grow afraid, I guess,” Mary Cecilia admitted. “Maybe it vould come good yet. I vill hope once again. You read your letter, Ref’rence, an’ maybe the Bishop some good thing vill make on us.”

Father Fee scratched his shaggy gray head



THOMAS FOLEY

AND GENERALLY THERE WAS A SICK HORSE IN THE BACK YARD
TAKING TREATMENT.

in puzzled protest. "Letter, says she?" The Bishop's epistle was a fearsome, tiresome business; for only the laity resort to type machines, and manuscript made Father Fee's eyes sting. "Letters, indeed, an' me fast-ing! The envelope's comfortable the way it is; 'twill keep. 'Tis fuller than me, this minute. No, no, Mrs. Gratz. This afternoon or to-night is early for it. Send the childern in to me, so's you'll have them out from under yer feet in the kitchen. You're not feelin' just good, an' they're no bother

from end to end he folded the sheet and sought counsel in the kitchen.

"The devil—" he began solemnly, rubbing his hair with hands that trembled, "the devil is set to work, Mrs. Gratz, on the Bishop an' me."

"An' vat comes out?" queried Mary Cecilia. She was mending the personal belongings of the new Italian orphan, but in spite of that disheartening task she enjoyed comparative good spirits.

"Throuble," spoke Father Fee.



Thomas Fogarty

"MY, MY, THE FLOCKS O' CHILDERN I SEEN GROW UP IN ME HOUSES."

to me at all. My, my, the flocks o' childern I seen grow up in me houses, one place wid another!—Spotty, old girl, you seen some o' them; you seen some. Dear, dear!—(Smell o' the good hot cornmeal, will ye, while she has the door back.) Thirty years, it is, and mostly good luck, too. Not a one went back on me. Some was doin' pretty good, last I knew. An' only two sickly ones up an' died. Christ give them heaven for their bed!"

That Sunday was the 9th of January. The Bishop's letter had been mailed on the 7th, but for one reason and another Father Fee did not settle down to read it till Thursday, the 13th. When he had perused it twice

"Plenty is ours already."

"There's a mission to come to us," he continued. "Three priests to come Sat'day afternoon an' live wid us the week. 'Tis disgraced we are. I see no way out. Och, sorrow send the day!"

"On what do three priests sleep, once? Or eat? Or keep them warm efenings? Oh, Ref'rence!"

"One's Eyetalian, an' one's Slavish, an' one's just United States. Amongst them they've the furrin languages, an' the Bishop thinks the parish'll sit up when oncet they thry their han's. Maybe so; maybe so. But how'll we rayceive comp'ny, Mary Cecilia? They're men that has the best o'

things for every day; an' on a mission I c'd offer 'em no less at all."

"Lieber Gott, I wish ve was not so soon past the measles! But Pietro finishes las' week, an' Mamie says the rest is long ago ofer it."

"For one thing, there's but four chairs in me house," mourned Father Fee. "Three cups has kept their handles, thank the Lord! But plates—I dunno."

"Plates ve borrow," Mary Cecilia answered. The blow had fallen; her period of animation was at an end. She sat down again upon the soap box that was her bench, and went on restoring Pietro's genuine antiques.

The children, with a horde of visitors, were playing tag in the yard. The old priest heard their laughter with a definite pang. Here at last was a trouble of which their good health and light-hearted chatter would not ease him. He went into the hall, struggled into his overcoat and took up his hat, impelled only to escape from the domestic anxieties.

"Come, Spotty," he said to the old dog. "We'll be out a bit. Comfort's not here."

At nine that evening Father Fee amazed the town by walking coolly into Morrigan's saloon, Spotty at his heels. The bar was lined with men. Their boots came off the foot rail and mugs and glasses clattered on the cherry top. Father Fee took a chair and sat down. A pause ensued.

"You're lookin' for somebody, Father?" the bartender asked.

"I am," said Father Fee. His pulses throbbed with excitement over the desperate thing he was to do. Further, the odors of the place called up the wild ghosts of his youth—that Jamie Fee's, whose young throat burned for brandy forty years ago.

The pause was involuntary, but it was excellent tactics too. Every man of the company thought, with a qualm, of some message that the priest might bear for him alone. Tidings of sickness, accident, death, weighted the silence. Every man listened.

"Will any that ain't Cath'lics go outside a bit an' wait? I'll not be so long."

Nobody moved. Everybody looked over his shoulder and hastily

faced front again. The bartender answered for all.

"I guess we're the one kind. Not such good ones, maybe, but——"

"'Tis enough," said Father Fee. "The Church's name is what I got to save. Ye're with me there."

Then, with an awkward dignity of grief, his rough-hewn face ugly under the saloon lamps, little Father Fee announced the impending mission and the condition of his domestic affairs. Old Spotty thumped her tail and licked his hand effusively as the tale went on, but for once her sympathy could not avail the master. The men heard him out without question or suggestion.

"So ye're collectin'," said Morrigan finally.

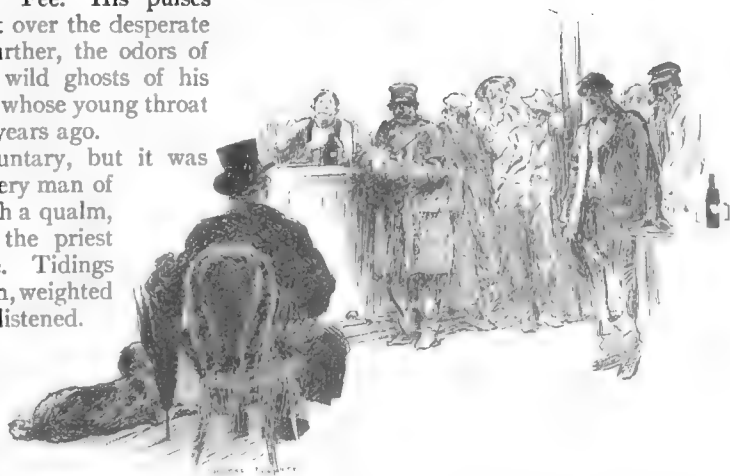
There was a nasty emphasis about the tone. Father Fee's spirit rose with a leap, and he met the other's eye with a gleam in his own.

"Ye've guessed it," said he. "Ye've nice chairs in yer place, too, Morrigan, better'n I've sat in this two years gone. Loan me the matter o' four o' them, will you, while the mission visits my house?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" cried Morrigan, backing off. The others laughed.

"Maybe so," agreed Father Fee gently. "Maybe so, Jim. But I'd hate to judge ye offhand like. And anyways, 'tis no reason why yer four chairs couldn't serve the Lord for one week."

"Take 'em," Morrigan told him. "When they come back we'll have a regular convin-tion to receive 'em. Will I send you half a keg besides?"



THE MEN HEARD HIM OUT WITHOUT QUESTION OR SUGGESTION.

"No, no. Thank ye kindly, jus' the same. But I'd rather the childern didn't know taste nor smell of it in my house. A ham, now, would cost ye about the same as a keg, wouldn't it?"

"Childern!" snapped Morrigan. He was glad of something to bluster about. "Them childern is the whole cause o' yer trouble, Father Fee. Six childern in a priest's house'll eat him out o' house an' home, anywhere. Don't ye blame us for what's on yerself. Why would we be payin' to feed a bunch o' kids you brought from some'ers else?"

"That's right, Father. We ain't made o' money," said a customer.

"Ye never went inside a Home, I be thinkin'?" asked the priest. "Ye've not; no. An' where'll your own kids go to this day week, if ye're killed at noon to-morra?"

It is a question the miner trains himself to leave unanswered. No one spoke.

"The Irish has their own troubles; leave 'em be," said the bartender finally. "But why would we take the keep of everybody's orphans on ourselves?"

"We can't. We got our own," another cried.

"An' to my certain knowledge, Father, you got a Dago there; an' them two, Stella an' Dominik, is Polander kids."

"Sure," said Morrigan. "Don't come a-askin' us to pay *their* way!"

Father Fee gathered his short frame together.

"But for bein' a priest," says he, "I'd knock yer impident teeth down yer t'roat, Morrigan. An' God forgive the hasty man I am! I ast ye the loan o' four chairs an' f'r a ham f'r the priests to eat. Now say if I get the ham?"

"For the priests, ye do," the saloon keeper promised. "For Polander orphans, no, ye don't."

"Hold on," spoke a big square man at the back. "They're not Polanders. They're Lithuish, them two. I guess it's up to me." He handed the priest a dollar.

"Thanks," spoke Father Fee with a spark in his eyes. "I'm glad there's one that will back his blood. It's not on the mission I'll spend that dollar; I'll put it by till I need it for the kids themselves. Now, will anny man spare me a bed f'r the week the visitors stay? They must sleep, holy men."

"I can," answered a German. "And what goes on it, too."

"Very good; then that's done for; me own

will do under the third man. Tablecloth an' a wather pitcher, boys?"

"We got a new pitcher this Sat'day night," said a bearded man gruffly. "Th' old woman'll send it up till you see would it do."

"I'm obliged, indeed," spoke the priest warmly. "Don't forget, now, that I want the thin's the full week; an' then they'll go back to ye. Now I'll be goin'. There's four more saloons to this street, an' amongst them I wouldn't wonder if I'd get what their rev'rences'll be needin'. Good night, lads. An' if I was you, I'd keep the matter close from the Protestants an' outsiders. Else they might think disrespect o' the Bishop an' the mission. Yes, yes, I'm sure of it. An' don't drink afther ten, boys."

Out in the windy darkness again, Father Fee heaved a great sigh, a sigh in which shame and relief alike confessed themselves. Down the street showed Floyd's sign and lamp-post, a good three blocks away. He walked slowly. Three men overtook him as he went.

"Here," said the German, who was first. "Your Chris, he plays mit my kids. I know 'im."

"Here, sor," panted the second, who had run part way and fallen over old Spotty in the gloom. "The Irish backs their own as good as any for'ner!"

The third benefactor was even more shamefaced. "I'm a cheap sport, Father Fee. I ain't no fella for church nor preachin'. But say, you mind that there Dago kid you took two weeks back when Memellos broke up? Say, his pa was my laborer three years. Kilt in my chamber. Yes. Say, the kid was all Nick had—stuck on each other, them two. Say—Take this bet on the kid, will you? An' don't tell on me!"

"Sec, now!" mused the priest as he gathered his wits on the steps of Floyd's saloon. "Folks has no more'n to see the need, an' their hearts is right in business at the same old stand. *Not seein'* is the trouble—hearin' an' not lookin' over the right way to see. Their eyes is set so on their own business. But there's wondherful few stingy folks in this here world, God save 'em. Drunk an' disortherly, as the burgess used to tell me back at Arleigh—drunk an' disortherly this world is, maybe; but not stingy."

Saturday morning was a time of tremendous happenings at the parochial residence. Mary Cecilia and Mamie McDavitt scrubbed the house inside and out. Chris Lieb and

Andy Mayhew brought in load after load of the borrowed furniture on a wheelbarrow, gleaming from up and down the street. Stella Miliauckas even was big enough to run on errands. She brought home many valuables besides Morrigan's ham. Dominik and Pietro, as their part of the day's business, did what they could to keep each other out of mischief. Father Fee was everywhere through the bustle, warmed to the very cockles of his heart by the good-natured Christianity of his parishioners. The bare house took on a look almost of splendor, to his thinking, as the afternoon sun streamed in on borrowed luxuries.

for the oil-can too, because the lamp weighed too light on the clip to burn for many minutes.

No. 8 Lift, 3 Right, was a horrible place a mile from the shaft, with a gangway so low that men worked doubled up, and with "pitch chambers" running up precipice-fashion on its eastern side. As they neared the chamber where the accident had occurred, the miner who guided the priest halted and put out both their lamps.

"There's some gas to-day an' yes'day, Father. The foggy weather outside often drives it in on us like. They're workin' with safeties just beyont. We can go the few



"GIMME A BAR OR A PICK, AN' TH' OLD MAN C'N TURN A LUMP O' COAL."

About three o'clock the mine office telephoned the company drug store that the priest was wanted in No. 8 Lift, 3 Right, by a dying man. Wee Stella had a marvelous ear for sounds. She ran to the church, made her little genuflection before the altar, chattered a minute to Father Fee as he cleaned the brasses in his shirt-sleeves, and delivered the message verbatim.

Father Fee snatched only what was most essential. His collar, overcoat and hat were somewhere—basement, robing room, pews, or coal box; but clothes were a negligible factor anyhow.

There was brass-polish gray upon his fingers as the cage started down the shaft away from daylight. His old knees ached from running, and his breath jerked in and out. But he borrowed a cap from a lad on the cage beside him, and quite sensibly asked

steps in the dark now. You come so quick I hadn't hardly begun to clean a safety for us up at the foot-house. 'Twould take me ten minutes longer, I shouldn't wonder. But ye'll see their lights soon. Just around the bend here. Hang on to me or ye'll fall."

"I knew the mines oncet," said Father Fee, coming on over the ties at a great rate in the pitchy darkness. "Seven years I worked when I first come over, till me an' me father would get the money saved to make a priest o' me. I was just the slip of a boy. But me feet remembers them seven years smarter than me head does las' week; it's easy walk-in'. Well, but who's hurted? They ain't got 'im out yet?"

"A Polander boy, laborin'. A greenhorn, an' young. I donno how it come about, but 'twas like as if Lusaitis's blast didn't come down, the half of it, with the shot. After-

ward young Joe was down t' the very door o' the chamber, loadin' a car; an' the whole chunk broke off an' caught him, *slap!* Forty feet up it was, Lusaitis says. It jus' slid the full len'th o' the chamber, with the forty-foot drop to give it weight an' a good start. He was talkin' to us a while back. Says he thinks his back's broke; he can't feel nothin'."

"How's the roof, up where the coal come off?" Father Fee asked him.

"Bad. Soapstone like, an' broken into long cracks. It's fell twicet a'ready since. Down it comes on the pile every slip too. We need a good light on it if we ever did, but the gas catches inside the safeties half the time, so we daresn't try to do much."

"I guess I'm needed bad. God help the poor boy!"

"He mightn't be the only one, come night," spoke the miner gravely. "We're workin in a dangerous place, very. Here we are now. See the lamps?"

The priest was hardly to be recognized in the murky gloom, conspicuous though he was in mine cap and white shirt sleeves. But his face was clean and a silver cross dangled against his waistcoat. The picks stopped. Heads were bared in the darkness.

"The priest," said one below his breath. In the dim glow of the safeties Father Fee saw the speaker kneel and bend over a shadowy opening in the heap of slate and coal that entombed a man. He called. When a faint cry answered he spoke long sentences in a rapid, unknown tongue. The prisoner quavered something; then the man outside shouted again. But to the priest he addressed very passable English.

"He ain't able to talk much. He says he ain't got the strength left. He's been in a good while. Crushed pretty bad. I told him you'd see to him now."

"Deed, yes," cried the old man, kneeling. "Not a word of English, has he?"

"Polish."

"Well, tell him say me the Act o' Contrition then. In Latin, if he's ever learnt it that

way. Or Polish if he hasn't. God knows more languages than me, an' 'tis all the same."

Whether the murmurs from the pile were Polish or Latin earthly ears could not know. Father Fee spoke his part of the office in the liturgic tongue, pronouncing it loudly into the rock crevice to reach a hearing that grew dull. He thrust an arm far into the opening, striving to reach the dying man.

Only the drip of water accompanied the rolling syllables of the Absolution and a Paternoster; the bad roof of the chamber held menacing but whole. When he had finished, Father Fee sprang from his knees. Caps were halfway to heads before the men sensed that his alacrity was other than the speed of fear.

"I've done what I can f'r him that ways," cried the veteran. "Now, boys, spry! Gimme a bar or a pick, an' th' old man c'n turn a lump o' coal yet!"

"Let be, Father; let be," spoke a foreman. "It's our place, this business. Step back a bit, won't you, out o' line with that bad spot up the pitch?"

"No, sor, I'll not. Don't ye tell me! I seen soapstone afore ye was born, I wouldn't wonder. Twinty minutes to half an hour ye have to pull the boy out yonder. No longer. So it takes all han's, see? Danger, says you? Danger can go to the divil! All together, lads, an' we'll have 'im!"

And have him, strangely enough, they did, with little Father Fee sweating and straining on a bar and bossing the job most knowingly. It was dead clay only that they carried out the gangway to the shaft upon a stretcher; but death is all too generally a factor in the cost of mining.



SHE CHATTERED A MINUTE TO FATHER FEE.

Out in the January sunshine—thin and colorless in itself, but golden after the darkness underground—they closed the ambulance doors and shut in the crushed frame, the lifeless face. Father Fee stood by to the last and saw all done. Tears streamed down his smudgy face. His clothes were wet, muddy; his waistcoat travestied its clerical cut. His

hands were scratched and bloody. The oil-can hung by its strap around his neck and the lamp on his borrowed cap flared rakishly.

"Poor boys," he said. "Dyin' far from home like that, an' death neither quick nor easy to 'em. Not twenty yet you said he was. Ah, dear, dear! Still, twenty year is better'n thirty in his case."

"Why?" asked the foreman after a little pause. The rear wheels of the ambulance had turned out of the colliery gate and disappeared behind the engine house. When its swaying box was out of sight everybody felt subtly relieved. The tension of the unusual relaxed to the plain business of every day.

Father Fee came down to commonplaces with the rest. He scratched his soot-flaked gray hair, and a freer look succeeded his grief.

"Because he ain't a married man with orphans missin' him an' a wife to work her fingers off tryin' to keep alive."

"That's so," said the foreman. "Very true, indeed." The men nodded. One turned his head away.

"Likewise, by the same reasonin', that I don't get meself into trouble wi' three or four more childern. No parish, 'tis a fact, would stand me if I'd more than eight. Seven at

one time was the worst I ever— Listen now! *What's that?*"

"The up-train, Father," one fellow told him. "They whistle for the switch tower always, leavin' the station."

"Thrain, indeed! 'Tis the mission! 'Tis the mission!" He tore off cap and oil-can, and smoothed his shirt sleeves down with frenzied haste. "Oh, wait till they be tellin' the Bishop on me costumes once! Och, was an ordained priest ever caught lookin' worse, will ye tell me? But I'll not see them. I'll not!"

Half way to the gate he halted.

"The Lord forgive me f'r the rudeness of it, but there's no other way. Boys, Lodessi's hack has 'em. He's bringin' 'em up a-past here, an' shtraight on to my house. Run on out, won't ye, an' tell Lodessi from me the road'll be safer from a mine cave if he'll drive up Cedar Run hill once, 'stead o' turnin' here into Main Street. Tell him I say 'tis best; an' no questions ast. 'Tis a mile long, an' his horse believes it's two. I c'n be cleaned up in time that way. See he does it now—see he does it! An' say no word of it to the Protestants an' outsiders neither. I wouldn't have thim say I turned a thrick on me own mission."



The life story of a Soldier of the Common Good—Judge Ben B. Lindsey—opens in this October number. It is an inspiring account of the fight of one man against the vested interests of one city. But in its application it is universal. The widespread reading of it will educate and hearten the American people. Read it yourself—Get others to read it.



THE VENTURERS

by O. HENRY

Author of "The
Trimmed Lamp" "The Voice
of the City," etc.

Pictures by C. Falls

LET the story wreck itself on the spreading rails of the Non Sequitur Limited, if it will; first you must take your seat in the observation car "*Raison d'être*" for one moment. It is for no longer than to consider a brief essay on the subject—let us call it: "What's Around the Corner."

Omnis mundus in duas partes divisus est—men who wear rubbers and pay poll taxes, and men who discover new continents. There are no more continents to discover; but by the time overshoes are out of date and the poll has developed into an income tax, the other half will be paralleling the canals of Mars with radium railways.

Fortune, Chance, and Adventure are given as synonyms in the dictionaries. To the knowing each has a different meaning. Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows at the roadside. The face of For-

tune is radiant and alluring; that of Adventure flushed and heroic. The face of Chance is the beautiful countenance—perfect because vague and dream-born—that we see in our teacups at breakfast while we growl over our chops and toast.

The VENTURER is one who keeps his eye on the hedgerows and wayside groves and meadows while he travels the road to Fortune. That is the difference between him and the Adventurer. Eating the forbidden fruit was the best record ever made by a Venturer. Trying to prove that it happened is the highest work of the Adventure-some. To be either is disturbing to the cosmogony of creation. So, as bracket-sawed and city-directoried citizens, let us light our pipes, chide the children and the cat, arrange ourselves in the willow rocker under the flickering gas jet at the coolest window and scan this little tale of two modern followers of Chance.

"Did you ever hear that story about the man from the West?" asked Billinger, in the little dark-oak room to your left as you penetrate the interior of the Powhatan Club.

"Doubtless," said John Reginald Forster, rising and leaving the room.

Forster got his straw hat (straws will be in and maybe out again long before this is printed) from the check-room boy, and walked out of the air (as Hamlet says). Billinger was used to having his stories insulted and would not mind.

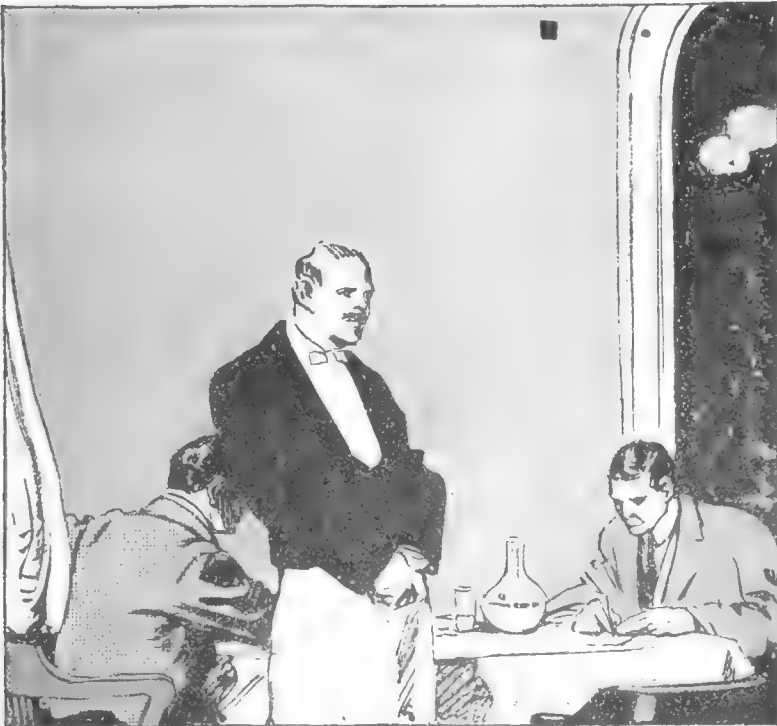
Forster was in his favorite mood and wanted to go away from anywhere. A man, in order to get on good terms with himself, must have his opinions corroborated and his moods matched by some one else. [I had written that "somebody"; but an A. D. T. boy who once took a telegram for me pointed out that I could save money by using the compound word. This is a vice versa case.]

Forster's favorite mood was that of greatly desiring to be a follower of Chance. He was a Venturer by nature, but convention, birth, tradition and the narrowing influences of the tribe of Manhattan had denied him full privilege. He had trodden all the main

traveled thoroughfares and many of the side roads that are supposed to relieve the tedium of life. But none had sufficed. The reason was that he knew what was to be found at the end of every street. He knew from experience and logic almost precisely to what end each digression from routine must lead. He found a depressing monotony in all the variations that the music of his sphere had grafted upon the tune of life. He had not learned that, although the world was made round, the circle has been squared, and that its true interest is to be found in What's Around the Corner.

Forster walked abroad aimlessly from the Powhatan, trying not to tax either his judgment or his desire as to what streets he traveled. He would have been glad to lose his way if it were possible; but he had no hope of that. Adventure and Fortune move at your beck and call in the Greater City; but Chance is oriental. She is a veiled lady in a sedan chair, protected by a special traffic squad of dragomans. Crosstown, uptown, and downtown you may move without seeing her.

At the end of an hour's stroll, Forster stood on a corner of a broad, smooth avenue.



VICTOR CAME WITH THE GLASS OF WATER, AND REMAINED, WITH THE
DISENGAGED AIR OF AN INEXORABLE COLLECTOR.

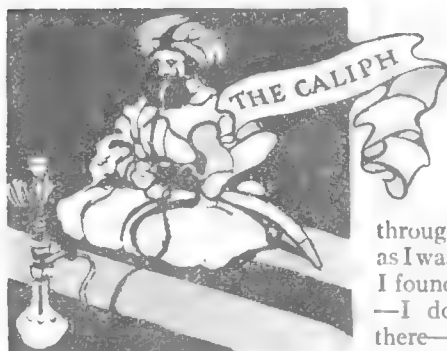
looking disconsolately across it at a picturesque old hotel softly but brilliantly lit. Disconsolately, because he knew that he must dine; and dining in that hotel was no venture. It was one of his favorite caravansaries, and so silent and swift would be the service, and so delicately choice the food, that he regretted the hunger that must be appeased by the "dead perfection" of the place's cuisine. Even the music there seemed to be always playing *da capo*.

The fancy came to him that he would dine at some cheap, even dubious restaurant lower down in the city where the erratic chefs from all countries of the world spread their national cookery for the omnivorous American. Something might happen there out of the routine—he might come upon a subject without a predicate, a road without an end, a question without an answer, a cause without an effect, a gulf stream in life's salt ocean. He had not dressed for evening; he wore a dark business suit that would not be questioned even where the waiters served the spaghetti in their shirt sleeves.

So John Reginald Forster began to search his clothes for money; because the more cheaply you dine, the more surely must you pay. All of the thirteen pockets, large and small, of his business suit he explored carefully and found not a penny. His bank book showed a balance of five figures to his credit in the Old Ironsides Trust Company, but—

Forster became aware of a man nearby at his left hand who was regarding him with some amusement. He looked like any business man of thirty or so, neatly dressed, and standing in the attitude of one waiting for a street car. But there was no car line on that avenue. So his proximity and unconcealed curiosity seemed to Forster to partake of the nature of a personal intrusion. But, as he was a consistent seeker after "What's Around the Corner," instead of manifesting resentment he only turned a half-embarrassed smile upon the other's grin of amusement.

"All in?" asked the intruder, drawing nearer.



"Seems so," said Forster. "Now, I thought there was a dollar in—"

"Oh, I know," said the other man, with a laugh. "But there wasn't. I've just been through the same process, myself, as I was coming around the corner. I found in an upper vest pocket—I don't know how they got there—exactly two pennies. You know what kind of a dinner ex-

actly two pennies will buy!"

"You haven't dined, then?" asked Forster.

"I have not. But I would like to. Now, I'll make you a proposition. You look like a man who would take up one. Your clothes look neat and respectable. Excuse personalities. I think mine will pass the scrutiny of a head waiter, also. Suppose we go over to that hotel and dine together. We will choose from the menu like millionaires—or, if you prefer, like gentlemen in moderate circumstances dining extravagantly for once. When we have finished we will match with my two pennies to see which of us will stand the brunt of the house's displeasure and vengeance. My name is Ives. I think we have lived in the same station of life—before our money took wings."

"You're on," said Forster, joyfully.

Here was a venture at least within the borders of the mysterious country of Chance—anyhow, it promised something better than the stale infestivity of a table d'hôte.

The two were soon seated at a corner table in the hotel dining room. Ives chucked one of his pennies across the table to Forster.

"Match for which of us gives the order," he said.

Forster lost.

Ives laughed and began to name liquids and viands to the waiter with the absorbed but calm deliberation of one who was to the menu born. Forster, listening, gave his admiring approval of the order.

"I am a man," said Ives, during the oysters, "who has made a lifetime search after the to-be-continued-in-our-next. I am not like the ordinary adventurer who strikes for a coveted prize. Nor yet am I like a gambler who knows he is either to win or lose a certain set stake. What I want is to encounter an adventure to which I can predict no conclusion. It is the breath of ex-

istence to me to dare Fate in its blindest manifestations. The world has come to run so much by rote and gravitation that you can enter upon hardly any footpath of chance in which you do not find signboards informing you of what you may expect at its end. I am like the clerk in the Circumlocution Office who always complained bitterly

does not weary you, we will pursue the theme. Only a few times have I met a true venturer—one who does not ask a schedule and map from Fate when he begins a journey. But, as the world becomes more civilized and wiser, the more difficult it is to come upon an adventure the end of which you cannot foresee. In the Elizabethan



"THERE WAS SOMETHING I WANTED BEFORE I WENT AWAY," SAID IVES.

when any one came in to ask information. 'He wanted to *know*, you know!' was the kick he made to his fellow-clerks. Well, I don't want to know, I don't want to reason, I don't want to guess—I want to bet my hand without seeing it."

"I understand," said Forster, delightedly. "I've often wanted the way I feel put into words. You've done it. I want to take chances on what's coming. Suppose we have a bottle of Moselle with the next course."

"Agreed," said Ives. "I'm glad you catch my idea. It will increase the animosity of the house toward the loser. If it

days you could assault the watch, wring knockers from doors and have a jolly set-to with the blades in any convenient angle of a wall and 'get away with it.' Nowadays if you speak disrespectfully to a policeman, all that is left to the most romantic fancy is to conjecture in what particular police station he will land you."

"I know—I know," said Forster, nodding approval.

"I returned to New York to-day," continued Ives, "from a three years' ramble around the globe. Things are not much better abroad than they are at home. The whole world seems to be overrun by conclu-

sions. The only thing that interests me greatly is a premise. I've tried shooting big game in Africa. I know what an express rifle will do at so many yards; and when an elephant or a rhinoceros falls to the bullet, I enjoy it about as much as I did when I was kept in after school to do a sum in long division on the blackboard."

"I know—I know," said Forster.

"There might be something in aeroplanes," went on Ives, reflectively. "I've tried ballooning; but it seems to be merely a cut-and-dried affair of wind and ballast."

"Women," suggested Forster, with a smile.

"Three months ago," said Ives, "I was pottering around in one of the bazaars in Constantinople. I noticed a lady, veiled, of course, but with a pair of especially fine eyes visible, who was examining some amber and pearl ornaments at one of the booths. With her was an attendant—a big Nubian, as black as coal. After a while this attendant drew nearer to me by degrees and slipped a scrap of paper into my hand. I looked at it when I got a chance. On it was scrawled hastily in pencil: 'The arched gate of the Nightingale Garden at nine to-night.' Does that appear to you to be an interesting premise, Mr. Forster?"

"Go on," said Forster, eagerly.

"I made inquiries and learned that the Nightingale Garden was the property of an old Turk—a grand vizier, or something of the sort. Of course I prospected for the arched gate and was there at nine. The same Nubian attendant opened the gate promptly on time, and I went inside and sat on a bench by a perfumed fountain with the veiled lady. We had quite an extended chat. She was Myrtle Thompson, a lady journalist, who was writing up the Turkish harems for a Chicago newspaper. She said she noticed the New York cut of my clothes in the bazaar, and wondered if I couldn't work something into the metropolitan papers about it."

"I see," said Forster. "I see."

"I've canoed through Canada," said Ives, "down many rapids and over many falls. But I didn't seem to get what I wanted out of it because I knew there were only two possible outcomes—I would either go to the bottom or arrive at the sea level. I've played all games at cards; but the mathematicians have spoiled that sport by computing the percentages. I've made ac-

quaintances on trains, I've answered advertisements, I've rung strange doorbells, I've taken every chance that presented itself; but there has always been the conventional ending—the logical conclusion to the premise."

"I know," repeated Forster. "I've felt it all. But I've had few chances to take my chance at chances. Is there any life so devoid of impossibilities as life in this city? There seems to be a myriad of opportunities for testing the undeterminable; but not one in a thousand fails to land you where you expected it to stop. I wish the subways and street cars disappointed one as seldom."

"The sun has risen," said Ives, "on the Arabian nights. There are no more caliphs. The fisherman's vase is turned to a vacuum bottle, warranted to keep any genie boiling or frozen for forty-eight hours. Life moves by rote. Science has killed adventure. There are no more opportunities such as Columbus and the man who ate the first oyster had. The only certain thing is that there is nothing uncertain."

"Well," said Forster, "my experience has been the limited one of a city man. I haven't seen the world as you have; but it seems that we view it with the same opinion. But, I tell you I am grateful for even this little venture of ours into the borders of the haphazard. There may be at least one breathless moment when the bill for the dinner is presented. Perhaps, after all, the pilgrims who traveled without scrip or purse found a keener taste to life than did the knights of the Round Table who rode abroad with a retinue and King Arthur's certified checks in the lining of their helmets. And now, if you've finished your coffee, suppose we match one of your insufficient coins for the impending blow of Fate. What have I up?"

"Heads," called Ives.

"Heads it is," said Forster, lifting his hand. "I lose. We forgot to agree upon a plan for the winner to escape. I suggest that when the waiter comes you make a remark about telephoning to a friend. I will hold the fort and the dinner check long enough for you to get your hat and be off. I thank you for an evening out of the ordinary, Mr. Ives, and wish we might have others."

"If my memory is not at fault," said Ives, laughing, "the nearest police station is in Macdougall Street. I have enjoyed the dinner, too, let me assure you."

Forster crooked his finger for the waiter. Victor, with a locomotive effort that seemed to owe more to pneumatics than to pedestrianism, glided to the table and laid the card, face downward, by the loser's cup. Forster took it up and added the figures with deliberate care. Ives leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Excuse me," said Forster; "but I thought you were going to ring up Grimes about that theatre party for Thursday night. Had you forgotten about it?"

"Oh," said Ives, settling himself more comfortably, "I can do that later on. Get me a glass of water, waiter."

"Want to be in at the death, do you?" asked Forster.

"I hope you don't object," said Ives, pleadingly. "Never in my life have I seen a gentleman arrested in a public restaurant for swindling it out of a dinner."

"All right," said Forster, calmly. "You are entitled to see a Christian die in the arena as your *pousse-café*."

Victor came with the glass of water and remained, with the disengaged air of an inexorable collector.

Forster hesitated for fifteen seconds, and then took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his name on the dinner check. The waiter bowed and took it away.

"The fact is," said Forster, with a little embarrassed laugh, "I doubt whether I'm what they call a 'game sport,' which means the same as a 'soldier of Fortune.' I'll have to make a confession. I've been dining at this hotel two or three times a week for more than a year. I always sign my checks." And then, with a note of appreciation in his voice: "It was first-rate of you to stay to see me through with it when you knew I had no money, and that you might be scooped in, too."

"I guess I'll confess, too," said Ives, with a grin. "I own the hotel. I don't run it, of course, but I always keep a suite on the third floor for my use when I happen to stray into town."

He called a waiter and said: "Is Mr. Gilmore still behind the desk? All right. Tell him that Mr. Ives is

here and ask him to have my rooms made ready and aired."

"Another venture cut short by the inevitable," said Forster. "Is there any way to escape it? Is there a conundrum without an answer in the next number? But let's hold to our subject just for a minute or two, if you will. It isn't often that I meet a man who understands the flaws I pick in existence. I am engaged to be married a month from to-day."

"I reserve comment," said Ives.

"Right; I am going to add to the assertion. I am devotedly fond of the lady; but I can't decide whether to show up at the church or make a sneak for Alaska. It's the same idea, you know, that we were discussing—it does for a fellow as far as possibilities are concerned. Everybody knows the routine—you get a kiss flavored with Ceylon tea after breakfast; you go to the office; you come back home and dress for dinner—theatre twice a week—bills—moping around most evenings trying to make conversation—a little quarrel occasionally—maybe sometime a big one, and a separation—or else a settling down into a middle-aged contentment, which is worst of all."

"I know," said Ives, nodding wisely.

"It's the dead certainty of the thing," went on Forster, "that keeps me in doubt. There'll never more be anything around the corner."

"Nothing after the 'Little Church,'" said Ives. "I know."

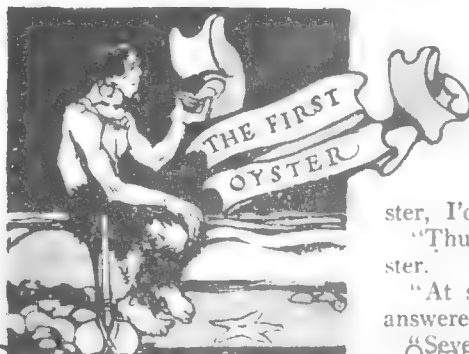
"Understand," said Forster, "that I am in no doubt as to my feelings toward the lady. I may say that I love her truly and deeply. But there is something in the current that runs through my veins that cries out against any form of the calculable. I do not know what I want; but I know that I want it. I'm talking like an idiot, I suppose, but I'm sure of what I mean."

"I understand you," said Ives, with a slow smile. "Well, I think I will be going up to my rooms now. If you would dine with me here one evening soon, Mr. Forster, I'd be glad."

"Thursday?" suggested Forster.

"At seven, if it's convenient," answered Ives.

"Seven goes," assented Forster.



At half-past eight Ives got into a cab and was driven to a number in one of the correct West Seventies. His card admitted him to the reception room of an old-fashioned house into which the spirits of Fortune, Chance and Adventure had never dared to enter. On the walls were the Whistler etchings, the steel engravings by Oh-what's-his name?, the still life paintings of the grapes and garden truck, with the watermelon seeds spilled on the table as natural as life, and the Greuze head. It was a household. There were even brass andirons. On a table was an album, half morocco, with oxidized silver protections on the corners of the lids. A clock on the mantel ticked loudly, with a warning click at five minutes to nine. Ives looked at it curiously, remembering a timepiece in his grandmother's home that gave such a warning.

And then down the stairs and into the room came Mary Marsden. She was twenty-four, and I leave her to your imagination. But I must say this much—youth and health and simplicity and courage and greenish-violet eyes are beautiful, and she had all these. She gave Ives her hand with the sweet cordiality of an old friendship.

"You can't think what a pleasure it is," she said, "to have you drop in once every three years or so."

For half an hour they talked. I confess that I cannot repeat the conversation. You will find it in books in the circulating library. When that part of it was over, Mary said:

"And did you find what you wanted while you were abroad?"

"What I wanted?" said Ives.

"Yes. You know you were always queer. Even as a boy you wouldn't play marbles or baseball or any game with rules. You wanted to dive in water where you didn't know whether it was ten inches or ten feet deep. And when you grew up you were just the same. We've often talked about your peculiar ways."

"I suppose I am an incorrigible," said Ives. "I am opposed to the doctrine of predestination, to the rule of three, gravitation, taxes and everything of the kind. Life has always seemed to me something like a serial story would be if they printed above each installment a synopsis of *succeeding* chapters."

Mary laughed merrily.

"Bob Ames told us once," she said, "of a funny thing you did. It was when

you and he were on a train in the South, and you got off at a town where you hadn't intended to stop just because the brakeman hung up a sign in the end of the car with the name of the next station on it."

"I remember," said Ives. "That 'next station' has been the thing I've always tried to get away from."

"I know it," said Mary. "And you've been very foolish. I hope you didn't find what you wanted not to find, or get off at the station where there wasn't any, or whatever it was you expected wouldn't happen to you during the three years you've been away."

"There was something I wanted before I went away," said Ives.

Mary looked in his eyes clearly, with a slight, but perfectly sweet smile.

"There was," she said. "You wanted me. And you could have had me, as you very well know."

Without replying, Ives let his gaze wander slowly about the room. There had been no change in it since last he had been in it three years before. He vividly recalled the thoughts that had been in his mind then. The contents of that room were as fixed, in their way, as the everlasting hills. No change would ever come there except the inevitable ones wrought by time and decay. That silver-mounted album would occupy that corner of that table, those pictures would hang on the walls, those chairs be found in their same places every morn and noon and night while the household hung together. The brass andirons were monuments to order and stability. Here and there were relics of a hundred years ago which were still living mementos and would be for many years to come. One going from and coming back to that house would never need to forecast or doubt. He would find what he left, and leave what he found. The veiled lady, Chance, would never lift her hand to the knocker on the outer door.

And before him sat the lady who belonged in the room. Cool and sweet and unchangeable she was. She offered no surprises. If one should pass his life with her, though she might grow white-haired and wrinkled, he would never perceive the change. Three years he had been away from her, and she was still waiting for him as established and constant as the house itself. He was sure that she had once cared

for him. It was the knowledge that she would always do so that had driven him away. Thus his thoughts ran.

"I am going to be married soon," said Mary.

On the next Thursday afternoon Forster came hurriedly to Ives's hotel.

"Old man," said he, "we'll have to put that dinner off for a year or so; I'm going abroad. The steamer sails at four. That was a great talk we had the other night, and it decided me. I'm going to knock around the world and get rid of that incubus that has been weighing on both you and me—the terrible dread of knowing what's going to happen. I've done one thing that hurts my conscience a little; but I know it's best for both of us. I've written to the lady to whom I was engaged and explained everything—told her plainly why I was leaving—that the mo-

notony of matrimony would never do for me. Don't you think I was right?"

"It is not for me to say," answered Ives. "Go ahead and shoot elephants if you think it will bring the element of chance into your life. We've got to decide these things for ourselves. But I tell you one thing, Forster, I've found the way. I've found out the biggest hazard in the world—a game of chance that never is concluded, a venture that may end in the highest heaven or the blackest pit. It will keep a man on edge until the clods fall on his coffin, because he will never know—not until his last day and not then will he know. It is a voyage without a rudder or compass, and you must be captain and crew and keep every watch, day and night, yourself, with no one to relieve you. I have found the VENTURE. Don't bother yourself about leaving Mary Marsden, Forster. I married her yesterday at noon."



I'VE FOUND OUT THE BIGGEST HAZARD IN THE WORLD

THE CLOISONNÉ VASE

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

Author of "The Wayfarers," "Little Stories of Married Life," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Edwards

"GOING at one hundred and fifty; going—going—gone." The auctioneer's hammer fell impressively on the table at the far end of the long room, which, level with the avenue, was hung on either side with oriental rugs.

Katherine Ludlow drew a long breath and then laughed, while the color rose to her face as she looked at the cloisonné vase for which she had been deliriously bidding and which was now hers. The moment her gaze had fallen on it, after straying into this place, she had felt that she must have it for a present to her husband on his birthday; he was not the kind of a man whom you would have suspected of a passion for cloisonné, and his wife was proud of the taste.

The bidding had begun seductively low; the vase, displayed on a black pedestal in all its sinuous overlaying of pale blue and deep blue and opaline green and rose, had seemed to be hers at first for a mere song. Katherine had never been at an auction before, and her tall figure in its tight-fitting plum-colored suit had straightened itself, her bright head with its black-plumed hat was held still higher with each advancing bid, as though in readiness for any leap. She was conscious in every nerve of her daring, while mentally marshaling all her sources of payment; although she had an income of her own, at the moment she had but ten dollars in the world. She was accustomed, however, to taking chances and coming out ahead.

She heard the auctioneer congratulating her now on her acquisition. "If there had been any dealers present, you would never have got it at such a figure, Madam." But his next words filled her with dismay; she turned with eager appeal, after a few moments' consultation, to a man who approached smilingly from the back of the room.

"Oh, Mr. Wallace, I'm so glad you're here—I supposed, of course, that I could

have the bill sent in for this the first of the month, like anything else—it's only a week off now. I bought the vase for Remsen's birthday, so I don't want *him* to know a thing about it. Do I *have* to pay for it now?"

"I'm afraid you do," said Mr. Wallace reluctantly. He was a slight, fair man, always smiling, and so extremely young-looking that one did not perceive at first that the lines of youth had somehow crystallized in his face, and that he was older than he seemed. The Wallaces were neighbors of the Ludlows, who saw rather a good deal of each other. Wallace smiled encouragingly now into the dark eyes upraised to his.

"But see here, Mrs. Ludlow, don't let that bother you—" He drew out a small check book from his pocket as he spoke. "Let me be your banker till the first of the month—*that's* easily settled. I make out this check now for the vase and you make out one to me next week. It's just a business arrangement, you see."

"Oh!" said Katherine. "Are you *sure* it's convenient?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you *are* a friend in need," she responded gratefully. She began to laugh, now that the predicament was over, tilting her head so that the long black plumes touched her glowing cheek; her eyes under their curling dark lashes sparkled mischievously. She had that agreeable sense of coming out all right, no matter what she dared, that was at once so natural and so exhilarating. Wallace, as he took off his hat to her as they finally parted on the sunlit pavements of the avenue, thought with pardonable self-approval that he had never seen her look so handsome before. She wanted the cloisonné vase for her husband! One would certainly never have credited Remsen Ludlow with a fine and adequate sense of

beauty if it were not for his selection of so exquisite a creature as his wife.

The contrast between them was always great, but as they sat to-night over the prettily appointed dinner table, it seemed unusually marked. Remsen was heavily built and broad-shouldered, with an effect now of being roughly dressed; he had a brown mustache closely clipped, deep-set, gray eyes and a thick nose; his only good features were his mouth, which had an unexpectedly sweet curve about the lips, and his square, well-shaped chin. There was a certain forcefulness about him which somehow informed his quietest moments; it seemed fitting to hear that he had risen from the ranks by his own efforts and that all he had learned at college had been imbedded since in Iron.

Katherine, opposite him, with her exquisite coloring and in the daintiness of

her pink gown, open at the throat, looked like the traditional porcelain vase lighted from within. His gaze lingered on her tenderly as she talked, but he himself said little until the maid had left the room. Then he said, after a moment's silence, "Well, what is it that's happened to-day, Kathleen?" He seldom used endearments in ordinary conversation, but he had a way of pronouncing his variation of her name that seemed in itself a caress; it conveyed a tender acknowledgment that she was beautiful and fragile and adorable and his wife.

"Happened!" She laughed and reddened



"YOU'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE, OF COURSE—I WEAR IT SO MUCH."

a little. "Nothing has happened. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. Have you been anywhere?"

"I went into town this afternoon."

"I hope you didn't go shopping."

"No, I didn't."

"Because," continued her husband, "it's my painful duty to break the news to you that you won't get any rent from that famous house of yours next month, nor for the month after, most likely. The tenants have struck for a new roof."

"Remsen!" Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Heartless of 'em, isn't it?" He leaned around the table, dragging the chair in which she sat to a place beside him and placing one hand on her slight waist. "The worst of it is that I can't advance it to you, as usual, just now; I'll even have to ask you to go slow on the house allowance—we're waiting for some payments. Well—you're not needing anything very badly, are you? I thought you'd bought all your winter things."

"Oh yes!"

"What is it, then?" He lifted her lovely face up to his. "If you wanted to spend all you had for my birthday present— Ah, *that's* it. Well, cut it out, Kathleen—just give me something you've made yourself."

"You speak too late, I've already got your present," said Katherine with spirit. "See here! I'm tired of being always told to give you some little thing I've made myself. Men never care for cheap, homemade presents—they like something that's solidly and expensively *good*, and that's the kind of thing I've bought for you."

"All right," said her husband in a tone that showed that his interest in the subject was waning.

As she escaped from him now to get ready for the card party at which they were both due, Katherine felt that what should have been the staggering fact of having no money to meet her obligations, had only the effect, after the first breathlessness of realization, of making her spirits rise unaccountably. She knew that she had some small invested funds, but she did not dare ask Remsen if she could sell anything. He would question her minutely as to why she wanted to, and she couldn't explain. She must find some other way. She was still musing, with brightened eyes, when her husband came in to hurry her, and incidentally to fasten the clasp of the odd, silver-linked necklace with its carved green stones and the heart-shaped pendant that made her white throat the whiter. He kissed the place where it lay.

She was abstracted all the way over in the cab, and even after they reached the scene of entertainment where, although it was the appointed hour, the haste of belated preparation was embarrassingly evident.

Katherine had not known whether Wallace would be of the bridge party or not, but when he entered, as she was trying to attend to Louise Harner's admiring remarks about her necklace, her eyes leaped to meet

his with a mischievous confidence in them to which he responded encouragingly, before she turned to his wife. The latter had the appearance of being much older than her very young-looking husband; she dressed always in clinging, pale-hued garments that made her seem still thinner and more colorless. She was languid in her motions and in her low voice, the latter, however, being always assiduously heard by her husband when she spoke to him, no matter in what part of the room he might be; her reserve seemed to make his boyish lightness the more apparent. Some people said that she kept a pretty good lookout over him, but if that were so it apparently did not impair the ease and security of their relations.

Katherine, however, soon forgot about her entirely in the desire to speak to Wallace himself. She watched with growing anxiety during the evening for some chance to throw him in her way at one of the card tables. But it was not until the refreshments were served that she found Wallace at last by her side with a plate of salad.

"Oh, Mr. Wallace!" she murmured quickly, with a voice full of suppressed eagerness; "I've been wanting to speak to you so much. Bend over a little, won't you, please? I'm afraid Mrs. Starling will hear. Can I see you at your office to-morrow some time?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Wallace promptly, smiling with an easy kindness that seemed to take the request as a matter of course.

"At three o'clock then?"

"If that suits *you*," said Wallace.

II

THE cloisonné vase came the next day. Katherine had the box carried up to her room and opened it herself by the aid of a hammer, taking the treasure out of its inner wrappings of oriental paper. There was an odd perfume that seemed to breathe not only from the wrappings but from within the vase itself, as if it had been filled with roses and sandalwood—the auctioneer had said it was an antique. Perhaps some woman's hand had dropped the attar of roses in it once. The perfume gave that subtle sense of mystery which clings to the East and especially to the life behind the curtain—Katherine felt the thrill of it as she sat on the floor, gazing dreamily at the vase as it stood in all its shimmering

beauty of blues and greens and interlacing pink.

The clock had only just struck three when she appeared in the plum-colored suit and the black-plumed hat in the doorway of Wallace's office, and was shown in by the office boy at once on giving her name. Wallace came instantly to greet her, with his quick, smiling friendliness; he pulled out an armchair for her, between the two big roll-top oak desks, and she sat down somewhat nervously, facing the light from the long, high window; her beautiful eyes, when she lifted them to his, were clouded as if by some earnest thought, her head, with its gold-thread hair, was bent forward anxiously. She began at once.

"I said I would pay you back that money the first of the month. Well, I can't pay it."

"Please, Mrs. Ludlow——"

Katherine raised her slender, black-gloved hand—"No, don't speak, I've something to say. I thought I would have money of my own in a few days—and I'm not going to have it after all. They want it for roofs—the tenants, I mean——"

She fixed him with her eager gaze.

"Yes, I see," said Wallace encouragingly.

"So I've been thinking and thinking what to do—and last evening, at the bridge party, I thought of *this*." She fumbled with the clasp of her handbag, drawing from the latter a little crumpled roll of tissue paper, in which lay, half revealed, the silver-linked, carved green necklace, with its dangling, heart-shaped pendant. "You've seen this before, of course—I wear it so much. It's my very own—it was my grandmother's. I've always been told that it was very valuable. I thought that if I could sell it—Well, I've been to-day to a couple of jewelers—they were both terribly nice to me"—her sparkling eyes took on a look of pleased reminiscence—"but it's just this way: the necklace is very valuable, and yet it isn't! That is, if anybody wanted it they'd be willing to pay almost any price to get it, but there isn't what they called 'a market' for it ordinarily. But it's valuable, just the same." She paused with a triumphant effect.

"Yes, of course," agreed Wallace. The youthful lines in his face seemed graven in a way that made him look oddly older for the moment.

"They each said that in time it could be disposed of to advantage, but it would take time to find a customer—and *that*, you see,

wouldn't do. I thought of going to a pawn-broker——"

"You didn't do *that*!" interpolated Wallace hastily, with a swift picturing of Katherine's tall loveliness in such a connection.

"No, I felt that Remsen wouldn't like it," said Katherine simply. "Then I thought, why not bring it straight to you? Then you could keep it for the debt. So if you don't mind—I've brought ten dollars with me now." She laid the money on the desk beside him and, leaning forward, slid the necklace, a little shining heap, into his open hand.

"But my dear Mrs. Ludlow!" protested Wallace. As little imaginative as he was, the necklace had clasped her white throat, the pendant had nestled in her white bosom too often not to seem unwarrantably redolent of her sweetness. "I don't want this chain; indeed, you mustn't leave it with me—" He essayed to force it back into her hand, but she shut her fingers tight as she shook her head obstinately.

"Please, Mr. Wallace! I can't give my husband a present that you've paid for—why, it wouldn't *be* my present. But if you keep the necklace—and you *must* keep it—I'll feel that you are paid—in a way—until I give you the actual money." She fastened on the signs of uncertainty in him. "Oh, I'll feel *terribly* if you don't keep it—I couldn't *stand* it! Remsen would hate—Why, it's just as you were saying yesterday—it's a business arrangement."

"Very well," said Wallace, with his eyes on her—perhaps there are few men who are not a little dazed by beauty. He rose, went over to the open safe, and, pulling out a small box, unlocked it and wrapping the necklace with the tissue paper, put it in. He locked the box and placed it in the safe again, before he turned to her, with a smiling air of having put the whole subject out of mind. "There, your securities are safely disposed of—I hope you are satisfied."

"Next week I can give you twenty dollars," persisted Katherine, as she rose to go.

"And I am to keep the whole necklace, too? I ought to give you back a couple of links each time, to be truly businesslike. Let me go with you and see you across the street."

"No, no, please don't," said Katherine hastily. "I'd rather not——"

"Very well, then, I'll just put you in the elevator," said Wallace. As she went gradu-

ally downward in it out of his sight, the remembrance of his pleasant smile as he stood there, gave her a truly grateful feeling; his kindness had been so easily comprehending. She had not realized until she left him how excited she had been! It was a great relief now, however, to think that the vase was undoubtedly hers to give by right of purchase. She could hardly wait for Remsen's birthday on the morrow.

He was just as delighted as she could have wished when the vase was presented to him before the Sunday morning breakfast. Katherine dragged it out of the closet while she was still in a kimono, with her hair down, and Remsen took it out of its wrappings with sweetly teasing delays, guessing at all the things it couldn't possibly be, watching the lovely fluctuations of color in Katherine's face as she sat on a low stool beside him, and ceasing his efforts at times to kiss her demonstratively—the fact that she patently didn't want his kisses just then making her the more engaging.

But when he at last gave his whole attention to the matter of the present, and stood it unveiled, as she had done, on the inverted box, she had no fault to find with his appreciation; he sat completely silent for a moment, gazing at it. Katherine impulsively threw her arms, which had been cold to him, around the sinuous curves of those shimmering pinks and greens and blues, leaning her cheek against them; while her hair made a soft cloud over one shoulder.

Remsen drew a long breath.

"By George, that's beautiful!" he said. "Beautiful—*beautiful!*"

"Do you like it?" asked Katherine.

"*Like it?* I should think I did. How did you manage to get it?"

"At an auction," said Katherine. She had moved aside now to let him look at it more closely.

"No wonder you were out of money; why, this must be worth a fortune. How much did you pay for it?"

"You've no business to ask me how much I paid for your present."

"Nonsense! How much?"

"I won't tell you," said Katherine spiritedly.

"Hello!" His keen eye had unerringly detected what had escaped Katherine. "There's a flaw—a split down here near the bottom. I understand now; that's what's made it possible for you. You didn't know that, I suppose."

"No."

There was a silence in which he seemed to be examining the vase minutely. When he spoke again, there was a perceptible drop in his voice. "Well, it's very beautiful, anyway, of course, only——"

"Don't you care for it?" asked Katherine.

"Why, certainly. Why, *Kathleen!* Don't look like that. Only of course, when you know there's a flaw—a smaller piece, if it is perfect, is preferable. This is very beautiful, but you can't help knowing—I'd never, as a rule, take anything without being sure——"

"All right, I'll let you choose your own presents after this," interrupted Katherine, with proud tears in her eyes, turning away to brush out her hair.

"Well, you'd better always let me see what you buy before you spend as much money as you probably did for this," said her husband with masculine tenacity. "Will you be down to breakfast soon? Then I'll go ahead and take this with me."

He shouldered the vase as he went off. Katherine could only feel, with a smart, how impossible it was to make him have the kind of sentiment she wanted, when she wanted him to have it. What difference did that little crack make when it was the thing her love had chosen for him? However, he did seem pleased with it later, although the pleasure differed from that first incredulity and rapture—he went around trying it in different positions, placing it finally where they sat oftenest, in the library on a tabouret, beside the dark, glowing richness of the portières; the heat of the fire on the hearth brought out a wave of that odd perfume from within it. "It's really a wonderful piece of coloring," he said to Kathleen, with the nice consideration one gives to a child, pressing her shoulder tenderly as he added with that crude masculine tenacity—"But you'd better consult me another time."

"Oh, very well!" said Katherine, speaking gaily, though the heavy chain of her indebtedness was weighing on her—to keep paying for something that suited Remsen completely was one thing, but to keep paying for something that didn't—! She was already beginning to feel depressed at the sight of the vase.

But Remsen left her more money than usual the next morning—"So that you won't have to worry about catching up," he said, with what seemed too apt significance;

it startled her sometimes to realize that for a man who disliked to discuss "feelings" he always seemed conscious of any change, however slight, in her.

He came back just as he was leaving to say:

"By the way, Katherine, Wallace and I have a scheme about the Club—can't you ask him and his wife around to-night?"

"Why, yes," said Katherine.

III

IN any small community bound together by the interlacing strands of social intercourse, not only do straws show which way the wind blows, but no straw is unnoticed. Everybody in the Thursday Evening Card Club knew that for the last six weeks there had been no evening at which Mr. Wallace and Mrs. Ludlow had been present without some sign of intimate and confidential converse between the two. Katherine's innocently flushing cheek, the first swift intelligence of her candid eyes, as swiftly veiled when they met Wallace's, were matched by what seemed a certain caution underneath his smiling, open friendliness. When they talked apart, if only for five minutes, it was always with a singular effect of privacy.

"The most curious thing is that *she* always seems so eager to speak to *him*," said Mrs. Brownlow.

"Oh, well, he and her husband are very intimate," responded her hostess, Mrs. Robinson, carelessly.

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Brownlow with impatience. She harked back to the first theme. "Oh, it isn't their talking together—anybody might talk, of course—but it's something—*different*. I think it flatters him to have her act that way—she's so handsome. Not that there's anything in it, of course; *but*——"

Katherine herself was quite unconscious of comment. There were moments when the debt, even though slowly decreasing, seemed to give her an awful, inexplicable panic; but when she had seen Wallace she always felt not only gratefully lighthearted but dauntless again—he was invariably "nice," making laughing protest against any immediate necessity for those payments which she dribbled out to him. She had once tried to give him the money at the Club, but the action was unpleasantly furtive, so that after that she only made appoint-

ments to go to his office, where she took her five or ten in what she felt was a scrupulously business way. The boy no longer asked her name; he showed her into the inner office immediately. She never wrote, because she felt as if Remsen might mind her doing that.

These visits to Wallace always gave her a pleasant foretaste of the triumph that would finally be hers when she could tell her husband of her predicament and her successful conduct of the affair. Katherine's single-minded, matter-of-fact nature was too absorbed in one idea at a time to notice some slight difference in Mrs. Wallace's attitude toward her on the Club evenings; the latter was as colorlessly well-bred, as languid and reticent as ever, yet there was indefinitely some delicate consideration in her manner to the younger woman—a suggestion of warmth, or even of protection—she seemed to sit near Katherine a good deal, even if she said nothing.

Remsen himself had been very much immersed in business lately. He had been away off and on, losing two of the Thursday night meetings thereby, but had come back for the last one; he was, however, so unusually taciturn that his wife spoke of it as they walked home, and he had confessed to a headache.

On the evening after this, as he sat by the library table plodding over some papers, she concluded that the headache had not left him. She sat there sewing while he wrote, and looking up now and then to catch the smile he always gave her. In the midst of this quiet occupation the doorbell rang, and a moment later the slim figure of Miss Harner, loosely cloaked, dashed into the room, followed by the elaborately molded form of Mrs. Brownlow, with pretty Mrs. Robinson still behind.

"Don't get up, *please*"—Miss Harner's voice had preceded her—"we're only here for an instant—it's about the play at the Guild to-morrow night; I'm to be an Egyptian girl, and I wanted to know if you'd be so *very* good, Mrs. Ludlow, as to lend me your green carved necklace; I'd take every care of it.

"Why, certainly," said Katherine, before realizing that it was not in her possession.

"It's perfectly lovely of you," said Miss Harner warmly. "If you could give it to me now—I'll take the *best* care of it."

"No, I'll send it to you to-morrow," said Katherine, confused in spite of herself. "It

isn't here at the moment; I haven't been wearing it lately."

"So I've noticed," said her husband idly. "Is it at the jeweler's?"

"No, it's in pawn," said Katherine, with an audacious amusement in telling the truth that nobody would believe to be true. After they had all left, she put her arms around her husband's neck, still laughing, with an unusual tenderness in the action that brought a sudden color to his face—he kissed both her hands before he put her gently aside to go on with his work.

office again to be told that he had returned, but had gone out immediately on pressing business—he had had Mrs. Ludlow's message, but had said nothing in reply. He would be in at five, before he went home.

Katherine gasped. This time she wrote a little note, telling the situation briefly and asking him to meet her on the five-thirty boat and bring the necklace with him to give to her then. The clerk smiled as she handed the missive to him. Katherine was used to being smiled at, but never like that; something in it made her feel very strange



KATHERINE IMPULSIVELY THREW HER ARMS AROUND THE SINUOUS CURVES.

The next morning Katherine went in town and down to Wallace's office for the necklace, to be dismayed by the news that he was not in; he would, however, undoubtedly be back if only for a moment, before he went to lunch. She bethought her of a restaurant which women sometimes frequented, and, leaving word with the clerk to tell Mr. Wallace she would wait for him there, wended her way thither. She lingered over her food as long as she possibly could, with no sign of Wallace; then she hurried back to the

and hot—she did not like it! All the time she was looking through the shops, filling in the hours until the five-thirty boat, the smile haunted her. When she finally stood in the ferry house, scanning the throng for Wallace, she suddenly caught sight of her husband, at the same instant that he saw her.

"*Hel-lo!*" he said fondly, "I didn't expect to see you here. Come on, or we'll miss the boat. Were you looking for me?"

"No, I was looking for another man," said Katherine, her eyes dancing as before

with the audacity of her truthfulness; she felt unexpectedly delighted to be with him, in spite of her perplexity, as he hurried her on to the boat and to the upper deck, where a little group of men and women were standing in the clear, red glow that transfigured the sparkling water and the further shore, the feathered hats of the women bent together as they talked. Katherine caught the words—"It begins to look very odd," and a clear, carrying voice replied:

"She goes there all the time, they say; at any rate he saw her coming out of the office *twice* to-day! You can't mistake that plum-colored suit. *Oh—!*" There was a momentary gasp as Katherine drew near, and Mrs. Brownlow retrieved herself with incriminating haste.

"How do you *do*, Mrs. Ludlow! I was just saying to Louise and Mrs. Taylor—you know Mrs. Taylor, don't you?—how *much* plum color is worn this year! I've seen it everywhere to-day!"

"Have you?" said Katherine. Her eyes took careless note of the group—the men, with Remsen's big figure now making the prominent third, and the three conscious women beside her. "Dear me, there are seven of us, aren't there?—with another one we could play bridge!"

"Here comes the eighth, then," said Mr. Taylor. "Hello, Wallace, don't you see your friends?"

"How are you all?" asked Wallace, strolling forward, with comprehensive greeting. His eyes met Katherine's with quick apologetic assent to the questioning of hers; his hand carelessly touched his overcoat pocket before he went on.

"Fine night for the play, isn't it?"

"It scares me to think of it," said Miss Harner, pensively; "the only pleasant part of it is that I'm to wear Mrs. Ludlow's lovely green necklace. Oh, by the way, does anyone know whether the *Celtic* got in to-day?"

"I'll see," said Wallace promptly, pulling the evening paper out of his overcoat pocket at the same instant that Remsen, standing beside him, reached for his own. Something fell on the deck between the two men, with a little jingling sound—Katherine's green, silver-linked necklace, with its heart-shaped pendant glittering in the brilliant light, lay spilled out of its wrapping of loose, crumpled tissue paper, on the floor of the deck.

For a tingling, inappreciable instant it seemed as if no one drew breath; there was

a telegraphic exchange of glances, and then Remsen stooped over and picked it up.

"That was horribly careless of me," he said, in the disgusted tone of one self-convicted. "I should have put it in my inside pocket when the jeweler gave it to me. The clasp is all right now, Kathleen."

"Oh!" said Miss Harner wonderingly. "It looked for a moment just as if *Mr. Wallace* had dropped it. Didn't it?" She appealed to the others. "I was *so* surprised!"

"Not as surprised as Wallace would probably have been," said Remsen coolly, while Katherine watched him, fascinated. "Don't you want to give the necklace to Miss Harner now?" he admonished her.

"Why, yes," said Katherine, beginning to feel very queer. Emotions had been coursing through her like lightning flashes ever since those first permeating overheard sentences, and *now*—How incredibly swift Remsen had been to see, how swift to act! And why—*why*? What did he think of her? Her mind was in a whirl, as they all left the boat together, she with Louise Harner while her husband on the other side of her talked with Wallace and Mr. Taylor. When they were in the train, and walking from the station, they were still in a group, it seemed as if they never would part company. At last, at last, they had reached the house!

As Remsen flung the front door open, the warm air gushed out to meet them, laden with a sweet, faintish perfume—the perfume coming from within the cloisonné vase that stood just inside the library; the smell of it sickened her as she went into the room and stood there, waiting for Remsen to follow her. Instead, she heard him go downstairs to turn off something in the furnace; she thought impatiently that no matter what was happening Remsen could never forget the furnace.

When he came up he seemed to be fumbling with his overcoat in the hall. She could bear delay no longer; she called:

"Remsen! Aren't you coming in here?"

"Why, yes." His voice sounded as usual.

"I thought you'd gone to take off your things."

"No—oh, Remsen!" said Katherine. The tears had started to her eyes as he drew near her; her voice trembled. "Don't you want me to explain?"

"Oh, no," said Remsen carelessly.

"You *don't*!"

He shook his head with a large indifference; his eyes, extremely brilliant, seemed to

look beyond her. "Not unless *you* want to. If I thought there could ever be any *need* for explanation—where you were concerned—Kathleen——"

He stopped short with a gesture that proudly dismissed the subject.

"But I *must* tell you," said Katherine, her lip trembling; she began to feel that she would choke in another moment. She opened his folded arms and crowded herself into their circle, drawing a long breath as they closed around her with their accustomed tenderness; she tried to turn his face so that those brilliant eyes would seem to see hers. She had never thought of her husband as a handsome man, but at that moment she was thrilled with the recognition of some magnificence of power in him.

"You've got to let me tell you! It was all for you, everything!" She drew him down beside her on the big sofa, her coat half undone, her hat tipped back on her beautiful hair, clinging to his large hand as she told the story from first to last, in its every detail, while he sat, still looking before him. At the first offering of the check he seemed tacitly to agree, but when she had finished he said quietly, "And Wallace *let* you do all this?"

"Yes, of course; I suggested everything; he was very kind."

"The unspeakable cad!" said Remsen, smiling. Nothing had ever struck such terror into Katherine's soul as that smile.

"Don't," she said involuntarily.

"Don't—what?"

"Don't look like that—you make me afraid. Are you so very angry with me?"

"With you? No."

"I would rather you blamed me a thousand times than to have you blame *him*—it is so unjust," continued Katherine, with those hot tears in her eyes. "He only did what I asked him to! He was so kind. Wouldn't you have done the same for any other woman?"

He looked at her as if he hardly heard what she said. Then he answered sternly, "Not if her husband were my friend."

"Oh!" said Katherine painfully; she felt indescribably humbled, as if a blow had been struck at her womanhood. Yet she struggled still further on to what she felt was the forbidden ground of words.

"I don't know why you speak like that to me! Mr. Wallace never—presumed, in *any* way."

"*Presumed!*" said Remsen. His arms

dropped to his side, the veins on his forehead suddenly stood out as he regarded her. "Presumed! And why *would* he have 'presumed,' as you call it, to my wife?"

"Oh, Remsen!" said Katherine once more; her voice broke, she buried her face in her hands, weeping helplessly.

In another moment he was leaning over her. He drew her hands down with gentle force, saying in a matter-of-fact tone of kindness: "Don't cry any more. Go upstairs and take off your things, Kathleen." He lifted her gently to her feet as he spoke; her eyes fell on the vase, and she burst forth: "I hate that thing! I'm going to put it where you won't see it any more! I haven't had a comfortable moment since it came into the house."

"No, you'll leave it just where it is; I like it very much," said Remsen coolly. "It will teach you to remember not to keep anything from me in future."

"Oh," said Katherine, shrinking from him in spirit as she responded to his kiss. She felt as captive as those women of the East, of whom that haunting perfume breathed.

And the sullen, inner rebellion of the captive began to grow in her in the days that followed. All intercourse with the Wallaces gradually ceased, yet in such a way that it was unnoticed: She knew that Remsen had paid Wallace. For the rest, the latter's presence grew more infrequent at the Club meetings, he took a later train than Remsen, and even in the street his embarrassed gaze avoided Katherine; she winced for him, and with shame at the injustice that made him the scapegoat of her fault. She cherished a hope of telling him how she felt about it, some day. Oh, her husband *was* unjust; it brought an additional pang of protest when she heard that the Wallaces were going to move away in the spring; she was sure that Remsen's attitude had prompted the move, although she heard Mrs. Wallace announcing later that Wallace always tired of a place very soon—she turned her pale-lashed, colorless eyes toward Katherine as she added languidly, with what seemed a special significance, "My husband is still only a boy."

IV

WITH the departure of the Wallaces the incident seemed closed, yet after all it had



HER BEAUTIFUL EYES WELLED AS SHE LOOKED AT HIM,

its epilogue. One bright day in early June Katherine was returning home by another road and ferry from a visit to a friend. There were but few people on the boat, and after she had seated herself, gowned in pale gray, with violets in her hat, she happened to look up, and saw the slight, nattily dressed figure of Wallace opposite; his face seemed extraordinarily young as it bent over the paper he held in his neatly gloved hand. In another instant he glanced around cautiously and met her gaze of instinctive surprise and pleasure at recognizing some one in this unwonted place. He smiled, and the next moment he was seated beside her.

"Well, I'd no idea of seeing you here," she said warmly.

"Oh, I go out on this road every day, you know. I'm started in the wrong direction now—going into town for the evening." His admiring gaze rested on her glowingly. "You're looking *remarkably* well."

"Oh, yes, I *am* well," said Katherine, the rich color rising in her cheek.

"Gray—this is gray, isn't it?—is very becoming to you. But I used to like to see you in that purplish suit last winter; I often look at that chair in the office and imagine that you are sitting there. Such nice chats as we used to have! You don't know how much I've missed you—I'd have been willing to have those payments take a year! Look me up some time, won't you?"

"No," said Katherine, stupidly confused.

He laughed and raised his eyebrows, spreading out his hands also as one who protests and relinquishes at the same time.

"Well—just as you say, of course." He seemed to forget what he was going to say, in looking at her, and then dropped into a tone amusedly confidential. "Remsen all right now?"

"Perfectly," said Katherine, becoming all of a sudden blazingly angry at the mention of her husband's name. Remsen—how dare he speak of Remsen in that tone? Why, he would not dare to speak to her at all if Remsen were there: it gave her an extraordinary sensation. She hardly heard the rest of his conversation, short and unimportant as it was. They were soon in the slip, and she almost stumbled over the gang plank in her haste to get away from

him. It seemed ages before she could get home. She tingled with contempt when she thought of Wallace's cautious expression before she had smiled at him. He was only a boy, as his wife said, but oh, she was married to a man! For the first time she wondered how she could have gone to him about the money; how had she been so stupid, how had she not *known* that Remsen would have hated it! Remsen—as he had flamed at the idea of any slightest discredit touching her, she flamed now when it seemed to touch him. He was right—he had always been right. Oh, she might have understood!

In those ages and ages that it took to get home, she began to have a strange sense that even in the most trivial setting aside of the bonds of marriage one *might* be making way for some tremendous disintegrating force.

Remsen was not yet in the house when she reached it—she was glad of that. She went out into the little garden and picked a great bunch of white lilacs, and when she came in again she filled the cloisonné vase with water and put them in it—their soft plumes nearly covered it, and the sweet homelike fragrance filled the room. The flaw did not go through—the jar held the water. When Remsen came in he looked at it with a pleased surprise. "*Hel-lo*," he said. "Those lilacs are very pretty there. I thought you didn't like my cloisonné vase?"

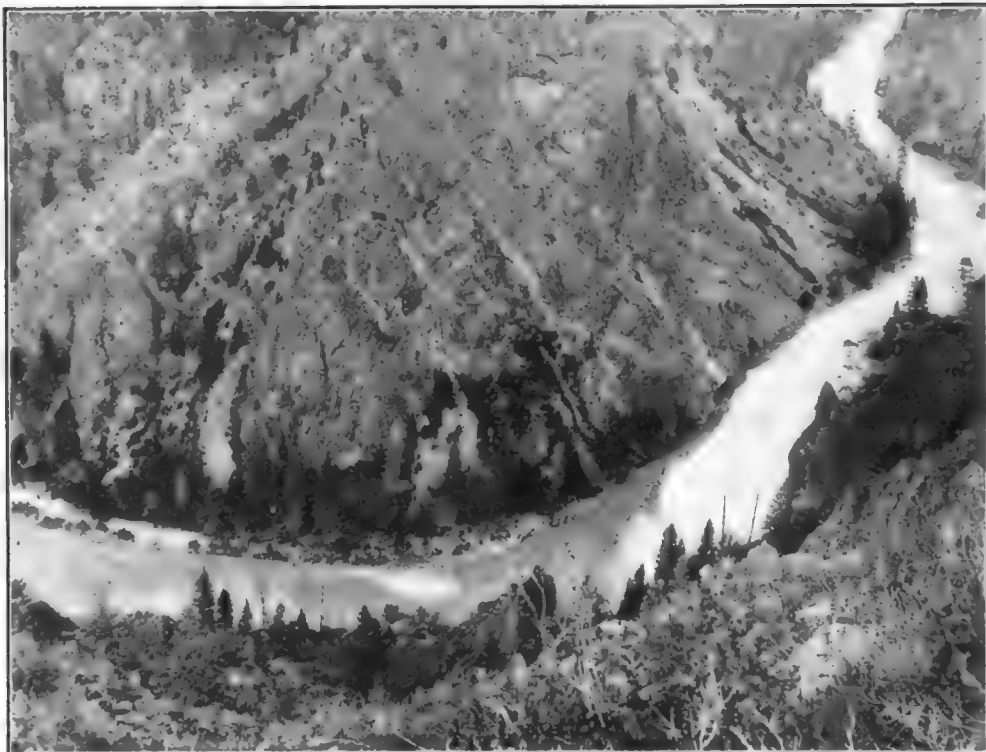
"I do," said Katherine quickly.

"Since when?"

"Since this afternoon—when I met Mr. Wallace!" She proudly felt that there was nothing that she could not say—there was no forbidden ground, for there could be no ground on which they were not one. "Oh, how could I *ever* have— He spoke of *you*." She reached up to put her arms around his neck with a soft fierceness in the embrace, a tender violence that strained him to her as closely as she could. His face reddened quickly; it almost seemed as if his big form trembled as he said with a little sadness in his voice:

"You never did that before, Kathleen!"

"Oh!" said Kathleen. Her beautiful eyes welled as she looked at him. "*I* never knew how to love you— I never was really *married* to you before!"



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE GUNNISON RIVER.

The Heroes of the Gunnison Tunnel

By A. W. Rolker in Collaboration With Day Allen Willey

ON September 27th the eyes of the people of the United States will be centered on a desert town in the southwest corner of Colorado—Lujane.

From the roofs of rough board shacks, in the heart of the arid waste, flags will float. Clouds of red, white and blue bunting will flutter. Senators, governors, perhaps even the President himself will be there to celebrate. For there will be a ceremony worthy of an epoch-marking event—that of the completion of the first of those enormous irrigation systems on which the Government has been working for the past ten years.

At the hour of high noon President Taft, either at Lujane or wherever he may be, will touch an electric button releasing a spark; and miles away, out of a tunnel through a spur in the wilds of the Rockies, the Gun-

nison River will be diverted from the world-famous Black Cañon and will rush into the Uncompahgre Valley with the rumble and thunder of a cataract. Into a huge canal it will seethe and roar, a deluge of molten silver ten feet deep and eighty feet across, traveling at the rate of a mile a minute with a force of 6,000 horse power. At the rate of 8,000 gallons a minute it will flow, filling 400 miles of lateral canals that gridiron 200,000 acres of brown, lifeless desert, uninhabitable, bald as the palm of your hand, cracked open in seams and fissures with the bombardment of ages of suns.

As the flood gushes forth, dynamite mines will crash salute amid dust and rocks and pebbles, clouds of yellow fumes wafting lazily toward azure skies. Then the news that the first of our gigantic irrigation sys-

tems has been put into operation will be telegraphed throughout the land. A desert, where no creature could have lived, will have been reclaimed. Five thousand forty-acre farms, the home sites of 25,000 men, women and children will have been thrown open. Crops, herds, villages and towns with refineries, hay presses, and other factories will spring up amid that fertile soil—from the beginning of all time the range of the viper—through the wizard touch of the engineer, turned into a garden spot, a source of inestimable wealth to the nation.

But, wonderful though the economic feature of the Gunnison River Irrigation System may be, there is not space to go into it here. A story infinitely more interesting there is to tell. A story not of water but of rich, red blood; not of crops and herds and dollars and cents, but of stout hearts and suffering and despair and triumph, such a story as rarely comes even into the life of that professional adventurer and pioneer of civilization, the Civil Engineer. So listen, for, on Lujane's great day, three special guests of honor have been invited: a little Frenchman named Lauzon and two engineers of the Reclamation Bureau, W. W. Torrence and A. L. Fellows. Lauzon's importance ends with having conceived the idea of turning the Gunnison out of its course. But Torrence and Fellows are the conquerors of the Black Cañon, a subterranean inferno that none thought it possible to explore. The suffering and horrors which they underwent in following the torrent down its bed, 3,000 feet beneath daylight, are almost beyond the powers of human conception.

Nearly twenty years ago, in Montrose County, in the southwest of Colorado, half a dozen settlers lived in the upper part of the Uncompahgre Valley, and among these the little Frenchman. Not on our 470,000,000 acres of the Land that God Forgot was there



W. W. TORRENCE.

a more hopeless strip than this where Lauzon and his neighbors lived. Soil, rich beyond belief in the chemical elements that go to make up plant food, extended as far as eye could reach; but water, the one remaining element necessary to enable plants to take up this food and to turn the waste into a paradise of plenty—water there was none.

Six miles from this valley coursed the Uncompahgre River, a mountain stream; in summer it was a sickly brooklet, in spring a roaring torrent swollen with deluges from cloudbursts and melting snows. At cost of infinite labor, Lauzon and his friends led the Uncompahgre into their valley to flood their little farms of something like forty acres each. There were seasons when the water needed to irrigate this small tract was sufficient, and crops abundant past belief were raised. But other seasons there were when Lauzon and his friends grew anxious; for not only was water low, but other settlers, attracted

by the success of the six pioneers, had come in to share in the supply.

Of an evening Lauzon would sit dreaming in the door of his farmhouse, before him his forty, sappy-green acres studded with cattle, lambs and sheep; beyond, far as eye could reach, a gray-brown waste alive with heat devils and reflecting the shimmer of crimson and gold shed by the setting sun. Water, and within a week that desolation would be unrecognizable; that area of powdered alkali dust, whereon bones of men and beasts bleached under a temperature like that of an oven, would be transformed into a garden spot with an inexhaustible deposit of wealth, richer than any gold mine on earth.

Twenty miles away, in the Black Cañon, running through an unnamed spur of the Rocky Mountains, the Gunnison River coursed through a cleft that seemed to yawn into the very center of the earth. No eye had ever seen this river in all of its cañon bed. Gunnison, the explorer who gave his name



HOW IRRIGATION CAN CONVERT A DESERT INTO A LAND OF HOMES.

to the stream, had followed its surging waters down mountain sides, through peaceful valleys, past forests of stately spruce and pine and broad meadows of waving grass, until he found it swallowed in a recess so

dark and so forbidding that it was named the Black Cañon. He looked into its ink-black depths and went no farther. And twenty years later, Professor Hayden, who made a general geological survey for the



THE GUNNISON CAÑON WHERE THE ENGINEERS BEGAN THEIR PERILOUS JOURNEY.



FELLOWS SWIMMING DOWN STREAM WITH THE RUBBER MATTRESS.

Government, pronounced the cañon impenetrable. Geologists who had been lowered down the rocky walls returned after descending a thousand feet and declared that no man could go farther and live. Indians who had dared the cañon had never again been seen alive.

But Lauzon, a dreamer, saw what a marvelous thing it would be to capture the turbulent stream running waste, and to deflect it out of its fastness into the Uncompahgre and so through canals across the 200,000 acres of the valley—203 square miles. But even to the dreamer this seemed absurd. To subject that stream, flowing in its cañon bed

which no human eye had dared to ferret out, and to lead it into the Uncompahgre, it would be necessary to bring it underground through a tunnel measuring at least six miles and through a mountain base. For months the Frenchman pondered, weighing the vastness of the idea against the might of the Government if it were thrown into the project.

Then one morning at the headquarters of the Reclamation Bureau, thousands of miles away in Washington, D. C., a telegram from Lauzon was received.

"Can the Gunnison River be made to water the Uncompahgre Valley?"

A. L. Fellows, engineer in the Reclamation Bureau who received this telegram, read and re-read it. Then, silently, he handed it to W. W. Torrence, one of his brother engineers. There was not another pair of men in the bureau more expert in the perilous specialty of cañon work than these two young men. Never in the history of the Bureau was a more dangerous undertaking proposed. To enter the cañon at a point where it was

surmised the tunnel might be driven, was out of all question. Should a reckless one venture to have himself lowered down those 3,000 feet, the stoutest silk rope would be chafed in two against projecting rocks, and the man would whirl headlong into eternity. The one way to reach the point in question was to enter the cañon fourteen miles upstream where a wall 1,500 feet high presented a single vulnerable spot, and from this point to follow the river, a



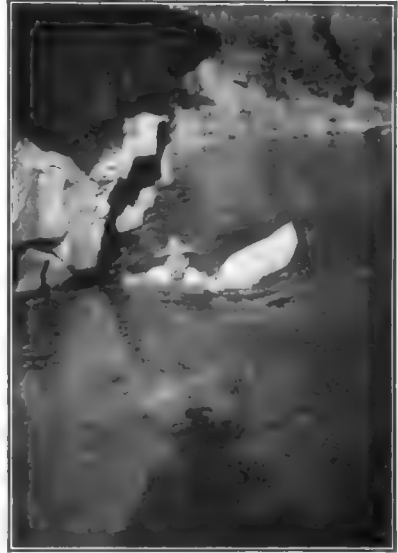
SHOOTING ONE OF THE GUNNISON RAPIDS IN A CANVAS BOAT.

ground torrent hurling itself with the impact of a maelstrom through the bowels of the earth into a vast Unknown.

Whether the river on its course broke into cataracts that would smash boats like egg shells, whether it would lead over falls down which a boat would shoot to destruction, or whether it would suddenly dip underground, sucking men into the earth like so many flies down a sink hole, none could foretell. The only thing certain was that once a man entered on this trip he would have to finish it to the bitter end; he would no more be able to fight his way back *against* that current than he would be able to climb the perpendicular walls that led to the ribbon of daylight, a half-mile above him.

To those with an inkling of the terrors of the Black Cañon it seemed almost like suicide when, after shaking hands with the party of explorers left above, Torrence and four volunteer assistants of the Reclamation Service let themselves down by ropes into the cañon. The boats the men took down with them were made of stout oak frames covered with canvas, so that when they struck against rocks, instead of shattering and splintering into uselessness, they could readily be repaired. Tinned meats and vegetables and hard tack enough for a month the men loaded into the boats, along with cameras, surveying instruments and note books in water-tight tins. Then they signaled with revolver shots that the expedition was under way, for it had been arranged that men should be stationed at intervals along the edge of the cañon to observe the movements of those below and to report each day to their families and friends.

Down in the cañon, where



FELLOWS SWIMMING WHERE THE WALLS COULD NOT BE SCALED.



ONE OF THE EASIER FALLS THEY HAD TO PASS

daylight was turned into dusk, where all was barren rock, where the terrorizing note of the torrent roared so that men had to shout into one another's ears, hardship had begun. The river, still swollen with melted snows, was cold as ice. In spots it hurled itself against rocks and boulders and against the walls of the cañon, sending up spray twenty feet high and filling the air with an ice cold mist that drenched their clothes and dripped again from rocks worn smooth as glass. Over these, varying in

size from the

height of a table to that of a tall horse, the men boosted and pulled one another, while they held fast to long ropes attached to the boats that would have shot down stream like bullets out of a rifle had they not been hard held. In spots where the river had worn deep, there were basins, stretches of one or two hundred feet of placid water, and here the men would embark and venture forward as far as they dared. In other spots, the river was a mass of shallow rapids, churned into white foam from wall to wall, and so swift that men immersed to the knees could

reflected half way down the eastern wall of the cañon; but down at the bottom of the cleft which the water had gouged through the earth's crust, all was pitch black, filled with the incessant drone that reverberated from wall to wall and throbbed in the ears, stupefying the senses.

Despite the heartbreaking work of the day the men had not covered three quarters of a mile. After a meal of cold things, they stretched themselves, damp and chilled, on bare rocks for a long biting cold night in which they could not have even the comforts of talk. And this would endure until eight o'clock in the morning, when the sun would have risen sufficiently to make safe progress possible.

Stiff, miserable and tired, they scrambled from their hard beds. One of the boats parted its line that day, and neither rib nor shred of it ever was seen again. But late that afternoon, in a wall of the cañon, they found a cave so long that they were unable to explore to the end of it; and here they found shelter for the night and driftwood with which to light a fire and cook a meal and warm themselves.

For five days they traveled, working their hearts out, slipping and floundering up and down wet, glassy boulders, treacherous as glare ice, and by night twisting miserably through long hours. Worst of all, owing to the loss of a boat with its load of provisions, it was necessary to cut rations. They were growing weak for want of rest and proper food, for lack of the sunshine and the blue sky, a patch of which they could see by looking straight up, and more than a narrow strip of which they might never see again. By night they lay, face upturned, amid spume and spray and din, in an atmosphere like that of a tomb, while overhead hung a strip of placid stars. With energy and vitality running low, courage dwindled, and to the suffering of the body were added the torments of the soul. Retreat against that volume of hurling water was out of question. Somewhere ahead, where the cañon grew deeper and deeper, there was one chance in a thousand of finding an unknown water-course, or a fissure up which they might climb. Failing this, starvation stared them in the face, and the fate that comes to the human as it comes to the wolf, when food is gone, and the Ten Commandments are swallowed by the first of all laws of nature.

Meanwhile up above, on the brink of the



THE POINT WHERE THE FIRST EXPEDITION
GAVE UP.

scarcely retain a footing. To slip and fall into the swirl would have meant being whisked like a feather over a mill dam only to be dashed to atoms; wherefore the men tied themselves to a common rope like alpine climbers, lifting boats and provisions on their shoulders and staggering with them through rapids to stretches of safety beyond.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the dusk faded quickly into blackness. Broad daylight



ONE OF THE WATER ARTERIES THAT WILL BRING NOURISHMENT TO THE UNCOMPAHGRE VALLEY.

cañon where watchers peered for a glimpse of the struggling men, the hope of seeing them alive was abandoned. During the five days not a sign of life had come out of the abyss. Wire nets were being lowered at the mouth of the cañon in the hope of recovering the bodies—when way, way down among the rocks a watcher spied them. At first he did not trust his eyes, for they appeared not

much larger than good-sized jack rabbits. Field glasses showed rents and tatters of their clothing as the five were seen limping forward, helping each other. In vain the watchers shouted and fired volleys to attract attention. Into ears deafened by the never ceasing roar of the cataracts no other sound could penetrate.

The sight of those given up for dead set



A DETAIL FROM THE OLD PART OF THE VALLEY SHOWING HOW THE WATER WILL BE USED.

men's hearts thumping wildly in the hope of sending down a message of cheer. And at the prospect that those below might pass without looking up, one of the watchers could not resist the temptation to throw down a small stone. This stone loosened a larger one, and this in turn a still larger one, and so on, the rocks gaining in weight until, with a splash that sent water a hundred feet into the air, a ton of stone went crashing down into the stream a hundred yards in front of the climbing men. Only then did they look up, waving hats and bandannas. For half an

It became apparent that, with their present equipment and in their present condition, they could not hope to proceed much farther, but must bend all their remaining energies toward escape if they hoped to save their lives.

Pale, emaciated, weak and hollow-eyed they proceeded, searching for a chance whereby, even at risk of their necks, they could hope to escape. Directly ahead of them the river suddenly disappeared, shooting beneath millions of tons of house-high rocks and boulders that had crashed from



AN IRRIGATION CANAL IN OPERATION.

hour they sat, gazing upward, without chance to communicate more than by wave of hand, yet unable to tear themselves from the bare sight of the men in the land of the living. Then they arose, crawling and limping on their way.

The men had traveled for three weeks when they realized that they had come to their rope's end. The farther they penetrated, the harder grew their trail. The gorge narrowed and deepened. The river, which until now had consisted of cataracts and rapids, grew into a swirling torrent often without banks, so that they had to swim, clutching the gunwale of the boat as a drowning person clutches a life preserver. The cañon had deepened to 2,300 feet, the walls being almost straight up and down.

Over the rocks they climbed and scrambled and pushed and hoisted each other, dragging the boats and provisions after them, taking an entire day to cover a scant hundred yards; then to discover that the cañon had risen to 2,500 feet and narrowed to twenty-eight, with walls literally perpendicular and worn smooth as glass. The volume of water hurled into this narrow passage found egress with the rapidity of a mill race.

To venture into this water by boat would have meant suicide. Thunderstruck, like so many men lined up at the brink of a grave, Torrence's assistants stood in silence, unable to turn eyes from the spot which they felt must mark their end. Hopelessly they gazed at the towering walls. A single giant

pine, overhanging the brink directly overhead, was no taller than a toothpick. Torrence gave his men one glance and understood. No longer were they the intrepid engineers. Weakness, exhaustion and privation had taken the heart out of them. Common, ordinary humans they were, foot-sore, battered, half-starved, stripped to the bare souls, fighting only for love of the lives within them. "The Falls of Sorrows" they named the gorge in front of them; and then they did what all humans do when at the end of their own strength and resource—they took off their hats and stood with bowed heads and prayed for help from Above.

"With our present equipment we can go no farther. The Black Cañon is *not* impenetrable. If I get out of this scrape alive I shall come back." This was the last entry Torrence made in his note book; for even if he should lose his life, he expected that his notes, as well as a roll of negatives that he had been able to click off on his camera, might be found on his body so that his work would not have been in vain.

It was this same Torrence who discovered for these hopeless ones what appeared to be the bed of a water course leading precipitously into the cañon, 2500 feet deep; the course was narrow, and in spots stood at an angle of eighty degrees; but crags and rifts of rocks protruded, permitting foothold, and whatever might be its possibilities high up where the fissure went out of sight, here at the foot it looked promising, considering that there was no alternative of escape.

In their weakened condition it was impossible to begin the perilous ascent; moreover, to begin the climb except in early morning would have meant to be overtaken by night on the face of the precipice. Therefore the men sat and rested, and for the first time in two weeks gorged themselves, leaving enough only for the next morning's meal. To stop during the climb to partake of sustenance would be impossible.

When morning came they started upward. Tied to a common rope and armed with the spike shod tripod legs of the transits, to be used like so many *alpenstocks*, the men ascended, one after another; Torrence led, each man making a firm foothold and hauling in slack or cautiously paying out rope in case of a sudden slip. At snail's pace they gingerly picked their way, the greatest danger being that those above might loosen

stones that would crash down upon those coming after.

By noon the men clung to the precipice like flies, beneath them a thousand dizzy feet up which came the note of the white-churned stream, above them a towering 1500 feet, arched with blue skies and fragrant with the perfume of sunshine. The violent exercise had stirred appetites until hunger gnawed at empty vitals. On top of this was a raging thirst that filled their throats as if with dry cotton. In their veins was the fever of exertion and excitement, in their hearts the sickening dread that the leader might suddenly announce that the course terminated impassably in a vertical wall of smooth rock. But still the men pressed on, buoyed with the nervous energy of those that fight for life.

Toward late afternoon, despair came to one of the men who realized that night would overtake him in this plight, and that for twelve, interminable hours he would have to stand clinging to a rock, waiting for daylight; and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from leaping into the abyss at once.

Two thousand feet up, within 500 feet of salvation, night closed in. It found the climbers in a dreadful plight. Their lips were purple and swollen to triple size for want of water. Their hands were cut, the palms worn raw from contact with jagged rocks and from the chafing of the rope. Eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and faces were covered with a quarter-inch thick mask where a layer of rock dust had settled and had been baked in with the perspiration.

To spend a night clinging to the side of a precipice, within 500 feet of their goal, was more than could be expected of human fortitude, even if those ready to drop in their tracks from sheer exhaustion should by some miracle have managed to survive the night. It was therefore decided to take chances on groping their way in the dark, and for five hours they proceeded until, with a shout, Torrence grasped the stem of an overhanging sage brush, and pulled himself clear beneath God's own starry sky.

Panting, dripping perspiration, one after another the men climbed on to the brink and on hands and knees crawled clear of the edge and collapsed.

Fourteen miles in twenty-one days was all that they had covered. "This time the Black Cañon won," declared Torrence when, still

showing signs of the grueling experience he had undergone, he entered the office of Fellows, district engineer of the Reclamation Bureau.

Off and on, for nearly a year, Torrence and Fellows planned how to conquer the Gunnison and its cañon. Whatever horrors might await them beyond the Falls of Sorrows, Torrence's report showed that up to this point at least the cañon might be explored. What was far more important, the data Torrence had obtained proved that, at least up to the Falls of Sorrows the project of turning the Gunnison out of its course would not only be feasible, but that it promised to become one of the most important in the undertakings of the Government.

Had the men dreamed of the unspeakable ordeal awaiting them down in that monster ditch, not all the fortunes of earth could have tempted them again into the undertaking. As it was, however, they planned a campaign of attack based on Torrence's first experience, and within a year after the failure of the first expedition the two men stood side by side in the upper cañon, ready to begin the fight all over again.

Just as much as possible by water, and just as little as possible over the rock-strewn banks, the two engineers had decided to move forward. Boats, experience had shown, were little more than useless in a torrent of this sort. Instead of a boat, therefore, the men had invented a contrivance of their own whereon to transport instruments and provisions. This was simply a rubber air-mattress measuring four by six feet, subdivided into independent air-tight compartments, provided with lashing to secure a load, and with hand ropes which the men could grasp to support themselves and keep their heads above water. Wading-boots, sealed water-tight about their legs, permitting them to swim without danger that the boots would fill and drag them down, and oil skin-covered note books and film bags fitting into sealable rubber pockets, completed the outfit.

For two weeks they climbed and waded and swam, fighting exhaustion, fatigue, the icy river and the obstacles in the dankness of the pitiless ditch. Then they reached the Falls of Sorrows, and from there the journey began once more into the heart of the Great Unknown.

Through the gorge they went, swimming,

holding fast to their unsinkable raft. In places wherever the channel widened and deepened they proceeded in this manner, either pulling the mattress behind them or pushing it ahead. For days on end they had not a dry stitch on them, and worked with blue lips and chattering teeth. A number of times they had become so exhausted in the water that, had they not taken the precaution to lash themselves to the raft, they would have gone down, never to come up again. And still, the further they went, the deeper and wilder and more difficult became the cañon. In spots the channel became so narrow that water roared over the boulder-strewn bed with such force that the men could hardly retain their feet when immersed only to the depth of their ankles. In one place, where they had to work the raft over rock fragments in the midst of the stream, they struggled so hard to keep the mat from being torn to shreds that they spent three hours covering a distance of sixty feet. For hours at a stretch they were immersed, now swimming, now wading hip deep, in what was practically ice water. And added to these hardships of the day were those of the night; for so narrow became the cañon that often for several hundred yards water flowed in eddies from shore to shore, side ledges becoming so narrow that the men had to take turns to stretch in sleep, one sitting guard to prevent the other from rolling off into the water.

No matter how strong and brave a man may be, pit him against a torrent at the bottom of a cañon, deprive him of proper sustenance, of sunlight and of even a reasonable fighting chance for his life, and he becomes a mite. That is what was happening to these two men whose provisions were running low, and whose only hope of escape lay somewhere in the black, winding distance. Foot by foot, the cañon grew higher and higher and narrower and wilder, as if before long the two walls must come together, leaving the river to dash downward through a subterranean water course into which they would be sucked and buried alive, like rats drawn into the swirl of a sewer hole. What was more disturbing still, instruments showed that the descent of the river was increasing at an alarming rate, as if it might be heading toward an underground waterfall.

Cautiously, bearing the danger of a fall in mind, the men proceeded and had rounded a corner when, of a sudden, a hundred feet

ahead, the river fell sheer out of sight. The depth of the water shallowed here so that the men could stand on bottom, despite the swift current. They ventured as near as possible to the brink; but whether the falls hurled themselves a hundred feet deep onto the rocks below, whether they boiled into a deep basin that would give them a chance for life, or whether the river disappeared and continued underground—these things they could not see.

For the first time during these hardships the heart went out of the men, and they sat side by side, head in hands. To have been caught unexpectedly and whirled over the falls would have been a quick mercy; but to be pent up hopelessly, with no alternative save deliberately to take a desperate leap—this was inhuman strain. But there was no other way out; and it was decided that Fellows should plunge first, that Torrence should then launch the raft with the instruments and what provisions were left, and come after.

Fellows leaped; and like a pine chip over the top of a mill dam his body flashed for an instant into view and was gone. For five minutes Torrence stood, awed by the stupendous force, picturing to himself the smashed and mangled remains of his friend. Then, quickly, he released the raft, and unable to bear the suspense, leaped in after him. He must have been whirled into temporary unconsciousness because, barring the sensation of plunging into the water, he had recollection of nothing until he found himself beyond the foot of the falls, clutching at an overhanging rock. Fellows lay collapsed on a stone shelf upon which he had drawn himself, gazing as if in a dream at the silver veil which roared and thundered, falling house-high, churning itself white against jagged black rocks that studded the basin into which they had landed.

For hours the men lay, panting, weakly turning their heads from side to side, slowly coming back to life after the frightful impact to which they had been subjected. But a new danger threatened them. Rations had run so low that for sixteen hours they had not had a mouthful to eat, and they divided a last spoonful of baked beans between them. They hobbled along, now limping, arms about each other's shoulder, now crawling on hands and knees, dragging their raft after them, sighting, recording notes and taking photographs while they swayed on their tottering feet.

They had made very little progress because of the hunger within them, and had sunk down at the mouth of a cleft in the wall to rest, when suddenly a mountain sheep bounded up beside them. Torrence clutched it and hung on like grim death as it tried to escape him. How the sheep got into the cañon and how it had managed to subsist there is a mystery. It was the only living thing the men encountered on their trip, and they ate it in a manner that may not be told, but just as any of us would have eaten it were we dying by inches for want of food.

According to survey the men knew they must now be within a few miles of the foot of the Black Cañon and they hastened on, the fire of new strength and courage in their veins. Between them and the end, however, was such an ordeal as comes into the lives of few who live to tell a tale.

Centuries, perhaps ages ago, the river had gnawed, undermining banks until, with a rumble like an earthquake, a landslide of thousands of tons of rock had crashed into the stream, making a mass hundreds of feet in height. For centuries, then, the torrents had bombarded against the base of this heap, wearing a tortuous channel and disappearing a short distance on into a grim tunnel. It was this obstacle by which the men were now confronted.

Of all the harrowing adventures that they had encountered, none could begin to compare with this. Behind them, in front of them, to either side of them, escape was cut off clean as if they were at the bottom of a 3,000-foot well. Like a pair of beetles running round and round the rim of a saucer, hunting the jumping-off place, the men coursed round and round. But the more they sought, the more they realized that their one hope of escape was to throw themselves into the maelstrom, taking blind chances of being hurled against rocks or being sucked under water and so perishing.

At the entrance of the pitch-dark tunnel they sat gazing at the vortex of a funnel-shaped eddy of the black, swirling water. Long, in silence, the men gazed into each other's eyes. Like two condemned men standing on the brink of eternity they clasped each other's hands in vise-like grasp.

Fellows leaped first. Twice his body whirled around like lightning. The single glimpse of a foot, and Torrence stood alone,

petrified with horror; in his mind was the picture of the death struggle going on in the yawning hole before him.

He threw the raft into the eddy and watched it sucked and whirled out of sight. With his face buried in his hands he sat quaking, lacking the nerve to take the horrifying leap, yet remembering his promise to follow within ten minutes of his partner.

Finally he took a long, deep breath and dived head first into the funnel. For an instant he felt himself spinning round and round. A tearing, wrenching sensation as if he were being torn apart in a thousand directions, a pressure as if a mountain were closing in upon him, then a shooting forward like the speed of an arrow; and just as his senses were leaving him he was spat out of the water into clear air, and Fellows clutched his collar as he was whirling past a rock, drawing him upward to safety. Like frightened children suddenly snatched out of jaws of death, these two men of iron locked arms about each other and laughed and wept—laughed and wept hysterically like women.

"Who says the Black Cañon is impassable?" cried Fellows, and over and over they repeated the grim joke until they collapsed into the nervous sleep of exhaustion.

Two days later, they climbed 2,000 feet up the Devil's Slide at the lower end of the cañon, having traveled thirty miles along its bed, having swum the river seventy-two times from bank to bank, and having done what man born of woman never dared before and what none in his right senses will ever undertake again.

For a year, the Reclamation Bureau pondered over the survey of Fellows and Torrence, and mapped and planned. Then it sent an army of rockmen, laborers, mechanics and engineers to assault the Gunnison in its stronghold and turn it into the Uncompahgre.

Barring the world-famed Hoosac tunnel, and a railway tunnel through the Rockies, this one through which the Gunnison must be deflected through the base of the mountain range would be the longest in the country—in round numbers 30,600 feet. Out of the desert at Lujane rose a power plant, machine shops and bunk and mess houses, and from the Uncompahgre end a battery of fifteen power drills were set to work munching into the rock. At the same time the Black Cañon itself was assaulted. Against a precipitous wall hung men and

steam drills in mid-air. The tremor and rumble of dynamite charges, followed by the clatter of tons of rock crashing into the abyss, drowned out the drone of the treacherous stream. Foot by foot, a wagon road, winding steeply upon itself, was hewn out of the solid rock. Where not even a goat could have found foothold, power houses, machine shops, and quarters for men were stuck like hornets' nests against the side of the cliff.

West from the River Portal, and east from the Uncompahgre end, the gnawing of the tunnel measuring eight feet high and ten and one half feet wide was begun. Through solid rock they bored, through quicksands that had to be timbered foot by foot. In the west end of the tunnel, the men tapped an underground stream charged with carbonic acid gas, which doused them with a 100-gallon-a-minute soda fountain and drove all hands helter-skelter toward daylight.

For ten years, working in three shifts, day and night, the engineers drove the gigantic bore, averaging a progress of 250 feet a month and removing more than 5,000,000 two-horse wagon-loads of material. Then came a day when the men in the eastern heading could make out the pounding of the drills of the men in the western heading, and two weeks later came the final charge that ripped through the separating wall of rock, while men leaped joyously from one heading into the other; for the long, dangerous, tedious work at last was done.

From the Uncompahgre end of the tunnel a canal, wide and deep enough to float a good sized ship, leads to the Uncompahgre River into which the unruly Gunnison, now harnessed, must flow—first grinding out electricity for power and light to be supplied to farms below, then subdividing itself throughout 400 miles of lateral canals, ready to spread itself meekly over corn and potato fields and to do men's bidding in every fertile form.

When that official opening day comes for the canal, as the President touches the button, Lauzon may be jubilant; but Fellows and Torrence, heroes of the gigantic undertaking in the Land that God Forgot, may stand where they see their old arch enemy as he emerges out of the sluice gate, and as it was twelve years ago at the whirlpool they will clasp each other by the hand and look down upon their work in a satisfaction none may measure, but this time to look down on the greatness of accomplished work.

HAVE WE A NAVY?

By AMBROSE BIERCE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our fleet has circumnavigated the globe in record time and with a minimum of mishaps. The size, number and beauty of our ships is a source of justifiable pride. The character, training and devotion of our officers is of the highest order. The bravery of our men is beyond question. Our target practice in Magdalena Bay indicates a marvelous efficiency in marksmanship. But do all these things constitute an aggressive, practical, sea-going navy? Or are we blinded by the pride that goes before a fall? Read what Mr. Bierce says.

AT our highest military institution may be seen a carefully calculated diagram, showing by black lines the relative strength of existing armies. The line representing Germany reaches clear across a pretty wide page; that of the United States is, if my memory serves, about an eighth of an inch long. Similar diagrams relating to the world's navies are more familiar: we have all seen them and felt our bosoms swell with patriotic pride in the contemplation, for in them the black line of American "sea-power" is longer than that of Germany, and nearly half as long as that of Great Britain. To be half as powerful on the sea as Great Britain—that is the highest hope and ambition of every nation that has a ship afloat with a gun on it. And to think that we have achieved this giddy distinction by a mere quarter-century of effort!

As familiar as the diagram is the tabulated statement attesting the same thing—the comparison of the fighting craft of all nations by number, tonnage, length, width, draft, armament, speed, radius of action, and the rest of it; who has not gone over the figures with rapt attention and a half-conscious desire to fit the words of the Doxology to the air of "Hail, Columbia"?

Also, there is the memorable feat of the

Great Circumnavigation, proving beyond a doubt that American warships can go to alien ports in a time of peace, and that American sailors will not, as a rule, fall overboard in a seaway. Incidentally, there was the gratifying circumstance of blowing Mr. Reuterdahl out of the water, by the *personnel*. This poor gentleman appears to have got no more than the best expert opinion shows him to have deserved for disrespect toward a naval construction as good as there is in all the world. We have indubitably as fine "fighting machines" as anybody, and (*pace* Captain Hobson) quite a little lot of them. But any number of fighting ships does not make a navy.

Concerning a person who was what (for a reason to the writer unknown) is called a "bluffer," or "four-flusher," a well known wit recently said: "Enter his front door and you find yourself in his back yard." One hearing that may be pardoned if he think of the American navy. It is all front—all line-of-battle. Behind this—nothing! Virtually no colliers, no transports—none of the hundreds of auxiliary craft that are as essential a part of a navy as the battleships themselves, for without them the battleships are impotent for aggression—good for nothing but defense of our home ports. Lacking these servitor craft at the back of it, and at the back of these a merchant marine, and at the back of that a coast population of deepwater sailors and fishing-folk, a fleet of fighting ships is like an army without teams, trains, forges, pontoons, telegraphs, varied industries and a warlike people.

We have heard overmuch of our world-circling "battle-fleet" as a visible embodiment and convincing exposition of American sea-power. It was indeed a powerful fleet—for purposes of peace. But high authority asserts that, in the event of war, its alien colliers would have been compelled by inter-

national law to abandon it, even in hostile waters, and it would have been lucky to reach some home or colonial port where it could perform its legitimate duty of coast defense.

This is no indiscreet and unpatriotic revelation. There is not a naval *attaché* at any embassy in Washington who has not repeatedly demonstrated our helplessness to his Government. Not that it particularly concerns the good naval *attaché*; he is merely a spy, gravely borne upon the rolls of his ambassadorial chief and as gravely accepted because in some disguise he is inevitable. His duty is to worm out naval secrets, and our lack of a real navy is no secret. It is a matter of record at every admiralty and chancellery in the world, including, naturally and particularly, those of the Japanese.

OUR FLEET HELPLESS WITHOUT COAL

They laughed in their long sleeves, these hospitable Orientals, biding their time, knowing that they had only to utter the declaration of war which they denied to Russia and our coalless fleet would be theirs, with the Philippines, Hawaii and, for a time, our Pacific Coast.

Doubtless it ministers to the professional pride of our "elderly naval men" and the patriotic pride of the rest of us (except the dawn-hailers of universal peace) to go on building battleships, cruisers, and minor "fighting machines"; and a pretty penny we pay for the joy of it. But the same sums of money put into "machines" of the humbler sort would in time give us such a real navy as is possible to us. A first-class naval power we cannot hope to be until we have a merchant marine from which to draw ships, and in which to breed seamen.

Before our civil war we had a merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain. American sails whitened every sea, the stars and stripes glowed in every port. We were a nation of sailors. Even so long ago as the war of 1812 we held our own with Great Britain on the ocean, and if our raw volunteers had not been almost invariably beaten off the field by her trained soldiers, our capital would not have been taken and sacked; and we should not have been compelled to sue for peace and to accept it in a treaty in which our righteous grievance, for which we had taken up arms, was not even mentioned. To-day we could not hold our own against any maritime people, even if we fought with

full coal-bunkers near our own shores. The American behind the gun is no longer a born sailor with the salt of the sea in every globule of the blood of him. Our fate in encountering a seagoing people, sailors and fishermen and the sons of sailors and fishermen, with sea legs, sea eyes and sea souls, would be that which has befallen inlanders against islanders, from Salamis to Tsu Shima. I am not unmindful of the time when the Romans improvised a fleet (constructed on the model of a wrecked Carthaginian galley) and manning it with landsmen destroyed the seapower of Carthage in a single engagement. That exception tests the rule (*probat regulam*) but the rule stands.

A British admiral was in consultation with his subordinate officers as to how the enemy's fleet should be attacked—a British admiral never consults as to *whether* the enemy's fleet should be attacked.

"Let us not forget," said a captain, "that we are greatly outnumbered in ships, in guns and in men."

"I suppose so," said the admiral, "but what has that to do with it?"

The irrelevancy lay in the circumstance that the enemy was French.

It is natural that our naval officers, as competent as any in the world, should affirm the ability of our ships and sailors to give a good account of themselves in battle. They would not be worth much if they did not feel that way; but when have officers of fighting forces felt otherwise, or feeling otherwise, when have they made public profession of their unfaith? Even the candid Cervera, steaming to his doom, uttered his despair only to his fatuous Government. A confident demeanor is a permanent military provision.

MANILA AND SANTIAGO EMPTY VICTORIES

Perhaps our naval officers have not entirely recovered from their elation over the "victories" of Manila and Santiago. Yet these easy triumphs of American arms are explained otherwise than by the actual fighting efficiency of our ships and men. With regard to Manila, I am told that Dewey's famous command, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," was not accurately reported. According to my veracious informant, the Spanish ships were ingeniously wound with ropes to keep them from falling apart. What Dewey actually said was this: "When you are ready, Gridley,

you may fire at those ropes." Anybody can cut a rope with a cannon if not molested. At Santiago, the Spanish Admiral was ordered not to give battle, but to escape, and ships cannot run away and fight at the same time. It was an engineers' fight—nay, a constructors'. We won by the screw.

However these things may be, two naval victories in which the victors lost one man do not supply a reasonable presumption of invincibility. Manila and Santiago were slaughters, not battles. Even so, the "percentage of hits" was something to be stated with humility.

OUR MARKSMANSHIP IN STORMS

This brings us to the matter of "straight shooting" and "the man behind the gun." Here we have the advantage of figures, figures, and more figures—most illuminating. Statistics of target practice in Magdalena Bay, for example, prove that on a smooth sea, and under ideal conditions generally, our gallant but agricultural sailors are fine marksmen. Unluckily, battles do not commonly take place on a smooth sea and under ideal conditions—between born seamen and made seamen never, if the skilled commander of the former can prevent. He prefers to fight in a seaway, thereby utilizing his chief advantage. When did a great sailor hesitate to attack in a big blow? Certainly not when days and days of storm paralyzed the made sailors of the Spanish Armada. And having the lighter and better ships, Togo could easily have retired before Rojestvensky until he had fair weather. Not he—he fought his fight "on the rolling wave," and doubtless thanked whatever Japanese gods there may be for weather unpropitious to Muscovite tillers of the soil.

The born sailor is a being of an order different from ourselves—as different as a gull from a grouse, a seal from a cat. What, to a landsman, is a matter of study, memory and calculation, is to him a matter of intuition. An unstable plane is his natural, normal and helpful footing. As a gun-pointer he sights his piece not only consciously with his instruments and his eye, but unconsciously with that better instrument, the sense of direction—as one plays billiards. The rolling and pitching of the ships do not spoil his aim; he allows for them automatically—*feels* the auspicious instant with the sure instinct of an expert rifleman

breaking bottles in the air. It is impossible to impart this subtle sense to a farmer's boy, or to a salesman in a shop, no matter how young you catch him; he cannot be made to understand it—cannot even be made to understand that it can be. For that matter, nobody does understand it.

Let me see if I can illustrate with a concrete, analogous example from my own observation. A and B were fond of the rifle; A accustomed to the weapon from childhood, B taking to it in manhood by infection from A, as it were. But B had the sharper eye, the steadier nerve, and at the target always made the better score. Sometimes they would go after rabbits, squirrels, pigeons and "such small deer." A usually came in loaded with game; B never bagged beast nor bird.

An officer of the Great Circumnavigation (whose name you shall not drag out of me with all the king's horses and all the king's men) tells me that the crews of the big ships were addicted to the reprehensible habit of seasickness—that sometimes in "dirty weather" as many as a half-hundred on a single vessel would be "down" at the same time. I fancy, though, that the surgeons' reports would show nothing of the kind—that if the matter was deemed of sufficient importance for mention the disorder would be named as hereditary abraded shin, or acute somnolency. Certainly Admiral Evans' masterly vindication of the American navy against its unpatriotic calumniators makes no mention of so untoward a circumstance, which would surely have taken his attention.

WE NEED SAILORS, NOT LANDSMEN

Modern wars do not last long enough for the training of seamen; we should have to increase the naval *personnel* and repair its wastage by such material as we could get. This would come from four classes. First, men who have seen service in the navy, now in other employment. Second, young men of the naval militia. Both these classes would supply good men, but there are not enough of them to count for much, and only a small percentage could be expected to enlist. Third, sailors of the great lakes, nearly all aliens, imperfectly intelligent and problematically desirable. Fourth, irclaimable landsmen. The American deep-water sailor is nowhere in evidence, and our dire need of about fifty thousand of him

with which to start the fighting will not create him.

Merely, then, as an essential element of a real, not illusory, sea-power, a merchant marine is our most imperious need. How is it to be got? There are as many ways as there are groups of political bigots who will consider no way but their own. Permit Americans to purchase ships abroad, where they can be got cheaply, says one. Remove the duties on shipbuilding materials, says another. Subsidize American steamship lines, a third cries. And a fourth will tell you that the high wages paid in land industries must be met by payment of higher wages for sea service—indirectly, of course, by that ultimate paymaster of everything, the taxpayer. The trouble is that each man, having his fixed notion of how our ocean-carrying trade has been lost, will listen only to his own plan of restoration. A larger statesmanship would discern, if not many causes of the mischance, the certainty that many causes have been concerned in it, and instead of a bigoted insistence on a particular remedy would be hospitable to all. A wise Member of Congress, if unable to persuade his colleague to accept his proposal would accept his colleague's. He would vote for all the plans commonly advocated, whether he liked them or not—time enough to drop some of them when, together, all had succeeded.

WHAT CONGRESS DOESN'T DO ABOUT IT

He might detest subsidies, yet in an international contest of subsidies he would out-subsidize impecunious Japan. He might abhor free trade, yet grant it in whole ships; or, detesting protection, grant that to shipbuilders if it would enable them to build ships that an American could afford to buy and sail. In brief, he would restore our ocean-carrying trade first and debate it afterward. Better dispute about how it was done than about how it might be done.

That, I take it, is the spirit in which our ships can be brought back upon the sea, and, incidentally, our navy completed. But how shall we arouse that spirit? I do not know.

I know only that "facts and figures" will not do it, nor will the discussion of "principles." At every session of Congress we are crammed throat-full of statistics, of logic, of appeals to reason and appeals to interest. And nothing done.

UNCLE SAM—THE ANCIENT MARINER

It is not thus that reform comes. Who set the sword against Southern slavery after a half-century's trial of talking it to death? A woman with a novel. Who abolished child-labor in the mines and factories of England? A woman with a poem. Who released our domestic animals from immemorial subjection to wrongs that even the New Testament does not rebuke, and gave them the protection of law? Again a woman, again a story. Who led the debtors out of prison? Dickens—great statistician he! What are the "facts and figures" with which Charles Reade dispelled the unspeakable horrors of private madhouses? What, after years of ineffectual appeal to reason in Parliament and press, set all England arming against the German peril? A play.

Your man of "facts and figures" is an unheeded futilitarian. He will mouth you an incalculable multitude of his wares, striking, significant—and of no effect. Then, when the good God so wills it, comes a strolling poet, or a teller of idle tales, and in the dawnlight of a new dispensation we hear a thunder as of angels' wings, and lo! Reform is upon us!

All successful appeal is to sentiment: to know is to sleep on and on; to feel is to act. It may be that one day some now mute, inglorious dreamer will rise and, carelessly touching us with a quickening finger, say: "Thou ailest here and here." Or some American Swinburne, singing ever of the sea, will utter a compelling note that will make that fallen mariner, your Uncle Samuel,

"know the brine

Salt on his lips, and the large air again."

And after that we shall have a navy that the world will join us in taking seriously.





HICKS OF WALL STREET

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "Corrie Who?"

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

IF you could set me back a few thousand years—say in about the middle of the Quaternary man-epoch—I might be able to make my way with the tree dweller and the troglodyte. But I do not know to a certainty. Once upon a time I used to think I could. I used to believe, you know, that mind is superior to mere brute force; that a brain equipped like mine could have juggled with the primeval as it would.

But Hicks, my brother-in-law, has shaken my conviction—so seriously, indeed, that, so far at least as he is concerned, my only remaining hope is to meet him on common ground, man to man, muscle versus muscle. Which explains why I, the owner of a highly developed mind, have taken to swinging Indian clubs.

Hicks is a near relative of the cave dweller—a kind of modernized troglodyte in tailored clothes, who is equipped with the primitive force of a Neanderthal man. Indeed, before I learned to swing my Indian clubs, I should

not have cared to meet Hicks up a dark alley about the year 5700 B. C. To-day he is working in Wall Street. He is doing rather well, too, and rides around in a sixty horsepower French car, with a chauffeur who is a mechanic. They cost more than the kind that are just mechanics.

Hicks came to us just after Ermentrude and I had decided not to wait any longer. In the spring, the college raised my salary—not enough, of course, to make me nervous about investments, but enough to warrant the plunge. So she and I got married; and as Ermentrude and her sister are orphans, we asked Dorothy to come and live with us.

Then, after college closed, Ermentrude, Dorothy and I sought the primitive. Otherwise, there might have been no Hicks—at all events, not for a time.

"How perfectly ideal!" exclaimed Dorothy, when she first saw our new home and the lake in front. "Just look at that lovely little island, away out there. Just the place

for a picnic! Why, it looks as if it floated in the sunlight!"

Indeed, it did. "Like one of the post-pliocene crannoges," I remarked, observantly, "of the Roscommon loughs."

Dorothy stared at me briefly. "Call off the dog, Toodles," said she to my wife. "He's barking again."

I dislike to hear Ermentrude's sister call her Toodles. Nor do I care to hear myself alluded to as Hank, when my real name is Henry Vivier. Nor am I fond of other features of Dorothy's address. That night, for instance, when we were retiring, I was just remarking to Ermentrude that I'd seen a distant outcrop of conglomerate which promised to become amusing—and a reef of what appeared to be genuine Laurentian—when Dorothy piped up through the thin partition, "If Hank doesn't stop snoring, he'll fall out of bed. Toodles, where did you put my chocolate creams?"

But after breakfast, on the morrow, Dorothy became thoughtful.

"Strange," said I, "how one craves strong, rugged food in air like this. Now the fried pork——"

Dorothy awoke there. "Yes, we've lived through it twice now; so maybe it won't slaughter Jim. But I wish we'd brought some canned stuff—sardines and Bartlett pears. This table may not agree with him."

Hicks, if you please! "Oh, you mean him!" I remarked, recalling the fellow. "That chap who came to the Freshman game once, in a large, pink touring car."

Dorothy eyed me sideways. "Nothing of the kind. Red—with a rumble. A six-cylinder, sixty horse-power car, with four selectives, and as flexible as a railroad engine. Could climb the side of a house and pick up speed in doing it—and he's coming."

"And if you won't row me out on the lake," continued Dorothy, "why, thank heavens! there's one man, at least, that hasn't always a headache—or a case of the dolmens"—great Scott! they're prehistoric sepulchres! "or an acute attack of the kitchen middens——"

I went away from Dorothy because I wanted to see a gasoline launch that the boatman had told me about. I hate rowing, and the launch was for sale at a bargain.

"See, Ermentrude!" I cried, delightedly—she had come with me—"you turn that crank business, and it goes. Right ahead, too. Faster than a man can row."

A subdued cackle broke in there, proceeding from one Exevirry, the camp chore-boy. He spelled his name Xavier, I learned afterward, though he pronounced it otherwise. However, his was the laugh derisive.

"Sometimes!" chuckled Bill—this was what we later compromised on calling him. "Sometimes—if ye're lucky. And onct she went *apl!*"

Ap, I gathered from the jerk of Xavier-Bill's thumb, meant up. Ermentrude looked at me thoughtfully.

"Henry—is it safe?" she questioned; and before I could answer her, Dorothy drifted gracefully into view.

"You mean: Does his policy cover this case?" observed Dorothy. Then she tried to pinch my ear playfully, which is a thing I intensely dislike. It does not seem—well, academic, to say the least. I was somewhat ruffled, hence my sharp retort.

"I took a P. G. in applied mechanics," I answered, concretely; "and I have decided to name the boat the *Otium cum Dignitate*. You sit still and do nothing—ease with dignity."

Dorothy sniffed tentatively, with her delicate nostrils. "Did you say *odium*?" she inquired, knowing, I think, how I detest puns. "You'd better hunt for a leak in that gasoline tank," said my sister-in-law.

That afternoon, however, we went out in the *Otium*. She had a four-horse, single-cylinder, two-cycle, jump-spark motor, with a detachable cylinder head. It was alleged that she'd reverse on the commutator by advancing the spark; but after I had carried away a slice of the wharf float, half her forward deck and all her guard strake, I decided the statement was misleading. Subsequently, I learned to stop her out in the lake and to come in under her headway. By constant practice, I was able to do this at least two times out of five without rowing. But nevertheless I became used to rowing the *Otium*. Her specialty was breaking down in mid-lake—at a *locus* in space, the greatest known distance from a given point of home. Then I rowed, though I despised rowing.

With the month-end came Hicks. At Ermentrude's suggestion, I wrote him a nice letter, suggesting that he might like the rest, and that I could give him a bit of fly-fishing before the hot weather drove the trout into deep water. Also, I mentioned, as a special inducement, that I had a motor boat.

"You know," said Ermentrude, mean-

ingly, "he's quite a nice fellow—and there's Dorothy. He was full-guard or right center on the 'Varsity—no, that's not it, either! He was a team quartermaster, I mean. What? . . . Oh, well—never mind. He's frightfully nice, and besides, he has just oceans of money, and——"

Dorothy would have said *oodles*. I detest the word—it lacks a root derivation. But we got a telegram from Hicks, terse and to the point:

"*Tickled to death.*"

A physiological possibility, though not probable. But the wire cost me a dollar for delivery—thirty-three and a third cents a word, when I had been paid only a quarter of a cent a word for my last article in the *Scientific Journal*:—"Known Traces of the Proto-Helvetian Man; With Some Reference to Megalithic Tumuli."

Hicks came; and I was face to face with the primeval—though I didn't realize it at first.

"Now, see here, Henry," said Ermentrude, gently, "can't you keep out of the way? You know how you'd have felt at interruptions, when you were coming to see me."

"I know," I pleaded urgently; "but the man interests me amazingly." It must have been instinctive, I think. "Haven't you noticed the extraordinary development of his superciliary ridge, and the *glabella*?"

"I don't know what you mean," answered Ermentrude. "On the contrary, he looks quite handsome and distinguished."

"You'd call it the eyebrows," I retorted, abruptly. "Both the Engis and Neanderthal skulls——"

"Give Hank the headache cure," said Dorothy, joining us suddenly, "we're all going out in the *Odory Profanum*."

Her remark nettled me still more. "You don't pronounce it properly," I reproved, testily. "*Odi Profanum*—not *odory*, is what you're trying to say. Besides, the *Olum* blew out a gasket this morning."

"How do you know it?" demanded Dorothy, bluntly. But I was ready for her.

"Because Xavier-Bill told me it was a gasket," I retorted; "and Bill knows."

"A gasket, hey?" remarked Hicks, airily, and I pricked up my ears. It was the first evidence he had given of that brutish and primitive self-assertive force of his. "Oh, that's easier than pie!" said Hicks.

I was thoroughly nettled. "But it was unavoidable, and I have wired to the factory to advise me how I shall repair it."

Hicks looked at me a moment, and then grinned. His masticatory processes, by which I mean his large, strong teeth, have done much to confirm my theory.

"Factory!" Hicks looked away. "Hey, Bill!" he called; "you got any valve packing?"

I was secretly delighted to see Bill shake his head. Hicks thought for a moment. "Got an old leather boot?"

Bill had one—yes; and Hicks went to work on my engine. "She'll probably burn out," he observed idly, "but it'll last till we get home, anyway."

"And it won't blow up?" demanded Ermentrude.

"Of course not," answered Hicks, wiping his hands on a bunch of cotton waste. "If she blows out, she'll only spit a little. You ought to get a solid cylinder, old sport," said Hicks to me. "These bolted tops are no good."

"On the contrary," I answered, testily—for I'd begun to note the fellow's hands, which were large and strong, and his shoulders, which were like my projected drawing of the *pithecanthropus* man, as evolved and built up from evidence of the skull fragment—"On the contrary," I said, determined to show him mind was superior to mere brute force; "for you can take off the cylinder head, when you wish to cool the engine."

But Hicks, after another idiotic stare, buried himself suddenly in the tool locker. I said nothing more. Just wait, I thought, till he tries to get her going. And if he does start her, just wait till she breaks down in mid-lake . . . oh, well!

"All right, girls," said Hicks, airily as ever, as if he were asking them aboard a steam yacht with a paid engineer to run it. Just you wait, I thought again. And when he looked at me inquiringly, "Go ahead," said I, "you run her this time." Then I went forward to hide a smile.

So Hicks went at it. "You'll find the crank on the locker," I called to him. "Ermentrude's sitting on it."

"Why, so I am!" exclaimed my wife, nervously. "I wondered what it was. But I'm always so agitated."

Hicks grunted. "May not need it," he answered, lightly, and laid hold of the fly wheel. I thought I should shriek with merriment. Not want it!

Hicks rocked over the fly wheel and rocked it back again. Then he turned it over till the engine coughed; rocked the wheel again, and gave it a whirl.

'Pon my word! *Puck! puck! puckety-puck!* barked the motor—and then stopped. Instantly, my first wild astonishment faded, and I allowed myself the privilege of a smile.

"Say," drawled Hicks, frowning at me, "don't you ever tighten up your coil connections?"

Without awaiting the answer, he set the thumbscrews, rocked the fly wheel again, and the *Otium* spurted forward on her way.

"Just look!" exclaimed Ermentrude; "we've never gone so fast before!"

Dorothy, after looking at the engine, observed thoughtfully, "But we so seldom went at all."

"And I am not in the least nervous now," added Ermentrude, gayly; "not with Mr. Hicks—anyway."

Oh, to be stabbed to the quick like that, by the wife of one's bosom! But I sat back, gritting my teeth in silence, and I was still gritting them when the *Otium* gave a snort, kicked viciously, snuffed like a gasping grampus, and then, after one last bark, rocked to a standstill.

"There!" I leaped up, radiant. It had come, at last; and now I could look on peacefully and watch the brute work himself to death. Try to show me, would he?—and with my own engine!

"Just sit still," said Hicks, easily. "I turned her off—that's all."

Turned her off? Stopped her while she was *running!* The man must be out of his wits, unless he were daft on the alleged sport of rowing. "What did you do that for?" I snapped at him. "Do you want me to waste the day trying to start her up again?"

Hicks answered with a dry grin, and began pottering around the carburetor. Hmph!

Said I: "You'll find a Stillson wrench, three spanners, a monkey wrench, a case of files, a set of cold chisels and a maul in that locker. If they're not enough," I added, definitely, "Dorothy's sitting on a pair of pliers, too."

"Give me a hairpin, Dotty," said Hicks; and I spoke no more.

For he went at the carburetor with the hairpin, and in three minutes we were going on again—faster than ever, it enrages me to say. After that, Hicks leaned back and seemed to forget all about the motor; and we went on and on, the *Otium* barking like an energetic terrier and never missing a bark.

But as we bore down on Dorothy's chosen island, the engine began suddenly to pound—

delicious music, indeed!—to pound and bang about and jerk and shudder, as if determined to wrack itself apart. "There—now!" I said.

"Hmmmh!" grunted Hicks, and reached for the pet cock on the water jacket. The motor kept up its knocking.

"Look over the stern," I advised him, carelessly. "You'll probably find something entangled in the paddle."

Hicks favored me instantly with another of his idiotic stares, a grin of reasonless vacuity, such as one sees on the visages of the primates. Then he shut off the engine and went to work on the pump with a monkey wrench, while the *Otium* drifted idly on the wave. "I thought so!" said he, grunting again and peering at me from under his beetling superciliary ridges. "Say, Prof," he remarked in a tone not a whit less disdainful than that I should use in addressing a group of underclassmen; "say, you ought to get a book of instructions with this patent churn of yours. Did you do this?" he inquired, and held up a wad of greasy cotton waste.

This gave me a chance to vent my indignation. "See here, Hicks!" said I. "Did you pull that out when it took me a whole hour to pack it in?"

Hicks grinned. "Oh, that's all right! I guessed it was you," he answered inanely; "no mechanic would be jay enough to pack waste in a pump plunger."

"While I'm thinking about it, too," added Hicks, "the next time you get stuck on second-hand red engine oil, don't forget to strain out the iron filings. This grits like a mouthful of sanded strawberries."

Puck! puck! puckety-puck! barked the motor; and we ploughed along again. There were Ermentrude and Dorothy laughing and chatting; and there was that delayed specimen of the bygone Stone Age! I hadn't identified him exactly as yet; but the moment was coming. And here was I, too, crouched in the bow, forgotten and alone. I looked at nothing, but I saw red. And when I came to, there was the island right under us, and Hicks piling the *Otium* at full speed straight for a beach of jagged rocks.

"Ermentrude—hold fast!" I yelled, and braced myself for the shock. Hicks grinned, and reached for the commutator—meaning to reverse her, *reverse* her, when I had carried away a slice of the wharf float and half her bows in the same attempt. I clenched my teeth as the *Otium* rose buoyantly on a sea;

I waited for the crash when she dropped. Then, as through a haze, I saw the fellow do something—choke her down—throttle her—something, anyway; and with that flirt of the commutator handle, the fly wheel jerked the other way, and raced backward madly.

"Why, just look!" exclaimed Ermentrude, delightedly—delighted, mind you, though we had all but stepped inside the maws of destruction. "Why, Mr. Hicks! You must show Henry how you do it."

My wife! and my own boat, too! I had

been something strange in my voice that made Ermentrude look at me so quickly.

"Jump it? Why, no," said Hicks, and thereupon he stepped overboard in a foot of chilly water.

And I—I am subject to acute coryza—colds, I believe, is the vulgar term.

"Toodles first," said Dorothy, who was smiling dreamily. So I sat there and saw him sack my wife ashore. Yes—and when I perceived her borne lightly—as lightly as I might dandle a tome of Lubbock, Schmerling,



"YOU OUGHT TO GET A SOLID CYLINDER, OLD SPORT," SAID HICKS TO ME.

no stone axe with me, but the Stillson wrench looked handy. Indeed, I do believe I reached for it, entranced; but Hicks arose and blocked the way. The *Otium*, meanwhile, had gently grounded.

"Not much water here," said Hicks, and began calmly rolling up his trousers. "Well, let's get ashore."

There was at least a foot of water under us, and the shore was twelve feet away. "Do you intend to jump it?" I asked, caustically. "This is no place to land." There must have

Lartel, or what-not in my arms—when I saw him wade to the shore's primeval forest with that fair burden in his arms, I awoke, as if a shaft of light had reached my brain.

For here was the cave brute reincarnate! Here was the primeval—the Neolithic, at the very least. It had dawned on me, at last! Here the primal force and the self-reliance of brute man opposed in all its crudity to the placid, defined, and well-regulated course of life in this era of the intellect. I looked, and it wouldn't have surprised me to see him

leap to the branches of the nearest tree, and, grinning fiendishly, make off with his burden into the depth of the tenebrous woodlands. But Hicks, after setting down my wife, returned for Dorothy.

"Ta ta! Hank," said my sister-in-law; "see you later!"—and so I saw her, too, borne away in the arms of the troglodyte.

And then the worst affront of all!—this throw-back to the Stone Age, boasting his mere animal strength against an intelligence that is heir to all the ages!—"Pick-a-back!" inquired Hicks; and backed up against the rail for *me!*

Oh, I would show him! I waved him away. "Buck up, Prof," said Hicks, and that settled it. I stepped overboard—and the water was beastly cold.

I had identified the man in his type, and it was enough. For hours I sat staring hazily through a curtain of red, and I saw myself, as in a dream, prowling in the shades of a Neolithic forest, a stone adze in my hand, and hunting—hunting—hunting—for Hicks! Hicks, the troglodyte—fellow to the man-beast of a long-forgotten age! Yet let me forget. Let it suffice that Ermentrude came to me that evening, a softening light in her eyes.

"It's just been a lovely day," she sighed, ecstatically; "and they're going to have red damask curtains in the drawing room!"

My attention was centered, just then, on a specimen of amorphous diabase I had chipped from a reef on the island. "Red damask what?" I murmured absently. The cellular crystallization of the diabase was, indeed, interesting. "Whose red damask drawing room?"

Ermentrude sighed again. "Dorothy's and Jim's," she said, dreamily; "and they're going to build just as soon as it's all over."

The specimen crashed to the floor. "As soon as what's over?"

"The wedding," answered Ermentrude, mildly astonished at my evident agitation. "Dotty's got the ring now on her finger, and it's two large diamonds and a pigeon's blood. He brought it with him—*dear Jim!*"

Dorothy—my sister by marriage—the child it was my duty to watch over and protect—to marry that living left-over from the Stone Age? Impossible!

"Marry Hicks! Why, look at him!" I cried, horrified. "You can see it yourself—the prodigious development of the superciliary prominences!—the significant exten-

sion of the orbits!—the dolichocephalic structure of——"

Words failed me there. "Henry Vivier!" protested Ermentrude, "you are not addressing the lecture room. What is it that you wish to say?"

"Hicks!" I retorted—"Hicks!"—with all the concentrated vigor I could put into the single name. "Never! Our little sister!—that relic of the primeval throw-back—hang-over! No emblem of the Quaternary man-epoch is going to——"

"Toodles!" said Dorothy, entering, "place something cool on Hank's head. He's trying to call my Jim a low-brow and can't find the right words." Then she turned to the door again. "Well, perhaps he is . . . perhaps—thank goodness!" said Dorothy, as she withdrew.

"All right," said I, grimly, to Ermentrude; "you two can go ahead. But mark my words: Don't blame me when you find Dorothy living in a tree top. Or over on the Palisades in a cave. And with a troglodyte, I tell you!"

"Troglodyte?" repeated Ermentrude. "Is that the scientific term for—why, what did Dorothy call it?—*hustler*—?"

I rarely saw the *Otium* during the days that followed. Perhaps it was best, since I had learned to hate the tub. Also, I rarely saw Ermentrude, because she was busy chaperoning the cave man and his innocent prey. Occasionally, I had a glimpse of them in the distance, while I was pottering about the hills on an alleged investigation of the local rock formation.

But all things have an end. A fortnight passed, and then it happened. Instinctively I realized it, when I saw the party land that night:—Dorothy calm and pale; Ermentrude agitated; and Hicks sullen and glowering. Ah! my heart leaped within my breast.

"Say nothing, Henry!" whispered my wife, guardedly; and led me to our room. But before she could speak, Dorothy stalked in, looking, in her awakening, like a goddess of the Grecian drama.

"Dotty," said Ermentrude, briskly, "you're a gump!"

Dorothy stared icily. "No man shall tell me I *must*, when I *won't!*"

"He didn't!" exclaimed my wife. "He said you *mustn't*, when you *would!*"

"It amounts to the same," retorted Dorothy. "I'm not going to be bossed about. Why, he might try it on me after we were

married! If I tried to stand it, it would kill me."

There was a most curious expression in Ermentrude's eyes, as she looked at Dorothy beneath lowered eyelids. "Kill you, eh? You'll adore it—adore it, do you hear me?"

"Not for mine!" answered Dorothy, with distinctness. So I saw what had happened. The cave man had sought to dominate already. It was a wonder he hadn't felled her with a club and dragged her senseless to his cave, since that was the method of courtship of his own dark age.

"You'll see," said Ermentrude, and there was in her speech an almost noble air of prophecy—though, for the life of me, I couldn't see what she meant. "Oh, to have some one dominate you!" murmured Ermentrude and rolled up her eyes. "To have some one guide with a strong and forceful hand! Why, if I——"

Then Ermentrude seemed to remember something and ceased abruptly.

I recovered the *Otium*—she was mine again from Thursday, I think, till the following Wednesday. Somehow, too, I felt a sneaking sympathy for Hicks—wasted, as I subsequently learned. But he used to sit out on the end of the wharf, as if waiting for something that never came. He grew so thoughtful that I wondered whether he was reflecting on his distant past. Dorothy was quite civil of course, because he was still our guest; but the jewel no longer glittered on her finger with its bright, barbaric splendor. I smiled thereat, though presently I began to scowl. For Hicks was getting on my nerves. Why didn't he go away?—back to his troglodytic home—to Wall Street and its money caves, if he lacked another den? But the fourth day he got down off the stringpiece, and climbed swiftly into the *Otium*.

"Hey! What you

doing?" I yelled at him; for Hicks had begun to kick the motor with strong and savage kicks.

"I'd like to bust your old teapot into junk!" he growled. "She wanted to stick her parasol into the fly wheel, and I wouldn't let her. Say! can't you do something to help me?"

I strove to hide any unkindness in my tone, but my answer, gentle as it was, was still severe. "On the contrary!" said I, and left him.

But what must have hurt even more was Dorothy's icy demeanor. Indeed, Hicks must have gained from her coldness many unhappy reminders of his own perhaps preglacial past. But it was a duty to rid Dorothy of his presence. So I spoke to Ermentrude.

I'm bound to say her answer astonished me. "Henry Vivier, you don't know what you're talking about!" said Ermentrude, with that charm of simplicity which is the greatest jewel of her crown. "You let them alone. He's going to marry her, if I have anything to do with it!"

"But the man's come out of the Stone Age!" I protested.

"And you've plunged back into it!" said Ermentrude, provokingly. "You live and breathe and dream only of things a million years old. Some day you'll hop into a tree top, and I'll never see you again."

"My dear!" I replied simply, "I am first assistant professor in the Lubbock chair of Paleology!"

"If you were a teacher in a business college," responded Ermentrude, "you might learn to see through a ladder."

Now what did she mean by that? However, mine was the last word—or nearly so. "I'm going to save Dorothy. Why, any man—any man, I should say, without that primal, bulldog jaw of his—would have left her in peace long ago. Now, I am about to get rid of him—to



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"OH, TO HAVE SOME ONE DOMINATE YOU!" MURMURED ERMENTRUDE AND ROLLED UP HER EYES.

show that mind is always superior to the unregulated forces of mere brute obstinacy."

"What are you going to do?" she demanded quickly.

"Never you mind!" I answered and started from the room.

Ermentrude's voice still followed me. "If you dare——"

My plan required little preparation. I found Dorothy under a tree on the lake shore, making a pretense of reading. She turned the pages, to be sure, but her eyes were on a man-shape in flannels, which had perched itself perilously on the stringpiece of the wharf. Her look I identified as one of fascinated terror.

"Dorothy," said I, "do you wish to go for a sail?"

Dorothy thought for a moment and slowly closed her book. "Can you get some one to start it for you?" she answered, absently. "If we got away from here, I could help you row it back." Then she added, "The *Otium*, I mean."

Hicks was still perched on the stringpiece when we got to the wharf. He got up, smiling rather uncertainly, and waited.

"Going for a sail?" he chirped, and tried to catch Dorothy's eye. "Shan't I run the engine for you? Or go along and show you how?"

His remark instantly extinguished whatever spark of sympathy I felt. "You need not bother," I answered, "I require no aid."

So Hicks, cast up high and dry on the shores of civility, lapsed into silence; though I didn't care for the way he set his jaw. He tried, too—probably as a last resort—to strike up a truce by offering his help to Dorothy when she stepped into the launch. But my sister-in-law swept by him, her head in the air. Then I cast off the lines, pushed away from the wharf and leaned down to start the engine.

Dorothy moved restlessly, then got up and handed me the crank. "Thanks! I don't need it!" said I, loudly; for if Hicks could, so could I. Grasping the fly wheel firmly, I rocked it to and fro, just as I had seen him do, and then gave it a whirl. Nothing happened. Dorothy suggested that I turn on the battery switch, which I did instantly. Then I tried again, but with a negative result. A little disconcerted by Hicks's rude interest, I snatched up the crank and went at it vigorously, in the old familiar way. Still no result, and I was trying again, when Hicks sang out to us:

"Dorothy—don't you want to go for a walk instead?"

Then I could have hugged my sister-in-law publicly. "No, thank you, Mr. Hicks! I

prefer even this." Then she got up and changed places, so that her back was turned to him.

I think I kept on cranking for a full five minutes, during which time the boat drifted farther and farther from the wharf. "It's no use, I'm afraid," I was saying to Dorothy, when I heard Hicks bawling from the wharf.

"Hey, Dotty!" he yelled brutally. "Tell him to turn on the gasoline. She might go then."

But Dorothy scorned to notice him. "Did you hear what he said?—the brute!" she asked under her breath.

"Yes—I heard him!" I growled, while I turned on the pet cock of the gasoline pipe. "Yes—I heard the ill-mannered thug of a remnant of the Stone Age." I was about to say more, too, when I was aware of Dorothy's face thrust close to mine.

"Don't you *dare* call him names!" she hissed. "Now start that engine—if you can!"

Really, it should have forewarned me; but the truth is, I was too dumfounded to speak. "Hurry!" said she; and, on this attempt, the *Otium* caught at the first explosion. I heard a loud grunt, which I knew emanated from Hicks, and a loud, discordant burst of derision, which I identified as the cackle of Xavier-Bill. But the wharf and Hicks and that lot of a chore-boy were left behind, and I was alone with my sister-in-law.

"I wish to land on the island," said Dorothy, after a prolonged silence. "Do you think you know how to stop her?"

I almost chuckled with joy. Let me say right here, I had intended from the beginning that she should land there. It was part of my scheme.

"Now leave me," said Dorothy, when, after some maneuvering and with the aid of an oar, I had beached the *Otium* near enough for her to jump ashore. "Come back in an hour. I wish to be alone."

That was just as I intended it should be. I started the engine, and, screwing up the motor as far as I dared, I hurried back to the wharf.

"Hicks," said I, to the lonely, solemn figure on the stringpiece. "I came back to apologize. Dorothy's on the island, and I'll take you to her."

It's a marvel the brute didn't upset us by the way he climbed aboard. "Get out of the way," he growled fiercely, "and let me run this scrapheap."

I let him, though I'm bound to say it was

not a polite return for my politeness—my *apparent* politeness, I should say. But I effaced myself silently, and the way that engine throbbed and kicked and heaved and snorted on its course down the lake would have appalled even Jim Bludso himself.

But we got there safely, and Hicks waded ashore before the boat had stopped. I was glad of that; I thought, at first, he was going to run the *Otium* up into the woods. But as Hicks had left the commutator set for speed astern, I started her that way, not daring to fool with it until I was out of his reach.

"Hey! you're coming back, aren't you?"

The boat was going then, and I waved to him mockingly—it was going, though going backward. "Ta, ta!" I called jocosely. "I'll be back—Oh, yes! I'll be back in about nine hours!"

But instead of leaping in after me, Hicks stared with his mouth wide open and seemed to comprehend. Then, with a shout of laughter, he turned and plunged among the trees.

But other thoughts presently occupied my mind. Something had gone wrong with the commutator, as I found out when I tried to start the engine forward. It went backward well enough, so I succumbed to the inevitable; and then the *Otium* proceeded homeward, going stern first, and wobbling to and fro because the rudder wouldn't hold her. A quarter of a mile from the float she made a wild swoop, swung around till she pointed back to the island, and ploughed for it backward. After that, I cared nothing what might happen to Hicks and my sister-in-law. The rudder had broken loose!

I think I lost my head. . . . But at sunset Xavier-Bill saw me, and came out to help row her in. Which was a private arrangement I had made with him.

Ermentrude was waiting on the float. "Where's Dorothy?" she demanded nervously, once we were within hailing distance. I waited, before answering, until I had the *Otium* tied up at the float. "Be still, Ermentrude," said I; "be still. As soon as I have this wretched tub tied up for the last time I shall ever tie her up, I will speak to you. Please go to your room."

So Ermentrude went, thinking, I believe, that Dorothy had fallen overboard, and resolved not to make a scene. A moment later, I followed.

"Henry! where is my sister?" gasped my wife.

"On the island," I answered and complacently sat down.

"On the island! What is she doing there?" cried Ermentrude.

It required some minutes to make myself clear to her. "I may say, Ermentrude, that I warned you I would settle this. Hicks and Dorothy are alone on that uninhabited isle, and before nightfall she will have settled her problem for good."

Ermentrude peered at me closely. "What in the world do you mean?" she demanded. "Then you do wish them to be happy? Oh, Henry—you dear old match-maker!"

With some difficulty I kept Ermentrude from throwing herself into my arms. "On the contrary," I retorted crisply. "Now listen to me!" I sat back and folded my hands. "Your sister Dorothy has lacked the force to get rid of him. Under conventional surroundings, she has not been able to see the man's elementary and savage nature. I am trying to show it to her. I have marooned them together on this wild, desert island—in a wilderness which is his natural habitat; so that she may see him in his true state, without the background of civilizing influences. Do you follow me?"

"Not for more than three or four syllables," answered Ermentrude and brought her chair a little closer. "What *are* you driving at?"

"Simply this," I answered. "Hicks is a cave man—but Dorothy couldn't see what he was. On that desert isle, however, he will revert instantly to his native barbarism. Alone with him, amid that waste of the forest primeval, she will know him—and she will be saved. Now do you follow me?"

"But—" faltered Ermentrude.

"You can read about Hicks," said I, definitely, "in Lyell, Aimé Boué, Schaffhausen, Lartel, and others. Fuhlrott, also—I must not forget Fuhlrott!"

And Ermentrude's reply only showed me again how little she grasped the scientific.

"Well, of all the idiots—" and then as if



"DON'T YOU DARE CALL HIM NAMES," SHE HISSED.

with an afterthought, "*Upon my soul!*" Presently Ermentrude laughed—hysterically, I thought—laughed, and, when she had composed herself, reached forward and laid her hand on my arm.

"Henry—I can never thank you. It was the one way to solve it—the only way!"

So it had seemed to me, and I nodded—rather complacently, too, I think. But I had yet to learn, it seems, the curious obliqueness of my

wife's nature. "Yes," said Ermentrude, half whispering it with her eyes rolled to the ceiling. "He will take charge of her. He will make her comfortable and guard over her and keep her safe. To be alone!—and on a desert isle—with one like him! Oh!" exclaimed Ermentrude and rolled up her eyes again.

"With a cave man?" I gasped, horrified.

"Yes—a cave man! One that would manage and direct and labor. To guide me—to make me do what I wanted to do, when I said I didn't want to. To advise and to lead dominantly—oh, how I'd love it! Why, when I see you with your nose buried in a book—Well, never mind!" Ermentrude clasped her hands over her knees and rocked herself gently, looking upward again. "A cave man—and alone—alone on a desert isle. Oh!"

Her remarks, though cryptic, seemed to have gone far enough. "Look here, Ermentrude!" I said. "The first moment he saw you, he'd probably fell you with a club!"

Ermentrude stopped rocking long enough to whisper, "Even so!"

"Anyway," I observed tartly, "before I go back for him, the black flies and midges will probably have eaten him alive."

Ermentrude stopped rocking instantly. "I hadn't thought of that!" she cried, excitedly. "And Dorothy, too."

I hadn't thought of that, either. It seemed to place the matter at a somewhat different angle. I think I sat back nervously. My wife struggled to her feet and pointed a

finger at me. "You get up out of that chair, Henry Vivier!" said she, with a majestic directness that I have since learned to look for nervously. "Instantly!"

I tried to calm her, but in vain. "What do you wish me to do, Ermentrude?"

"Row!" said Ermentrude. "You get into a boat and row after them at once. If you don't——"

I am unable to say what she wished to convey by the unfinished sentence. Perhaps it was her manner that was the more significant. "But my back! And you know how I hate rowing. Now Xavier-Bill for a quarter——"

"Go!" said Ermentrude, and I went.

It was after sunset when I reached the island; and I could see nothing. But that didn't matter. I could feel—rather painfully, too; because each blister on my lacerated palms burned with a fierce, separate agony. Perhaps I should have made better time had not the midges tortured me—with a frightful torture that Ermentrude's refusal to let Xavier-Bill do the rowing had brought upon me.

But I got to the island at last. As I drew in toward it, I thought I saw a dark shape, something like a raft or a float—or perhaps one of those coracles of the early Picts, such as one finds in investigating the Ardkellin tumuli of Roscommon. My paper read before the Society is entertaining, and if— But I digress. I saw this shape close to the mainland, a few hundred yards away, and I thought two figures arose from it and walked

off into the dark, where the road comes down to the water. But drawing my boat to the beach, I began calling fretfully.

There was no reply; so I shouted again. "Very curious," said I, when there came no answering shout; and then, as I peered up the darkening path, a little gleam of fire caught my eye. I started for it cautiously.

There, at the base of a tree, was a smouldering pile of bark and punk-wood—a smudge, I saw, to keep off the flies and midges. Hah! I had chanced upon the spot where the cave man had made his lair. More cautiously, I made my way toward it, and, as I thrashed around, stumbling over twigs and logs in the dark, a little scrap of white paper pinned against the tree bole caught my eye.

It was a fly leaf of Dorothy's novel, and on the face of it were a few scribbled words.

"Dear Hank——" I spelled out that much. Dorothy! and she had written it with the cave man's pencil! Kicking the smudge into a blaze, I leaned down and read:



W. MORGAN —
"WHAT DO YOU WISH ME TO DO,
ERMENTRUDE?"

"DEAR HANK:—Tell Toodles not to worry. Jim decided not to wait till you learned how to run the scrapheap. So he built a lovely raft of driftwood and tied it together with ropes made of his flannel coat. I can trust him to take me anywhere; so we've gone over to the village to get a plain, gold band. And a minister. If you are still out rowing"—[the *rowing* was underscored]—"if you're still out rowing when we go to the camp for our things, we'll break the news to Toodles. And do come soon to visit us in our cave. Jim and I will wait in the top of the first tree to the right. Aff'y, DOTTY."

I have not seen Hicks, as yet. Indeed, I do not care to see him, somehow.

EVERYBODY'S stands back of Judge Lindsey's Autobiography—starting in this number. It will be the greatest autobiography of a decade—perhaps of half a century. Widely read, it will have a tremendous influence for good on the future of this country. If you are interested in the things we are working for, read it, and get others to read it.

LITTLE TALKS ON PICTURES

By SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE
DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

II BOY WITH A SWORD PAINTED BY EDOUARD MANET



AMONG those daring spirits of the French studios who, in the first half of the last century, revolted against academic restraint, was one Edouard Manet. He is a man who stands out distinct from his *confrères*, and many are willing to honor him with the title of leader of the French Impressionist School. He never claimed this distinction, al-

though he became a center around which many of the lesser stars revolved, and it could be well said of him that none of the faults of that school can be traced to his example or his teaching.

Unlike many of his craft, he was financially almost independent of his art. That did him no harm, but, on the contrary, confirmed his independence. He was born in 1832, the eldest son of a family which had furnished magistrates for several generations, and it was intended by his parents that he should follow the law or one of the professions. But at the age of sixteen, Manet, finding no

deep interest in any of his studies, decided to become a sailor, and joined a small trading vessel, the *Guadaloupe*, running between France and Rio Janeiro. He had, while a schoolboy, contracted a habit of making sketches of everything around him. He never had any idea, however, of becoming a painter, and often used to tell the tale of his first attempt at painting—the touching up of the *Guadaloupe's* cargo of “nigger-heads,” otherwise Dutch cheeses, which had been damaged by water and were restored by means of red paint.

Having had enough of the sea, in 1851 he decided to become an artist, and joined Couture's studio. Here his individuality soon asserted itself. Instead of following the usual line of study, he made innumerable sketches of details—hands, feet, ears and portions of costumes—which did not at all meet the approval of his master. Yet this was his salvation in art; for when he abandoned the academic rules of chiaroscuro and all the formulas which concealed the individuality of the artist, his correct drawing and knowledge of nature, attained through these

early years of close observation, preserved him from the vagueness in which some of his school indulged.

On leaving Couture's, Manet determined to see the work of the great masters, and first chose Germany, where he made extensive journeys as far as Prague. He returned to Paris, then visited Italy, spent some time in Florence and very little in Rome, but found himself most pleased at Venice. Returning to Paris again, he endeavored to offer his work for public appreciation. But his style was misunderstood, and it was not until 1861, when two of his pictures were accepted at the Salon, that he obtained any recognition, and this—only an honorable mention—brought him fresh abusive criticisms from the supporters of the old school. One of the two pictures he exhibited—"Spanish Guitar Player"—is now in New York, and has been lent to the Metropolitan Museum. It is of exceptional merit, and is a canvas which would have honored Velasquez or Goya. Another of his paintings is owned by the Metropolitan—"The Lady with a Parrot." But this, although it possesses all Manet's power of composition and his wonderful realism in detail, suffers through some error of judgment or want of knowledge, in selecting or in applying his colors.

The "Boy with a Sword," however, is a masterly creation. And it is sufficient to say that, hung in the Salon Carée (Gallery 24) of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, placed next to a magnificent Franz Hals and close to a large Rubens, it stands, holding its own and losing nothing by the juxtaposition of other masterpieces. Although this is not a *plein air* picture, but painted in the half light of a studio, every detail is quietly asserted; and while the low, harmonious tones, scarcely differing from the background, should naturally be blurred together, yet the whole stands as lifelike and solid as if outlined for a decorative panel.

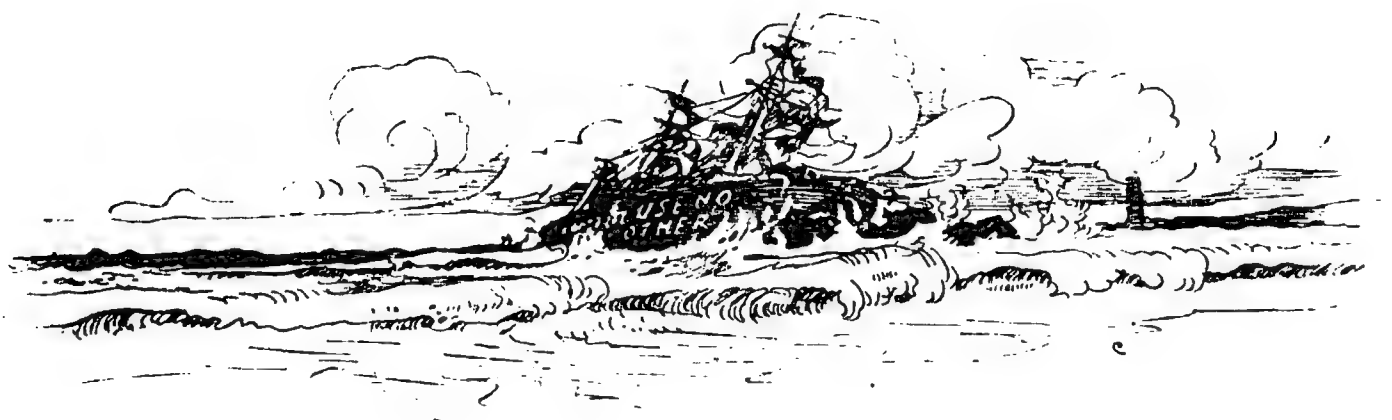
"The Boy" forms a part of Manet's history. His name was Leon Koetha Lenhoff—Manet's wife's brother, whom Manet adopted as a son, and the same boy figures in several of his pictures.

The open-air movement—*plein air*—began with Manet, who, sometime before the declaration of war between France and Prussia, was passing a few days with a friend in the country near Paris. Manet, having no studio to work in, made his first attempt at out-door painting and produced a picture which he entitled "The Garden." The subject was full of difficulties to him, but for Manet, to meet difficulties was to triumph, and with the brilliancy of this picture began a revolution in art. Manet's biographer, Bazire, states that "the school of *plein air* was born with this canvas."

War interrupted his new form of study, and Manet entered the artillery corps, which, curiously, was composed in large part of artists and writers. The Colonel of the corps was Meissonier, who, having all his life painted soldiers and battles, finally realized military service in earnest. At the end of the war Manet left Paris to rejoin his family who had taken refuge at Oloron, in the south, and from that time he worked in his new manner.

In 1872 he exhibited a masterpiece, which was one of the first to silence the opposition that had never ceased to meet him throughout the twenty years in which he had been before the public. It was a sea piece, "The Fight of the Kearsarge and the Alabama," in which his old maritime experiences in early life had not been wasted. This was no mere illustration of an engagement between two ordinary warships, but an imaginative attempt to show the final struggle of the semi-pirate who at last met her match.

There were still a few who would not admit Manet's gifts, and the great test of success came when the dealers began to buy. When once the tide was turned, everything went with it, and soon his disciples began frankly to imitate, and now they speak of the "School of Manet," although he never pretended to be a leader. He seems, however, to have been a liberator, and a number—including Monet, Degas, Sisley and Renoir—all owed their freedom from the old tradition to the success of Manet's revolt against academic methods.



PAINTING-UP A CONTINENT

By BARTON WOOD CURRIE

Illustrations by P. E. Cesare

WHOEVER heard of E. R. Drew? No one in my acquaintance, which embraces scores of men who are supposed to have heard of everybody worth hearing about from kings down to dog-catchers. It is dollars to dillberries you never heard of him. He is the most modest, shrinking little man imaginable.

Yet give heed to what E. R. Drew has accomplished: He has smeared advertisements over sixty thousand miles of cross-country scenery, covered both banks of the Mississippi from New Orleans to Cairo, both banks of the Ohio from Cairo to Pittsburg, decorated as much of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as he could reach with a ho's'n's chair, and painted across the Canadian and Mexican borders, and the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. He was the first man to paint a bicycle on the craggy steeps of the Green Mountains. He flew the first chewing-gum banner from a balloon.

Rather epic achievement, it seems to me, though some will scoff. If an Easy Mark is born every minute, it's a safe guess that two Knockers are sitting on the starting line yowling each E. M. a greeting. Get your hammers out, then, for I mean to give E. R. Drew his due.

For three decades past, millions of Americans and others have gazed upon E. R. Drew's works, never for a moment suspecting that it was a one-man job. Some have admired.

Some haven't. None have had even a vague idea of the cumulative enormity of all he has done. Hence his obscurity.

Yes, you must bunch the life work of E. R. Drew to get any commensurate idea of his greatness. No single pill legend, porous plaster trade-mark, or Homeric line proclaiming the virtue of soap or stove polish, nerve cure or complexion compound, will strike upon your fancy as superb or sublime. You must ponder what he has laid over the land by the thousands of miles, by reservoirs of paint, by the myriad of short-arm brush strokes. Then you begin to get the concept. You know E. R. Drew's has been a big career.

Mr. Drew's modesty does not permit him to aspire to a niche in the Hall of Fame; but in case the committee of choosers should ever draw his name out of the hat, he humbly suggests that they provide his niche with a wire screen, and a good stout one at that. For this reason: There are some of the peevish sort in this crisp, new land of ours, who maintain that the scenery he dressed with the highest obtainable tints in red and blue leads, appeared to better advantage in nature's more frugal garments. There are a few others of these sour folk, Drew says, who cannot talk calmly about his work, but allow their emotions to get the better of them. They become profane, fling themselves about wildly and make vain threats.

"Against such as these," says Drew, "even a bronze bust would have no show without some sort of a wire or steel fender."

He added sadly that he had met several such individuals: one in particular—a weazened up little shadow of a man with false teeth which didn't fit him very well, a cork leg and only one eye. Mr. Drew met this venerable little person while crossing the Missouri River on a flatboat.

The little old gentleman was pounding up and down the deck on his cork leg, swearing frightfully. Now and then he would point his cane at a noble granite cliff that overhung the river bank, and utter savage imprecations. His language became so very dreadful that the roustabout deck hands shrank from him. Once in a while he would shriek, "If I only had 'im!" and lash about wildly with his cane.

Consumed with curiosity, Mr. Drew waited only for a lull in the storm of the little old gentleman's emotions, then stepped up to him and said:

"I hope, sir, that you haven't swallowed anything that has disagreed with you."

"Swallowed anything!" roared the little old gentleman. "Why, I'd swallow the universe blankety blank quick for the privilege of laying my hand on the miserable scoundrel who defaced yonder cliff with that hideous hair-tonic device. Do you know what I would do with the wretch if I could only get hold of him?" yelled the little old gentleman.

"Now what would you do with him?" asked Mr. Drew gently, with a wistful glance over his shoulder at the masterpiece his own brush had wrought on the most prominent promontory on either bank of the Missouri.

"You don't know what I'd do with him!" shrilled the little old gentleman, dancing up and down in his rage. "Well, I'll tell you what I'd do with the blankety blank blank hound: First I'd break every bone in his blankety blank body. I'd crush what was left of him to powder. I'd mix that powder with a powerful acid that takes out paint, and then I'd climb up that cliff and rub out that blankety blank blank blank monstrosity with the acid, and then I'd——"

But Mr. Drew's delicate sensibilities would not permit him to hear more. He slipped quietly to the rear of the boat and dropped over into the muddy waters. Even as he swam away he could still hear that little old gentleman ranting up and down the deck.

It is Mr. Drew's wish that I refer to him only as E. R. Drew. It is also his wish that I withhold his address. He is not certain that the little old gentleman he met on the Missouri River flatboat is dead. He looked to be eighty or ninety years old then. Twenty-five years have passed since. Probably that testy little Missourian is quite and entirely dead; yet somehow Mr. Drew cannot shake off the haunting notion that he is still alive and still inflexible in his purpose of carrying out his monstrous threat.

Should so remote a possibility obtain in fact, before I go any farther, I will set down for the benefit of the vehement little old gentleman that Mr. Drew is heartily ashamed of what he did to that cliff. His regret is profoundly sincere. Moreover, he extends his regrets to every cliff and mountain side, to every fort, lighthouse or other imposing edifice he painted-up. He is a portrait painter now and has a studio in Washington. When I last saw him—and that was quite recently—he was doing a dead millionaire in oils. Unfortunately, he says, he has not been able to wean himself entirely from the other thing, as the millionaires he has a chance to paint in oils do not die fast enough. Consequently he occasionally lapses from his easel and does a mile or so of signboards, the kind that break up the monotony of travel in New Jersey and in and about Chicago and Kansas City.

But no more does he paint cliffs and walls and ancient monuments, forts, prisons, lighthouses, barns and fences. A twenty-mule-team could not drag him to-day to the point of defacing nature. He works only on leased lots in swamps and bottom-lands.

Mr. Drew lost his enthusiasm for the higher (referring to altitudes) branch of art more than ten years ago, after falling from an eighty-foot chimney. That fall was a sort of cardisophistical jolt. Something psychically similar may have occurred to Michael Angelo, but earlier in his career. Drew is vastly sorry that his awakening came no earlier. He ruminated on it at length while nursing a broken jaw in the hospital and felt very badly about it.

His first real revulsion of feeling, he recalls, came before he struck the ground. Indeed, he began to see, ere his descent was well under way, that his parents had made a great mistake in allowing him to take up so perilous a branch of art. Had they only shaped things for him so that he could have starved in a



I AM DOING THE LATE MR. SO-AND-SO IN OILS.

garret until the great dawn of genius had broken for him! Alas! that bitter *if*. He might have been a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Velasquez a Corot, a Van Dyke, a Sorolla, a Tom Powers, or a George McManus. He certainly wouldn't have been up that chimney.

Yet there was one small grain of consola-

tion for him when he struck the ground. He saw colors then that none of the above mentioned old masters ever saw. In fact he doubts if that modern "old master," Joe Gans, of Baltimore, ever saw so many vivid splashes of pigment in all his pugilistic career. There were stars in that group which Mr.

Drew is sure Raphael would have given his left leg for a chance to paint.

To come down to cases, E. R. Drew is the sole survivor of all the old-time sign painters *who were sign painters*. By a process of natural selection he survived. The others have crossed over or "hit the skids." Through thirty years of epic daubing Drew has preserved his brush arm in all its pristine form. He has done more. He has evolved and become a portrait painter, taking half-acre signs purely as a side line.

In view of his evolution he does not care to be called The King of Sign Painters. His sign-painting career is behind him; his aesthetic career is ahead. Not being a seer, I will not attempt to forecast. As an historian I will risk the statement that the chances are slim of E. R. Drew's ever becoming so great a portrait painter as he was a sign painter. He was supreme, preëminent, peerless in the latter field.

Directly he had served a brief apprenticeship, he began to do big things. He it was who entranced New England with three-color presentments of Plymouth Rock "pants." He was a mere youth then—this wiry, nervous, virile little man of fifty.

Plymouth Rock pants are a dim memory now. My grandfather wore them, and so did Russell Sage. I think my grandfather died in his. No American pants have ever been so renowned as Plymouth Rocks. I recall them as a boy. There is no more vivid memory stored away in the cells of my brain than the recollection of a trip I took as a boy through New England with my father, and of how frequently we saw mention of Plymouth Rock pants. The name of those celebrated garments was smeared all over the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. The legends (E. R. Drew's, every one of them) ran something like this—

\$3—PANTS—3\$
 \$3—Plymouth Rocks—3\$
 \$3—Wear 'Em—3\$
 \$3—Cut 'Em Down—3\$
 \$3—For Your Sons—3\$
 \$3—Cut 'Em Down—3\$
 \$3—For Your Grandsons—3\$

—And so on till the generations pinched out somewhere down at the bottom of the mountain, or barn, or tower, or chimney, or whatever other monument the painter had chosen for his background.

As we journeyed through Connecticut,

Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, my father spoke frequently of the changes in scenic aspect. The thickly wooded banks of the Connecticut and Kennebec rivers had lost some of their brilliant emerald hues, the green merging into the more lurid tints of the legends anent Plymouth Rock pants.

On boulders and granite steeps, on moldering walls and freshly timbered barns, on the dead trunks of ancient elms and oaks, on every smiling or frowning front of the landscape there burgeoned forth the trademark of those \$3 pants, with now and then a vast design that was so realistic you could almost hear the pants' legs flapping in the breeze. Little did I think then that I was one day to meet and (I hope) to immortalize the man who had wrought such a colorful change in the aspect of New England.

During that early period of my life our summer home adjoined the summer home of Russell Sage in Cedarhurst, L. I. We were neighbors of the Sages for many years, and Uncle Russell often dropped in for a neighborly chat.

An evening or so after my father and I returned from our little journey, the famous financier honored us with a call. The conversation wore around to advertising, and my parents began to speak vehemently concerning the "disgraceful methods" of certain Yankee advertisers, mentioning among others the Plymouth Rock pants people.

Mr. Sage listened to his tirade with a gentle smile, then he slumped down in his chair and chuckled so audibly that my father fell silent.

"Plymouth Rocks, did you say?" chuckled Mr. Sage. Stretching out a long leg he slapped his thigh and cried, "They're all they claim, those Plymouth Rock pants! I've got a pair on now and they wear like iron."

It was only a short time after this that my grandfather came down from Canada to visit us, and his legs likewise were encased in Plymouth Rocks. He had an extra pair in his grip. It tickled the old gentleman amazingly to learn that the great Russell Sage wore the same make of pants and was proud of them.

E. R. Drew, however, does not consider his artistic efforts in New England as an achievement sufficiently high to be worthy of mention. He prefers to dwell on a more venturesome feat; a feat which determined his career, lifted him high in his profession and ultimately got him the Plymouth Rock pants job

and many others on the same great scale. Here is his own simple chronicle of the affair:

"In the spring of 1878 I set out to do the Atlantic seaboard, the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio Rivers for a well-known concern that was advertising a tooth wash. By the time I had negotiated my route as far as Cincinnati, I believed I had made a good showing. I had put in several months at it and imagined I hadn't missed a cliff or prominent mountain side, barn, or outhouse that catches the eye of the traveler, tourist, or local denizen. I was sure of the local denizens, as I had looked into some of their shotguns.

"Therefore you may judge of my dismay, when I got a letter from my employers saying that one of their salesmen had followed me up the Mississippi and reported that my work was not attracting sufficient attention. My employers wanted to know if I lacked nerve. I hadn't painted a single church!

"I tell you I felt pretty blue over that letter. It was true I hadn't painted a single church. But I hadn't noticed any big, prominent church that would show up well. Also I had some indefinite religious scruples on the subject; scruples, however, which evaporated like ether under the sting of that letter. Having read it over half a dozen times with burning eyes I set out to look up a church—a large church.

"My search carried me across the suspension bridge that spans the Ohio from Cincinnati to Covington. Through the late afternoon haze I saw a great, blank wall, which sloped down to the river's edge. That, I decided at once, was my space. I hunted up a man who rented John-boats and arranged to hire one for the night. I was going to get a sign on that wall somehow.

"I went to a paint store and bought some black and white paint, which I mixed and carried to the skiff. Then I borrowed a long ladder. Returning to my boarding house for supper I asked the landlady's big, overgrown boy, Horace, if he would help me. He couldn't come with me till late as he played the fiddle in a downtown saloon, but I waited for him and had him row me down the river.

"Horace wasn't so very bright, and he stuttered. I asked him if that great sloping wall belonged to a warehouse, and he stuttered something I couldn't make out. While he held the ladder I went to work, making my letters ten feet high.

"There were eight letters in the word I had to paint and I worked with a feverish

zeal, spilling a good deal of paint on Horace and landing some in his mouth, which was always open. I had finished four letters and was beginning to slow down and cool off when I noticed a peculiar tramping sound high up above my head. Somebody was walking to and fro up there, with a steady, even tread. I went down the ladder and spoke to Horace.

"'Is this a prison, Horace?' I asked.

"'N-n-n-n-n-no,' Horace replied, his mouth foaming a little with the paint he had caught, 'i-i-i-i-i-t-t-t-t-t ain't a prison, i-i-i-i-i-t-t-t-t-t's a f-f-f-f-fort.' He added that he had been trying to tell me that for four hours.

"I was flabbergasted for a moment. I listened again to the tread of the sentry up above. It was an unpleasant sound. I was wavering as to whether I should vamoose or stick it out, when swiftly there leaped into my mind the stinging charge in my employers' letter. I hadn't any nerve, eh! Well, here was my chance! I'd show 'em! So I mounted the ladder again and started in on the fifth letter. I won't say I was as cool as before, and I am afraid Horace got more of my paint than he deserved.

"The sentries, up above, changed guard, but I worked on in passionate haste. Now and then a river boat came in pretty close, but the haze protected me. It took the rolling eye of a drunken soldier crossing the bridge to pick me out. Gray streaks of dawn had opened up the haze and lighted my sign.

I was touching up the last letter, tired but happy, when a file of soldiers swooped round a corner of the wall and presented what looked like a million rifles at me. I dropped the rest of my paint on Horace, who let go of the ladder and dived into the river. At the sharp command of an officer to come down the ladder *and be d— quick about it*, I came down without touching a rung.

"They threw me into the guardhouse and worked the wires to the War Department for the full strength of the batteries. Also they set men at work to chisel out my sign, and the crowd that came to watch the chisellers almost broke down the suspension bridge. The more they chiseled, though, the deeper they engraved my sign into the wall. It is there to this day: as great a permanent feature of advertising as I ever heard of.

"I remained in the Fort Thomas guardhouse while the Secretary of War talked my case over with President Hayes. The papers



I WORKED WITH FEVERISH ZEAL, SPILLING A GOOD DEAL
OF PAINT ON HORACE.

all over the country began to write about me, and some people seemed to think I deserved to be hanged for treason. My jailers brought me the newspapers, and I spent some of the happiest days in my life reading about the quality of my nerve, and about the devil of a time the United States Attorney General was having to make out a case against me. He finally gave it up and took to his bed. In a police court I was fined three dollars for disorderly conduct and twenty dollars to cover the whiskey my guards had consumed.



MY JAILERS BROUGHT ME THE
NEWSPAPERS.

"Of course my employers were very angry about what I had done. They were so mad about it that they paid all my expenses and sent me a present of one hundred dollars. I never heard any more from them about my failure to paint a church. I never painted but one church in my life. That was in Washington, and I felt so bad about it afterward that I sneaked around in the night and painted the sign out."

Immediately the happy days in the guardhouse were at an end, the young and buoyant E. R. Drew was beset with offers of employment. Flattering overtures were made to him by patent medicine firms and purveyors of proprietary food stuffs. Nerve cures were just coming in, and a tempting offer was made to Drew to do both banks of the Wabash with a before-and-after-taking device in five colors, each device on the scale of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

The young man demurred at signing a contract, as he had heard unfavorable reports of the manner in which men of his craft were received in Indiana. He sent word to the nerve people that he would try out a poster or two and see how it worked. Then he found an Odd Fellows' meeting hall that fronted well on a moderately high bank above the river.

He began painting by moonlight. He had the "before-taking" device painted in with admirable agonizing touches, but just as he was laying on the "after-taking" smile the Odd Fellows came flying down the road. They pursued him across several counties, now and then peppering his heels with BB

shot. He ran off about eleven pounds before he at last managed to elude the Odd Fellows by submerging himself in a bog. When he had got safely out of Indiana, he decided that he needed a brief vacation, and he journeyed to Boston to visit his folks.

He did not rest long, however, for the fame of his fort-painting exploit had preceded him to The Hub. A manufacturer of ginger sought him out and beguiled him into adding still more luster to his renown as a daring sign painter.

The ginger man had thought out a cunning plan to advertise his product. He pointed out to E. R. Drew that there was an old lighthouse at the entrance to Boston Harbor that hadn't been lighted up for some time and didn't seem to be serving any practical purpose. It was dingy, dim and disreputable looking. Altogether it was a mean and shabby landmark or seamark or whatever kind of a mark you want to call it. So said the ginger man; and he thought it would be the patriotic thing to give it a solid coat of green paint and then, to add a little style, put on the name of his ginger.

"We can fit up a schooner, Drew," said the ginger man, "and sling your gear out from the rigging; so, if you're careful and don't fall down on the rocks, you ought to finish the job up in three or four days. There's no terrible rush, you see, as it will take at least a week for the Government to get after you. A complaint will have to go through five or six sub-departments and unwind itself from an interminable tangle of red tape."

The ginger man neglected to mention that the painting would have to be done under the guns of Fort Warren. Drew found this out the day he set to work.

"I didn't notice those guns," said Drew to me in relating the adventure, "until the men had slung me out in my bo's'n's chair from a cradle of ropes made fast to the topmasts of the schooner. It was a sturdy little craft, that schooner, and rode easily in beside the lighthouse. Yet I couldn't help thinking, now and then, as I painted, what a cinch it would be for one of those Fort Warren gunners to pick me off my perch. Such thoughts as

these, and the jagged look of the rocks down below, proved a slight handicap to my skill and gave some of my letters a distinct wobble. I failed quite to concentrate my mind on my painting. Frequently my eye would snap round and take note of a dozen or so telescopes and binoculars on me from the trained ramparts and portholes of the fort.

"Yes," ran on the little master of outdoor and cross-country art, "and the people in the fort were wiring furiously to Washington for permission to take a shot at me. As I got along with my lettering, those grouchy officers would have willingly sent me a broadside or cut me out of the schooner's rigging with chain shot and shrapnel. It made them boil with impotent rage when they received word to mind their own business, as lighthouses came under the Department of Geodetic Survey. You see, I was up there under their guns for three days, and they could watch the progress of my work letter by letter.

"The Geodetic Survey people were considerably slow in taking official notice of the change I had wrought in the scenery of Boston Harbor. And before they finally got a warrant out for me I was on my way to Europe.

"The ginger man was highly pleased with the advertising that accrued to his hot product. It was a lovely ad., for it was necessary for the Department of Geodetic Survey to notify every shipmaster in the world that the contour, or rather the complexion of that lighthouse, had materially changed. The name of my employer's ginger went down on every chart in use on the high seas, and there isn't a port in the world that didn't hear of it.

"Of course when they went after Mr. X he was utterly innocent of any evil design in the matter. I had villainously exceeded my authority. And under the law I was the sole culprit. The things those

Boston editorial writers wrote about E. R. Drew set my folks to praying for me all over New England. Had I painted an heroic portrait of Dr. Bunyan on the wall of the Old South Church, or decorated Faneuil Hall with a frieze of the Soapdust Twins, those newspaper men couldn't have dipped their pens in hotter acid. They exhausted the full strength of their vitriol on me, and then raked back into my ancestry and said things about the innocent dead that must have made many a defunct Drew turn over in his grave.

"All this time I was merrily frolicking about Europe, sketching the Alps and Pyrenees and visiting famous galleries. No, I did not dress up any European landscapes. The authorities over there have a nasty way of throwing you into under-river dungeons, sealing you up and forgetting about you. If you wish to paint a sign on a Continental building of any kind, whether a pigsty or an ancient castle, you must first get the consent of the mayor, the board of aldermen, the common council, the coroner, the landscape commissioner and the pound keeper, and then rent the place for a year just as if you were going to live in it. As for impromptu decorations of public buildings, I was advised that carbolic acid was a less painful method of suicide."

Returning to his native land in the early eighties, E. R. Drew began the long-distance phase of his career—the painting-up of the North American continent by the thousand miles. At the very outset, he found that the rural population took most kindly to his work. A farmer whose barn needed painting, was highly pleased to be saved the expense and didn't care a whoop what manner of legend or design was painted above the first coat. They considered bicycles and sewing-machines as highly decorative, especially if done in showy colors, baby



FROLICKING ABOUT EUROPE, VISITING FAMOUS GALLERIES.

blue, or a rich lavender. As the designs depicted American industries they were all the more acceptable.

Drew found that some of the farmers were a trifle more grasping than others, demanding, in addition to the paint, a stem-winding Waterbury watch, or a year's subscription to a magazine. The majority, though, were tickled to pieces just to get the paint.

Not only was E. R. Drew the first man to bring the bicycle prominently before the public eye by painting bicycles all over the face of the land, but he asserts that he was the pioneer long-distance wheelman of the United States. Colonel Pope gave him one of the first half dozen high bicycles ever made in this country, and told him to go forth and make the country side familiar with the new vehicle. The wheel would at once save car fare and serve as a model.

"Whenever you get tired riding, get down and paint something that sticks out well," were Mr. Drew's simple instructions.

"But I couldn't carry them out literally," confesses the greatest sign painter of them all. "I never rode one of those high bicycles far enough, continuously, to get very tired. I'd hardly get the thing on an even keel and under full pedal when bang! I'd shoot over the handle-bars. I finally hit upon the plan of painting something every time I took a header, and in that way I think I more than earned my salary. Why, I hadn't been out a week when I got a letter from Colonel Pope, which read:

"DEAR DREW: It is reported to me that you are defacing the scenery. This must not be.

"Yours, COL. POPE."

The conscientious young man rode painfully back to Boston and interviewed the man who was responsible for setting all America a-wheeling.

"How can I paint bicycles on the scenery without defacing it?" he asked.

"Why that's so," replied Colonel Pope. "I hadn't looked at it in that light. That was what I hired you for, wasn't it? Mm! Mm! Well! Well! And you certainly are making good if the tempest of protest that is sweeping in on me by every mail is any barometer. Get back on the job."

Drew did, and he was the first man to ride a high bicycle from Boston to Chicago. He certainly was the only one to do this who left a trail of bicycles done in oils and red leads behind him, each one marking where he took a header.

The colors he employed generally testified to the taste in art of the districts he journeyed through, or the individual preferences of the farmers whose barns and outhouses he emblazoned with wheels in divers graceful attitudes; some at rest with a flossy-looking youth reclining superciliously on the saddle, and others ridden full tilt by elderly gentlemen with flowing whiskers and ruddy cheeks.

The author of these gems refrained from portraying the elderly gentlemen and flossy-looking youths in the act of looping the gap over the handle-bars and caressing the macadam highway with their features. Realism wasn't in his contract, so he left out the vicissitudes and devoted the full flare of his brush to the triumphant mastership of the art of high bicycling. Nevertheless, he quietly tipped off all the doctors along the route that it would help their trade some to boost the bike, and, judging from the craze that presently possessed the country, the medics rose to the suggestion.

So pleased was Colonel Pope with Drew's work from Boston to Chicago, that he sent the young man along even unto the Golden Gate. But Drew did not attempt the transcontinental journey awheel. He went leisurely across country by train, painting up state after state, embellishing as much of the Rockies as he could scale. He painted his quaint devices up to the threshold of Yellowstone Park, where a troop of cavalry persuaded him to leave his paints and brushes outside.

Leaving the Yellowstone, Drew painted as much as he could of the buttes of Montana where the work would show. He took it easy across Wyoming, except where there was a good background visible from the railroad tracks. He did not neglect rocking stones or "old men of the mountain." Sedulously, diligently, faithfully, he daubed his way through Idaho and Utah, making a great hit with the Mormons, who began buying bicycles for their wives with prodigious enthusiasm. The northern Nevada desert he skipped almost entirely, as the Goshoot Indians came out in large numbers and insisted on drinking his paint. He didn't do much in the high Sierras with the snow fourteen feet deep, but when he got down into the Sacramento Valley he made up for lost time and succeeded in drawing out a vigilance committee, which he adroitly sidestepped. He fussed around in the San Joaquin Valley with the temperature at 120 in the shade, and would

have made a good showing there had not the sun set fire to his paint and burned down so many buildings that their owners became angry. Still he plugged along painstakingly as far as the entrance to Yosemite where he encountered another group of officious Sammy Atkinses.

After painting everything that "stuck out"

west who had been moved by the spell of the great little painter's masterpieces.

"And all this while," he declared to me in my last interview with him, "my soul hungered for all that was noble in art. After I had that bad fall, I decided to give up signs forever and take a full course in oils, crayons and water colors. I saved toward



I WAS SURE OF THE LOCAL DENIZENS, AS I HAD LOOKED INTO SOME OF THEIR SHOTGUNS.

or "fronted" in California, Mr. Drew returned East by another route, and his employers heard no complaints from their salesmen concerning his methods. On the contrary, the salesmen wrote in that he had made it possible for them to sell bicycles to the Apaches, Mokis, Navajos, Zuñis, Lagunas, and divers other tribes in the South-

that end. I entered the Normal Art School in Boston in 1884. I studied there four years."

There was a wistful glimmer in the keen little brown eyes as they wandered about the walls of the *café* of the Grand Union Hotel. He got up suddenly and began pointing at the paintings on the wall from

"A classmate did this!" he cried. "And another one, this! and this! and this!" Then he sat down abruptly and gazed off into space.

Presently he remarked that he had been moderately happy at the art school, though at times not superlatively happy. Now and then he would go out with a sketching class, wandering here and there in pleasant places—pleasant until the work of earlier days would crowd out on the landscape and shock his new feeling for art. His fellow-sketchers would pass comments that stung and made his conscience writhe. Day by day he would register a solemn vow never to resume his former calling. Never! if he could only strike it; hit it off and sell his canvases.

Alas! these fine resolutions evaporated before the pinch of necessity. From the easel and the life class, he went forth again to do the bidding of the pill and the ginger and the tooth-paste men.

"But I had made up my mind to have a studio," he said brightly, like a man bobbing up out of a reverie, "and I've got one. I am doing the late Mr. So-and-So in oils now. He was a millionaire, and it was his wish that I should do him. He sat for me before he died. I am doing him in life size. Some day I'll cut out the other thing altogether and do nothing but portraits. That'll be fine, won't it?" and he rubbed briskly the grim little jaw he had cracked in his fall from the tall chimney.

He is a fluttering, nervous, evasive little man, is E. R. Drew. It was only by the exercise of infinite pains and patience that I managed to extract some interesting statistics from him, viz., to wit:

In each of his transcontinental trips he traveled 15,000 miles. He made four such trips; total—60,000 miles. He painted 15,000 miles of river banks and 5,000 miles of seaboard. During the first eight years of his

career with the flat-nose brush he smeared the continent with 29,000 gallons of paint. After that he lost count. Were all his designs and legends, painted during those first eight years, run off in a strip ten feet high, that strip would reach across the States with enough over for coast line borders.

It makes his head ache to think out his achievements as reckoned in gallons of pigment and tons of brushes. He refused to be badgered for further statistics and rambled off again on another tangent of reminiscence. His tanned cheeks bloomed with a boyish smile as he recalled how he had painted a famous bilious sign on the wall of the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus.

"I got the whole sign on two coats deep," he burst out, his voice thrilling with glee, "before the warden came round and saw it. I tell you he was hopping, and I spent a bit of a while inside as his guest. I'd be there with him yet if he had had his way."

When presidents were dying, or great generals were having funerals, E. R. Drew was generally in the vicinity. When President Garfield was mortally ill at Elberon, a big sailing vessel was blown ashore there. Drew went out in the breakers and painted the side of the foundered ship with a Brobdingnagian dentrifice scroll, by way of diverting from their anxiety the thousands who had gathered at Elberon.

I could tell you of one hundred other Gargantuan master strokes that strew the record of this amazing little man's thirty years of epic painting. Only I think I have made out my case and established that E. R. Drew is one of the who's which who. Moreover, my dear and patient reader, I can hear you exclaim with a celebrated Roman poet (the one who had fourteen children and learned from some oracle or other that his second wife would maintain an average still better) "*Ohe! jam satis*"—Hold! I've got enough.

If you want to read a story of a Man; if you want to read a throbbing recital of achievement against great odds; if you want to know the marvelous amount of progress one man can make for the people in a fight against vested interests—then read Judge Ben B. Lindsey's Autobiography, which opens this October number.

WHAT OTHER NATIONS DO WITH THE OLD

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

II

"MODERN conditions of industry," said Charles Booth, an Englishman, in his book, "The Aged Poor: A Proposal," "do not favor the aged. Work is driven faster and needs more nerve, and its methods continually displace the old. The community may gain, but the old men suffer; hence their claim to special consideration. The case of women is even stronger, for they may spend lives of utmost social utility with hardly any opportunity of saving for themselves."

In the United States we have given no special consideration to the old man and the old woman. We leave the aged, a large proportion of whom are dependent and helpless, to the charities and to the poorhouse. Neither state nor federal government here has yet even a bowing acquaintance with the idea that the problem of the aged may become, that perhaps it ought to become, an affair for legislation.

Abroad it is different. The last decade marked a widespread treatment of the problem by the state. Germany, France, Denmark, Belgium, New Zealand, the Australian colonies, England, and Canada have, in the short period since 1889, all come to consider and to provide for the helpless aged—not informally, but formally; not as a private matter, but as a public matter.

The significance of this movement is not to be easily dismissed. It has arisen powerfully. It has had its way in spite of opposition. It has swamped the antagonism of grizzled old legislators and canny old ministers of government. It has announced with a strong voice that now—for the first time—the civilized world seems ready to bow to the notion that we must take care of the weak and helpless, and that we must do this, *not as individuals, but as a community*. And this principle it has applied first to old age.

For, logically, the problem of old age is

first among the problems of the weak and helpless. It is normal. Next to infancy, which is protected by the family, it is the most prevalent of all dependency. It implies, by reason of the survival of life, by reason of the postponement of death, that those who belong to it are worthy; that there has been proved in them some fine tenacity, some qualities of energy, courage, and endurance fit for survival. The world, even before it made up its mind to accept the social problem of old age, had for ten centuries given old-age honors—empty, but significant.

However we may be opposed to state action for the aged and to such schemes as old-age pensions, we may no longer deny that we have with us the problem of the old, already upon the steps of legislative chambers here, already within doors abroad. It may well be that our country, as a whole, does not have so great a burden of the aged poor as has Europe, but we may not gainsay our own records, which show a prolongation of life coincident with a faster exhaustion of humanity by a higher speed of industry. All that Charles Booth said of England in the paragraph with which this article begins is true of America. The problem of old age, marching westward, as one of the camp-followers of civilization, already presses upon our eastern, thickly settled, manufacturing shore.

"Perhaps the fact that the world has begun to accept the doctrine that the community must systematically take up the burden of the disabled and the worn-out members," said a correspondent, "shows that the world has begun to be fond of sentiment. Perhaps the coming of old-age pension legislation in so many corners of the earth is a sign of a new, mundane tenderness of heart. My own mind, when it starts to think on the subject, rejects all such schemes as being

significant of weakness. I deplore the loss of strength and individualism! But if it is a weakness, it is a weakness of practical Christianity applied governmentally. I wonder if we are not on the threshold of a great era of altruism. It is a hard matter to compass in one's mind—to solve. It probably is representative of some tremendous new movement in the world, some great force breaking up through the crust. Old-age pensions may be only the first rumble. Why not? And even if all this stir from the depths is only sentiment—Why not? Don't we need it?"

Perhaps. In any case we ought to know and watch the movement. It is well for us, who must soon talk for or against the recognition of the old-age problem, to learn what foreign statesmen have done. They are talking about it already in Massachusetts. They are urging there that the commonwealth give pensions to the old man and the old woman. On January 1, 1909, this odd new idea of pensioning citizens went into effect in the United Kingdom; it was only six months ago that the Canadian legislation for old age was passed. The problem is near to us.

It is recent—new. To be sure, Daniel De Foe—the author of "Robinson Crusoe"—had so much imagination that he conceived the old-age pension idea a great many decades before the world took his proposition seriously. But it was not until eighteen years ago that Germany became the pioneer in the actual practice of a pension plan, and from year to year since then other sovereignties have taken up the burden. Each has done so in a different way, until now the surprising story of this world-stirring movement, though it clings to a single central idea, is, nevertheless, rich in variety.

GERMANY COMPELS YOU TO INSURE

The German idea is the most complicated of all old-age pension systems in existence. It is really an insurance plan. It pensions the aged, but it also provides for the gathering of the fund out of which pensions are paid.

Suppose you are a workman in Germany. Does the state allow you to grow old without helping to provide for old age? Not at all. The state says to you: "So much a year do you earn, and, if it is not over \$500, so much a week you must pay toward insuring

that you will not become a burden to yourself or the community. The state will not collect this money; your employer must do that. He must provide himself with premium stamps, which he may buy at the post office, and, when he has deducted your premium payment from your wages, he must stick these stamps on your premium card or make up a payment to cover all his employes, which will include you.

"But your employer must also contribute in premiums exactly as much as you contribute, and the Empire also gives about twelve dollars a year toward your pension when you begin to draw it. When you have reached seventy and have been insured for at least twenty-three years, then you are entitled to a benefit according to the class in which you fall."

Here is a table to make it clear, showing the approximate figures in United States money.

Class	Annual Wages	Combined weekly payment of Employer and Employes	Amount of pension annually
1. . . .	Not over \$85	3.6 cents	\$26.70
2. . . .	\$85—\$133.50	4.8 "	\$34.02
3. . . .	\$133.50—\$206.50	5.7 "	\$41.28
4. . . .	\$206.50—\$279.40	7. "	\$49.00
5. . . .	Over \$279.40 and under \$500	8.5 "	\$53.46

An English writer, Mr. R. M. Houston, speaking of this German system, says: "It was found in 1895 that per 1,000 of the population able to insure, the proportion of persons of seventy years and upwards varied considerably with different groups of occupations. Thus for 'Agriculture and Forestry' it was 27.4, whilst for 'Industry, Mining, and Building' it was only 7.3. It was thus evident that in certain districts (at that time each district had its own insurance office) the burden entailed in paying the persons was much greater than in others, and in order to lessen this inequality it was provided that from 15th January, 1900, two fifths of the revenue accruing to each insurance institution from the contributions of employers and employed should be credited in the books of the institution to the account of a *general fund, common to the whole empire*. . . .

"Another important change took place in the direction of centralizing the old-age relief under one great government office in Berlin."

Here, then, was the accumulation of a vast fund to be handled by the government—a condition of affairs which is extremely

interesting in view of the fact that last year, when the English old-age pension act was being worked out in Parliament, the objection to any such vast trust-holding was especially strenuous. The English considered a fund of this sort a temptation to corruption, an awkward responsibility for the government; and no doubt that view will be advanced when the old-age pension question is raised in the United States.

A MILLION PENSIONERS

Germany, however, seems to have little trouble on this score. Over there, they invest a good part of the fund, and the rest they use to build sanitary houses, hospitals, and dispensaries for workingmen, and in other ways to contribute toward the health of the insured classes.

For the old-age pension insurance in Germany walks along hand in hand with invalidity insurance, and is administered in much the same way by the government. What benefits one benefits the other. *And the government office has found that it pays to invest its pension fund money in the bodily welfare of the insured—that in this way it saves pensions.*

The number of persons within these classes is enough to take one's breath. There are nearly *fourteen millions*. Last year about a million persons were drawing either old-age or infirmity pensions, and the output of the government, from its own treasury and from the insurance funds, was enough to pay each one of these about thirty-eight dollars a year—not a large amount, but more helpful in Germany than it would be here.

It must not be forgotten that one of the avowed intentions of the government was to stimulate thrift. Whether compulsory saving will have a valuable effect on national character may well be considered doubtful. And as other plans by other countries are described, it may be seen that the shrewdest men who have dealt with the question of government old-age pensions are cynical about building character by legislation. Their principal concern has been to avoid any measure which would positively make men shiftless. They have had their eye steadfastly upon the bare problem of providing for the care of the aged—which is, after all, the real soul of this great world movement.

As for ourselves in America, if we find we

want any plan at all, we probably cannot adopt the German one. The fundamental notion of our constitution—personal liberty—is unforgivably offended by any scheme of compelling a man, by law, to insure himself, and even more by that of compelling an employer to contribute to that insurance. Besides, the pensions in Germany are perhaps too small adequately to solve the social problem of poverty-stricken and helpless old age. Some of the other plans will therefore be more interesting to us.

Consider Denmark. In 1891 there went into effect, in that country, a law which provided for the care of deserving citizens who had passed sixty years of age and were wholly or partly without proper support. Curiously enough, the Socialists fought the measure because of the possibility that this comparatively moderate step would weaken the chances of more radical revolutions in the social order; and therefore in Denmark the old-age pension scheme owes its existence to the conservatives!

One half of the expense of old-age relief is borne by the Danish government, and one half by the local authorities, who administer the distribution, settle how much shall be paid, and determine whether or not the applicant for a pension is deserving. Especially interesting is the fact that in Denmark the relief may be given in staples or a free residence, as well as in money; and so the plan, inasmuch as it limits personal choice as to how one's old age shall be spent, is second cousin to the poorhouse. Indeed, in Copenhagen there is an old-age home which is a part of the general scheme. It differs from a poorhouse in admitting *whole families and supplying all necessities*; and, as a matter of fact, it is considered a great blessing to be admitted there.

DENMARK PROTECTS ALL THE AGED

With this system of old-age relief, Denmark has had a significant experience in proof of the ancient maxim, "The more you do, the more you may do." In 1893, about 43,000 aged persons were enjoying assistance from the community; in 1905 there were nearly 67,000. There has been no increase in poverty, or in population, to explain this growth; and it seems that the larger number must be accounted for by the fact that now, as age comes on, the individual begins to arrange his affairs so that he can obtain the

government help. Furthermore, the average amount paid out per person has, since 1894, gone up from \$18.30 to something more than \$26. But Denmark is a land of prosperity; the expenditure, if divided up among all the people, would be only about thirty cents for each, and, even though the Danish old-age provision is expensive, no one cares.

One advantage of the Danish law over the German plan is that it protects *all* the aged and deserving poor, and not merely the former employes of industry. Except for the demand that the applicant be deserving, no *class* is selected for protection.

WHO ARE THE DESERVING OLD?

But Denmark was the first country to institute governmental protection for the *deserving* aged, and this limitation has been criticised. When there was an attempt to mold the English act on this principle, the labor-unionists protested that, by selecting the deserving aged, a sort of aristocracy would be created. Besides, much unfairness must follow any attempt of one official or body of officials to call this man "deserving" and that man "undeserving." The world ever changes its notions of the virtues of mankind, ever changes in its willingness to forgive mankind's shortcomings. The old woman who has borne twelve children, and was so tired out early in life that she has become shiftless, may, after all, deserve more than the old maid who has had the misfortune to be ailing all her days. Who shall say? And a man who for half his life worked productively, before he fell into the trap of drink, may have done more for the state than some other old man who never took a drop, who kept up his apparent respectability by whining to his relatives to help him, and who never produced anything at all. The first may be more deserving than the last. Who shall say?

Furthermore, an old-age pension scheme which does not completely cover the problem of the aged always leaves us with the question—And now what shall we do with the rest of them? Chloroform them? Let them die? What? We have refused to help Joseph and Josephine because he is surly and she is improvident. Joseph, by accident, inherited a disposition which made him surly, and by accident was born into a family where cruel treatment aggravated the

trait; Josephine had a malformation of her jaw which pressed upon some delicate nerves and made her improvident. Anyway, they are not in the "deserving" class. What shall we do with them?

This question has, in several countries, been avoided by casting off the limitation on old-age pensions to the effect that the recipient must be deserving. France, Belgium, and the United Kingdom say only, with some necessary qualifications, that the pensioners shall be old persons who *need* to be pensioned.

On July 14th, 1905, France decreed pensions for old age and for permanent infirmity, and did not limit the pensions to the deserving poor. Any person over seventy or incurably infirm, who was incapable of self-support, was to be entitled to an annual payment of not less than twelve dollars nor more than forty-eight dollars. Sometimes, instead of money, this benefit might take the form of living quarters or treatment in hospitals; and all the cost was to be distributed between the communes, the departments, and the state. Since 1905, new agitation has arisen to demand that when the final arrangement is made by legislation, there shall be included a governmental insurance plan like Germany's, so that, after a term of compulsory premium payments made by employer and employe, the beneficiary may be entitled to seventy-five dollars a year instead of the lesser amount which proceeds from what may be called the plan of "pure governmental philanthropy."

BELGIUM BARS PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

In Belgium the old-age pension plan was discussed for many years before a decision was reached as to a proper method of dealing with the problem; and, as is usually the case when every one has a say and the matter is long fought out politically, the result has been a somewhat complicated arrangement, in which, aside from any of the insurance schemes, the state assistance to the aged is very small. A Belgian subject, sixty-five years old and in want, is entitled to a pension if, being a man, he has been a domestic, trade or agricultural laborer, or if, being a woman, she has been the wife of such a man. The public employes and former recipients of other support are barred. Nearly a quarter of a million persons are beneficiaries of the plan, and it costs the

state between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 each year to maintain the payments.

WOULD \$2.50 A WEEK HELP YOU AT 65?

Beyond this simple form of old-age pension there is a provision for voluntary insurance conducted by the state, to which, with the avowed purpose of encouraging saving, the state makes contributions. The terms of this insurance are complex, and it is sufficient here to state that the result of becoming a member of the system is that the insured, at sixty-five years of age, is entitled to a pension which may be as high as twenty odd cents a day. Belgium, that is, combines the German plan, modified so that the insurance is not compulsory, with the plan of old-age pensions borne squarely by the government.

And now we come to a group of governments where notions about the care of the aged must be doubly interesting to us, because the nations are of our own language and of the tendencies of our blood. The United Kingdom and the colonies of Great Britain have within the past ten years paid extraordinary attention to the solution of the old-age problem.

New Zealand, whatever the merits of her ideas may be, is known the world over as a land of "progressive" legislation. And it was New Zealand, of all the British Empire, that first adopted a provision for old-age pensions. The act, passed in 1898, ten years before the passage of the English act at home, provided for a pension of about \$1.70 per week for every old person properly qualified. The burden was to be borne by the government alone. In 1905 an amending act went into effect raising the payment to \$2.50 a week.

Here, then, we find the first old-age pension scheme which provides a substantial support and is purely a governmental philanthropy. New Zealand almost met the old-age problem with the most sweeping solution; the government almost said, "We have made up our minds to take care of all old persons who cannot help themselves and call the cost another expense of the community."

Had there been no limitation on the character of the persons entitled to pensions, this would have been exactly the case. But, after requiring that a pensioner must not be Chinese or Asiatic, and must be a citizen sixty-five years old who had resided more or less continuously in New Zealand for twenty-five years, the act expressly barred those who

had been in jail for four months or more during the twelve years preceding their application, and those who had been imprisoned for a term of five years in the preceding twenty-five years. It also excluded any man who had deserted wife or children, or who had not lived "a sober and reputable life," and any whose yearly income reached \$300.

So, after all, there was an attempt to pension only the aged poor who were *deserving*. But it was not a matter left so much to the judgment of officials as in Denmark: it was rather an attempt to list the things which a man must not be if he is to receive the benefit. And yet the clause requiring that an applicant shall have led a sober and respectable life is an attempt to raise what members of the English labor party call "an aristocracy among the poor."

WHERE PEOPLE DISLIKE "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING"

The expense to the New Zealand government is between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000 a year; and the total number of persons pensioned in 1901, which was nearly 12,000, including Maoris, has not been increased by more than 1,000 since. This fact goes to answer the question often asked as to what effect a *gratuitous* pension by the state would have upon the thrift and character of workmen. The New Zealand record which bears upon this question is most surprising. The figures are given in an official paper published during the second session in 1906, and the per cent. column, with its steady decrease, seems to indicate that "no advantage is taken" of the gratuity of the state.

March 31	Eligible for pensions	Pensioners	Per cent
1901	26,563	11,307	42
1902	27,993	11,721	41
1903	29,384	11,580	39
1904	30,890	11,197	36
1905	32,013	11,138	35
1906	35,157	11,015	34

In New South Wales and in Victoria, there have been pension plans in existence since 1901, modeled on the New Zealand system. The main difference between the plans of these two colonies is that in New South Wales a properly qualified person is entitled to a pension *even though he is able to work when he reaches sixty-five years of age*, and in Victoria *if he is still able to work at that age he is excluded*. The result of a comparison of the two plans in operation will show that this dif-

ference is a large one. In 1905 thirty-eight per cent. of those eligible by age received pensions in New South Wales; only sixteen per cent. of those who had reached the age mark received pensions in Victoria.

The conclusion to be drawn from the face of these figures is that men do not become infirm and helpless so early as we suppose. The observance of this fact has made a great saving to Victoria. For New South Wales, with 53,900 persons of sixty-five years or more, paid out \$2,453,000 in 1905, while Victoria, with 68,700 persons over sixty-five, paid out only \$953,000. Inasmuch as there has always been discussion whether the age at which a pension becomes eligible should be sixty-five or seventy, the working out of the Victoria plan is significant.

ALMOST UNIVERSAL PENSIONS IN ENGLAND

Of all the governmental old-age pension schemes, however, the American will find the greatest interest in that of the United Kingdom, which went into operation on January 1, 1909, after more than twenty years of discussion in committees of Parliament. In the first place, the final scheme is a direct admission of the presence of an old-age problem, and an attempted solution of that problem by a plain, undecorated plan of pensioning the helpless aged and of resting the burden squarely upon the government. In the second place, that England, with its conservatism, should accept so revolutionary a notion of the function of the state is extraordinary. And, in the third place, this new scheme is born of a people who, in blood and temperament and philosophy, are most like ourselves.

England has said, finally: "To you, my subject, when you reach the age of seventy and have not a yearly income of more than \$155, I will pay out of my treasury according to your needs from one to five shillings a week."

The act which was passed in 1908 does not limit its benefits to the *deserving* aged. Broadly speaking, it excludes from pensions only those who are in receipt of some other poor relief, or who are in an asylum or other institution, or who have been, within ten years, convicted of an offense for which, without option of paying a fine, they have been imprisoned. Habitual drones are also made ineligible.

To the act is appended the following

schedule showing the payments to be made according to the pensioner's income.

It is estimated that this schedule will cost between thirty and thirty-five million dollars.

Means of Pensioners	Weekly Pensions
Where the yearly means of the pensioner do not exceed £21.....	5 shillings
Where the yearly means of the pensioner do not exceed £23 12s 6d.....	4 shillings
Where the yearly means of the pensioner do not exceed £26 5s.....	3 shillings
Where the yearly means of the pensioner do not exceed £28 17s 6d.....	2 shillings
Where the yearly means of the pensioner do not exceed £31 10s.....	1 shilling
Where the yearly means of the pensioner exceed £31 10s.....	No pension

Perhaps the most interesting matter connected with the legislation was the discussion that preceded its passage, a discussion which brought out nearly every point about pensioning the aged that the world has yet been able to discern. Great Britain was tremendously stirred by the question, and the two houses of Parliament clashed viciously in the finale of the drama.

The really great question in England was whether or not to adopt a *universal* pension plan. This was the plan for which popular clamor called. Fathered by Mr. Charles Booth as a scheme for giving every man or woman in the Kingdom a pension of five shillings a week, it was vigorously supported by the laboring classes. And for the first time in the history of the problem of the aged, this extreme plan came very near to being put in operation.

AN OLD-AGE PENSION A CIVIL RIGHT

W. Sutherland, who wrote on the subject when the Kingdom was in the midst of its wrangling, said: "A universal scheme is easily understood, it is logical, and it treats all the aged population alike. Of the many reasons for which it is admirable none, perhaps, is more speedily appreciated by the men who read or write or speak than the ease with which it can be expounded and defended. Like the doctrine of original sin, it is sympathetically received by almost any audience, and is even more sympathetically expounded by the average speaker. It gains much support, also, for another reason that is not so directly due to its own inherent merits. Many people who sympathize with the objects of partial schemes of old-age pensions discover so many impediments to the proper realization of these, that they fall back on a universal scheme as the only practical alternative."

A further merit is also to be observed. The universal scheme treats the old-age pension logically: *it calls the old-age pension a civil right.*

"They were there," said a member of Parliament, speaking of a Trade Union Congress, "to demand old-age pensions as a civil right *inherent in every old person.* And they demanded them because, under the present social industrial system, they had not had sufficient wages in their working life to enable them to put by anything for their old age."

Indeed, if old-age pensions are to come at all, it is difficult to argue against the universal plan. If it is rejected, probably the real reasons for its rejection will be found in its costliness and its encouragement of sloth. Even Mr. Booth's plan of public, box-office distribution, intended to discourage all but the necessitous aged from collecting what was due them, did not carry it in England.

Next in excellence to the universal scheme is the one finally adopted in England, that of pensioning only the aged who can show a need of help. A variety of limitations may be put upon such a plan, so that it will narrow down the eligibles to a very few. A third scheme has already been pointed out—that of providing only for the deserving.

After these, we find ourselves in the various "thrift" schemes which demand a contribution by the pensioner to the fund out of which he is to receive his pension. Such a scheme is, of course, something more than a plan of pensions. It is a plan of insurance. This insurance may be compulsory, as in Germany, or it may be voluntary, as in Canada.

The Canadian Act, assented to July 20, 1908, is of extraordinary interest in its bearing upon the old-age problem in the United States. *The government of Canada has simply gone into the business of old-age insurance and the selling of annuities.*

To the Minister of Trade and Commerce is given the administration of the Act. He may contract with any person domiciled in Canada for the sale of immediate or deferred annuities. The annuity may be arranged so that it ends with a single life, or with a life and a certain term of years, or it may depend on a joint continuance of two lives with an extension to the survivor, if so arranged. The payments of the purchase of the annuity may be made directly through the post-office banking system or by an employer for a large number of employes collectively, or by a fraternal or benevolent society for its members.

The annuities range from fifty dollars to six

hundred dollars, and, unless an annuitant is disabled, no payment may be made until he or she is fifty years old. The annuities are not transferable, and, when bought in good faith, are beyond the reach of creditors. If the holder of an annuity contract dies before his annuity is payable, all the money he has paid is returned, with interest, to his heirs.

The Canadian plan furnishes the cheapest possible opportunity for self-protection in old age. It has the disadvantage of gathering a huge trust fund to be held by the government and, obviously, it does *not* accept the notion that *protection in old age is an inherent civil right.* But, nevertheless, it is the latest and nearest of all the plans for care of the aged that have been put into effect *by governments.*

And this is the remarkable thing! So pressing has the problem become that nine of the greatest governments have recognized this problem and passed laws toward its solution. *Old age has become a state question.* Here, at a glance, is the story in a single table:

Country	Scheme of old age	Pensioners
Germany	Compulsory Insurance; Subsidized	Those who have been earning less than \$500 a year
Denmark	State Pensions	The deserving poor
Belgium	State Pensions and voluntary insurance	Necessitous poor
France	State Pensions	Necessitous poor
	Plan for compulsory insurance	
New Zealand	State Pensions	Deserving poor
New South Wales	State Pensions	Deserving poor
Victoria	State Pensions	Deserving poor and necessitous
England	State Pensions	Necessitous poor
Canada	Voluntary state insurance; annuities	Any resident

This year, pensions paid by governments to the aged will call for an expenditure running into the billions. It is not money spent by private charity. It is spent by states which, by the passage of old-age pension acts, have recognized the right of an aged citizen who has been worn out by life, to have support as a privilege of citizenship.*

The world is still groping its way along this new idea. It may be the forerunner of wonderful, irresistible new social and economic forces. It may be a fond and foolish notion of visionary peoples. No one can say.

But, so far, in the treatment of the old-age question the world has spoken with a new and strange and perhaps terrible voice. For it has not said, "The strong shall consume the weak." It has said, "The strong shall carry the weak."

THE FAMILY

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Illustrations by Robert Edwards

DR. RAST heard the shot himself. He and Nell were sitting together in the front office, quietly talking, when the sharp report sounded through the airshaft. It was ten o'clock at night.

He and Nell looked at each other.

"That's a shot!" he whispered.

Her face grew very pale, and she cried out instinctively—grasping his arm: "Don't go up, Morris—you'll be killed!"

He leaped to his feet, snatched up his instrument case, and rushed into the hall, Nell at his heels. He turned roughly upon her.

"Kid, wait here—I may need you here. No words!"

She stood breathless, and watched him bound up the narrow stairs. The halls filled with whispering and wailing women and men; children were crying. Dr. Rast ran into a stout woman on the second floor.

"Who is it?" he cried.

She was wailing to the world at large. "De Mishkin—dat fool woman!"

He tore up another flight and stopped, pounding hard with his fist, at the rear door. There was no reply. He roared out and slammed with his shoulder until the floor shook. Suddenly the thin door cracked, gave, and flew open into darkness. He stumbled, and Nell's voice spoke in his ear. "Don't go, Morris!"

He turned upon her: "Run through the house, Nell, and keep them from getting ambulance or police until I say so! Run!"

He went scrambling through the dark, stuffy silence, and brought up against another door. This gave at a push, and he found himself standing in a dimly lit rear room. He smelled the smoke. Then he noticed young Jacob Mishkin leaning against the wall, dazed and paralyzed.

Jacob spoke slowly in a voice of terror and wonder: "She did it! She did it!"

Dr. Rast reached to the gas jet and turned the light full blaze. Then he saw it all. The room was bedroom and dining room. The

bed stood against the window; and stretched across its lower end, as if she had fallen backward, lay a young woman. Her breast was bloody. In one hand she clutched a revolver. It was Annette Mishkin.

The doctor leaned over the throbbing body and tore open the shirtwaist, and began a terrific fight with the wound. As he worked, Mishkin groveled over him, moaning:

"She did it! She killed herself! She said she would do it! She stood up and did it! She's dead! She's dead!"

The doctor turned and gripped the young man's arm. "Mishkin—get me water! Water!"

Mishkin wailed unintelligibly. The doctor suddenly seized him and shook him.

"Mishkin—water—can't you hear?"

Mishkin stumbled, recoiled, cried out, and suddenly rushed from the room. When he came staggering back with a big pitcher of water, he found his wife upon the floor, and the doctor kneeling beside her, his hands racing, his eyes sharp and clear, his face white. Mishkin stood by as if in a dream and watched the fight. His wife's dark, pale, piteous face was all contorted; black hair straggled over it; her arms lay limp at either side; her bare breast was not to be looked at. The big doctor had to kneel almost erect to keep the light above him upon the wound. Then very suddenly Annette began to fight back, her eyes opening, black and flashing, her hands on the doctor's arm. Mishkin gave a wild cry:

"She's alive, Doctor, she's alive!"

He crumpled up at the edge of the bed, his head in the covers, and sobbed like a child.

"Water! water!" cried the doctor.

Nell came bolting in. "Morris——"

"Water, kid!" the doctor thundered.

Nell seized the pitcher and stumbled away. Then, when she returned and stood, feverish and helpless, watching her husband, the real struggle began, for Annette started to fight against life.



THE DOCTOR LEANED OVER THE THROBBING BODY.

"Let me die!" she shrieked. "I want to die! Let me die!"

"Hold her hands!" the doctor cried to Nell. She knelt and struggled with the strong hands.

For ten long minutes, while Annette shrieked and struggled, while Mishkin sobbed, and Nell spent her last drop of strength to hold the hands, Dr. Rast kept back the life, penned it in, sealed it, and bound the wound.

Dr. Rast rested a moment. Then he stood, stooped caught Annette in his arms and laid her on the bed. In ten more minutes he had given her an injection of morphine and she lay fast asleep. He turned to Nell, his face ghastly:

"Kid, I'll stay. Get the house quiet—it's all over—and wait for me!"

She looked at him appealingly; she wanted to reach her arms around her spent child and carry him home, but the fight was still in his eyes and his bearing. She went silently from the room, softly closing the door behind her. The doctor groaned, caught up Mishkin and plunged him in a chair.

"No noise!" he commanded. "Sit still!"

Then he sat down at the bedside, and for three endless hours there was silence.

During that patient wait, strange thoughts came to the doctor. He looked at Mishkin, doubled up over the round table. The young

man glanced vacantly around now and then, and put his head on his outstretched arms. The doctor remembered that for the past six months the Mishkins had hovered about the house—above him, about him—and he paid no attention. He knew their names; he knew they were struggling against the direst poverty; yet, in spite of the fact that they lived scarcely forty feet from the spot where he lived, not once had there come the chance or desire to know these souls. And all this time some unseen drama—some terrible Ibsen tragedy—had been working itself out at his very door—invisible, silent, only brought out to the world by a pistol shot. What had made these souls struggle? What had nerved this woman to the unthinkable point of coldly putting a bullet through her breast? Strange, human city—full of souls in gigantic, tragic struggle—and yet all so busy, bustling, commonplace, eating and drinking and reading the newspaper!

Then came a very strange thought. Why had he saved her life? Did she not have a right to die, if she wanted to? Why had he stepped in, to keep her here? And hard on this—through the deep night and after the terrible human pain and battle—came the thought of Life and Death. Suddenly everything turned into a dream—the shot, the cries, the scramble, the struggle, the flowing blood. What was real in life? What was God

trying to do? What were men trying to do? Would Annette have gone out into nothingness, if he had not interposed? She was breathing and living now—it was all simple enough; but she could have been—what? Stranger thoughts followed these: of how, so far as he knew, out of nothingness, silence, the past, he had emerged, Annette had emerged, Jacob had emerged; and now they all sat strangely cooped up in a room on the planet, Earth, very busy over a question of leaving it! And then suddenly to the worn doctor—drenched as he was with the passion of his fight and the strange mood of Death—came a master moment.

"There are things, after all," he thought, "we can hold to. The rest doesn't matter—at present!"

A flood of light seemed to sweep through him. With a feeling of tremendous strength he waited for the woman's awakening.

It came at three in the morning. In the silence, there was a quiver, a rustle. Annette turned her head toward him, and spoke softly: "Why didn't you let me die?"

He seized her wrist and leaned over her. "Lie quiet!" he murmured. "How are you?"

Mishkin leaped up with a loud cry: "Annette!"

The doctor turned, and spoke in a new, sweet voice: "Jacob, come here!"

He edged up on his chair to make room, and the poor, dusky-headed young man stumbled down at his side. The big doctor put an arm about him.

"Hush, boy!" he whispered. "She must lie quiet!"

Annette spoke bitterly: "I wanted to die—why didn't you let me die?"

Annette tried to rise.

"Lie quiet!" the doctor commanded.

"I'll speak!" she cried. "You can't stop that!"

The doctor understood; she would simply kill herself in a wild outburst. It were better to let her have her way and speak out.

"Jacob!" he whispered, "say something!"

Jacob writhed, and moaned: "Oh, Annette, please—*please*—I'll do anything——"

"You!" cried Annette, struggling to rise again. "You! Oh, you fool!"

The doctor thought quickly; the crisis had to be faced; the fight for her life had only begun. He spoke hurriedly to Jacob: "Who is there who can speak to her? Any relative?"

Jacob muttered: "Relatives? We hate them—she hates them!"

"Any friend, then——?"

"She has none!"

The doctor breathed deeply. "Jacob, the Rabbi!"

Jacob shook his head: "We don't believe in God," he said simply. "Why should we?"

The doctor realized that it all came back to himself; there was no one else. He looked helplessly about him; he glanced at these two souls in their utter need. He was not trained for handling crises with words, but his heart was full. He had fought the body; he must fight the soul.

"Annette," the doctor said quaintly, as if he were speaking to a little child, "I'll let you die, if you give me a living reason!"

There was a moment's silence, and then Annette spoke bitterly. "I won't tell. *He* knows!"

The doctor turned: "Jacob!"

Jacob moaned: "I never did anything to her. We are very, very poor. I work all day—I sew buttons on coats—and at night I go to the school and learn English-to-foreigners."

Annette cried out: "That's not why, you fool!"

Jacob moaned again: "We quarrel many times and have much trouble. Yet I love her."

Again Annette cried out: "That's not why!"

Jacob moaned: "She has to work all day; she is tired at night. She works at a sewing machine. She won't go to the school, either."

The doctor leaned over the bed: "Annette—you tell me why—all in one word. I can understand."

It came like a stinging flame—a cry from the woman's heart. It sent a tremor through the doctor.

"He loves me no more—and what is left? Let me die!"

She struggled fiercely, but was too weak to rise. The doctor spoke quickly:

"Jacob, is this true?"

Jacob's arm clutched him, and the words came on a sob: "No, so kill me God! Doctor, I love her!"

"Love me!" cried Annette. "I never see him—he stays not by me—he used to think of nothings but me—but now he never thinks of me!"

"Oh," said the doctor quietly, "I see! It is different now. He is busy; he is working; he hasn't time!"

"He hasn't love?" cried the woman.

"Oh, what can I do?" moaned Jacob. "I love her true and deep, and better than I used to. Only I used to pet her and kiss her more—and now I am tired, I work hard, I study English-to-foreigners. I haven't much time. I lose my temper. But it means nothing. All the same, I love her!"

"Love me!" Annette cried. "I sit alone every night: I wait. He comes, and speaks hard, and goes from me! He don't want me. I kill myself and then he can be what he will—he can study and be a great man—an American."

"And for *that*," said the doctor, "you wanted to kill yourself?"

"That!" cried Annette. "It's all I got!"

A sweet smile played across the doctor's worn face. "Annette," he murmured, "in all your struggle and work and poverty you clung to love? You wanted to die for love?" He smiled again: behind the tragedy lay the tender comedy of early marriage. They were two little children. "Annette," he went on softly, "did you ever see my wife?"

He had roused her curiosity. She answered, "Yes."

"Don't you think she's a lovely woman?" he asked.

Annette did not reply.

"Well," Doctor Rast went on, "she and I are poor, too. She and I are having a hard time downstairs. Most human beings do. And listen!" He bent near, and he could see that she was interested. "Annette—my wife Nell and I had a wonderful love story, too. Marvelous! In the old days when we used to walk down the street under the moon and the stars, it was magic! I used to be happy if I touched her hand! There was nothing in this world but herself, and I hanging on somewhere worshiping her. Is that the way it was?"

"Och! yes!" moaned Annette. "It was so!"

The doctor smiled. "Annette," he went on sadly, "all that has changed. That sort of love was very selfish."

"Selfish?" the woman cried. "Love—selfish? And I would die for it!"

The doctor took her wrist, as if to feel the pulse, and held it. "Annette," he continued, "it was selfish because the world is big, and there's little love in it—not enough to go round—and we kept all the wonderful love we had, all to ourselves. Just like two animals—not like human beings!"

Jacob trembled. "Ah, I see," he muttered. "I understand!"

"Yes," said the doctor simply. "Animals love each other, too. But men—millions of us live together—in such a city as this—and we need one another!" He put a tender emphasis on the words. "*We need one another!* You need doctors, and grocers, and butchers, and teachers—you need all men. *Don't you think they need you, too?*"

Jacob's lips parted; his eyes lighted.

"Need *us*—*us*?"

It was the first streak of the dawning of human pride; but Annette shook her head. "Yes," said the doctor, "they need your work every day—and they need more than that—more! They need that wonderful love you kept to yourselves; they need you yourselves. So," he went on very, very softly, "with men, with good men and women, after marriage something strange happens."

At the last words Annette looked up. "What happens?" she asked. The doctor could feel her pulse quicken.

"A strange thing," said the doctor. "The old magic stops—oh, not the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, not the love. But the old magic stops. They find there are more than two people in the world: it's a *world* of people. They have to go out and work in that world; live in it; live *for* it. That world needs them: they must give their best—they must give themselves. They're the same as everyone else; they have to be common folks—plain people! Plain people can't live on magic. They live on bread and butter—in streets—with butchers and grocers and ashmen and car conductors. They have to work hard, and think of their work. A man can't do his work right if he thinks of his wife only. They have to be very busy; there is little time left for magic. They have to live."

"*Ach, Gott!*" cried Jacob, "it is true! I could never say it!"

"I'd rather die!" muttered Annette.

"It's the common lot—it's the human thing!" the doctor continued softly. "It happened to Nell and me. The old magic is gone—gone forever!"

There was a deep silence.

"But," whispered the doctor, "it can lead to something better than the old magic!"

Annette stirred. "What?" she asked.

He tried to put it simply to these souls. Talking was not his strong point. He could only speak directly and sincerely.

"Did you ever hear," he began, "of the Kingdom of God?"

"God?" cried Annette, "I don't believe on God!"

The doctor sat back, suddenly helpless. But the long hours of silence had served him. He spoke in a weird, slow voice:

"Annette—you never had a child, did you?"

A strange silence followed this—strange and vivid. Jacob shifted about; Annette gave a dry sob.

"Good God!" whispered the doctor, electrified. "Is it—oh!"

He looked from one to the other, the flash of the momentous fact cleaving through him.

"Annette!" he cried, "Annette!"

Jacob, too, was sobbing. "She would kill herself and our—our baby!"

Dr. Rast shook him roughly:

"You should have come to me!" he cried.

"I would have told you things—this would never have happened. You poor children! A woman with the first child often goes wild—suspects, hates, tries to kill herself! Boy, why didn't you tell me?"

Jacob groaned: "We're too poor for a doctor!"

The doctor's heart crumpled within him. "Not for a doctor," he said simply, "who believes in God!"

Annette sobbed again.

"Annette," the doctor murmured softly, now frankly taking her hand, "you have suffered! I know—I know! I wish I had known sooner.—Now, listen! I must tell you

about God." He spoke very slowly, very distinctly, trying with heart and soul to make her understand. "What if some morning—through your flesh—a little baby came to this room? Think of it—living, and crying for you, its little hand on you, its face maybe like yours or Jacob's. Wouldn't that be a miracle? Now you are only two—you and Jacob—and some day there is another, right here, in this room, and it cries and laughs and lives—just like us!"

She was crying softly. "Ach!" she wailed. "My little baby! My poor little baby!"

"Well—" said Doctor Rast, and words failed him. He could only add: "That's God! Men can't make babies—we make houses, and streets, and clothes, and sewing machines. But God makes babies. And if you ever look at your baby's face, you'll know it. You'll see God!"

"I shall never see my baby's face!" she moaned. "You shall!" cried the doctor, his heart leaping with new strength. "Listen! We, too, were babies once—little babies, fresh from God! God is our true Father and Mother! Understand?"

Did they understand? The doctor wondered; but he went on tenderly: "We are all children of God: he is the Father, and we are brothers and sisters. Now I'll tell you about the Kingdom of God. It's the time when all people—all men and women—live together, work together, play together like brothers and sisters in one family, and the Father is God! Maybe



DR. RAST CAUGHT ANNETTE IN HIS ARMS AND LAID HER ON THE BED.

some day—hundreds of years from now—that time will come!”

Annette was softly crying.

“Only,” said the doctor, “I don’t call it the kingdom of God. There’s no king and no slaves. It’s the Family of God—we, the children; God, the Father. You are my sister and brother in that Family.”

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. “But men hate and fight—it won’t work!”

The doctor smiled again. It was the crucial moment. He picked his poor words and finished:

“Jacob—Annette—” he was gripping the hands of both, trying to master them—“you once loved like the animals, because you tried to be a Family by yourself. It was selfish. The world is big—is full of people. The world needs you. But even now—this morning—you can come into the bigger Family—you can come into the Family of God—you can be brotherly with the butcher and the car conductor and with Nell and me—and you can open your heart to your Father. And what will you find? If you are glad, isn’t the world glad? And if you are sad, isn’t the world sad? And if you love, isn’t the world full of love? You will be sacred to one another, knowing you are the children of God. Not much magic—but oh, life itself, and love everywhere, and joy, joy everywhere. You will begin to live, for in that large Family there is much to do and to be, and life is very real. And,” he went on painfully, “if you find that many people won’t come into the Family with you, it doesn’t matter. It’s not what you get, it’s what you give, that counts. It’s like being a mother—the more she gives and serves and sacrifices, the nobler and purer and greater she becomes. Oh, do you understand me, Annette?—Jacob?”

Jacob leaped up. “I see!” he cried, “I see!”

“Annette,” the doctor breathed, leaning close—feeling now that the great moment had come, “won’t you come into our Family? our Family of God? You and Jacob?”

But Annette shook her head sadly, her great eyes looking up into his: “I cannot to understand!” she said. “I don’t believe on God!”

He sat back, down in the chair, his face in his hands. Something caught his throat—something like a struggling sob. He was defeated.

But softly then came Annette’s words—softly, musingly, slowly: “You are a good

man. I could believe on you. I tries again, no?”

The thrill that shot through him made his whole body tremble. “Will you?” he cried. “You and Jacob?”

He seized and gripped her hand. He rose. Jacob sank into his place, and the doctor hurried away, closing the door behind him softly, lest something sacred should be hurt.

Six months later—after one of those wild nights when Man works with the Laws of God—there was a strange scene in the little rear room. It was the dawn of a spring morning—one of those tremulous dawns that come glimmering with starry gray over the world. Through the open window the glistening light trembled, swirled into the room, and touched the dark heads there.

The doctor sat, white and worn, at the bedside. Jacob leaned on the window sill, murmuring devout prayers to the Spirit that quivered in that starry grayness. And in the bed, her hair in black braids down the covers, lay Annette, asleep. And in Annette’s arm—turning a little from her—a sleeping baby face was bared in tranquil peace to a new world. The room, all night, had been swept by the living Presence—the air tingled with the vast sacred Power that creates. And now in the dawn’s hush, in the dawn’s faint stirring, the “peace that passeth understanding” lay on the little room.

A backyard sparrow chirped with liquid sweetness; a faint breeze swayed the curtain. Annette opened her eyes.

“Where is he?” she murmured.

“In your arms,” the doctor whispered.

She drew the little one close; she pushed herself up a little to get a glimpse of his face; she devoured each feature of her babe with starved eyes. Tears blinded the worn-out Doctor; it was the most beautiful human scene on this planet: the new mother and the newborn child.

Jacob arose softly, tiptoed to the bedside, and gazed on that sight as if he saw God. The doctor looked and looked through a blurring film. And then Annette uttered a plaintive, lovely sound of cooing.

“Oh,” she murmured, “my little baby—my little boy! He’s real—he’s here—he’s no dream.”

In the silence the doctor whispered: “Yes—he was never here before—now he is here—living—just like us.”

Jacob, too, spoke: "And it's a *boy!*"

And the doctor, glancing at him, saw the first flush of fatherhood in the poor young man. Annette, too, was looking at him.

"Jacob!"

He stooped over her.

"Jacob!"

"Yes—*Liebchen!*"

"Kiss me!"

He softly touched her lips with his, and she murmured in his ear: "You are his father; I am his mother; he is our son!"

Jacob slowly arose, turned away, and the happy, happy tears flowed down his face.

Annette turned slightly to the doctor. He waited and waited. And then she smiled, and then she whispered:

"I believe on God!"

The doctor rose. Dawn, the spring dawn, glistening, quivering, trembling, uttered forth in the liquid chirps of a sparrow, grew and grew through that room. He took a last look at mother and babe in the dim light. He turned. He went out. He stole down the dark steps. Nell was waiting for him.

"Morris," she cried. "Are you all right?" He gathered her into his arms—tenderly, tenderly. It was as sacred a moment as they had ever known.

"Oh, Nell," he breathed. "Human beings—human beings—I love them!"

And as they stood inside the door, the gray light was on his face, his dark eyes were alight, his lips were quivering.



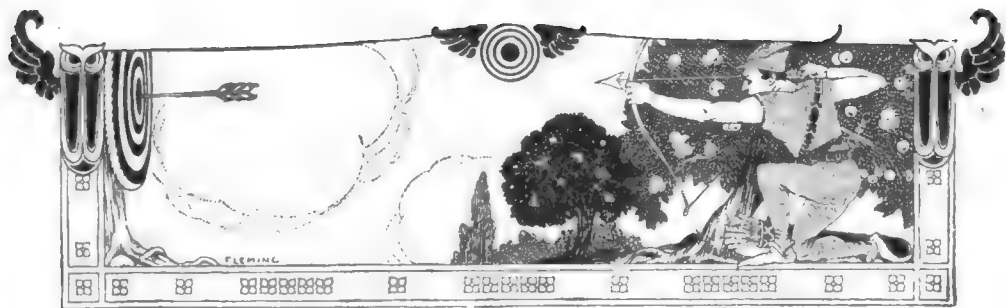
“AFTERWARD”

By EDITH M. THOMAS

AFTERWARD (your poet saith),
When ye look and say, “’Tis Death!”—
Afterward, no heavy bell
Toll for me the measured knell;
No sad masque deface the day,
Muffling all in black array;
Afterward, no graver write
Aught of me, on tablet white.
Through this friendly life I passed
Comradely, unto the last;
Otherwise let it not be,
When sleep cometh over me!
Unreproved, the child shall tread
On the green roof o’er my head;
Would that I might tempt his eye
With a hovering butterfly—
Sipping from a rainbow flower—
That shall scarce outlast the hour!

Sun and shower fall on me
Through the light shade of a tree!
Finch and redbreast, come and sing
An Evangel of the spring!
Or, when early drops the night,
When the days are pinched and white,
Link-like footprints in the snow,
Round and round my bed shall go—
Little children of the wild
(Once my feeding hand beguiled),
Speechless, thoughtless, though they be,
Let them safer pass, for me!

When I sleep (as sleep I shall)
Let the stillness breathe, “All’s well!”
So, one passing by the cell
Where a hermit once did dwell,
Fancies still the chanted prayer
Hallows all the listening air;
Let none thither come in dread
Lest that sleep be of the dead;
Let them know, a Waking Soul
Now hath portion with the Whole—
Now hath come into its own,
In the far-and-near Unknown.



STRAIGHT TALK

HIGH-SCHOOL "FRATS"

By turning its spot-light on high-school fraternities, *EVERYBODY'S* for August has compelled attention where it is very much needed. I am thankful.

Many people are like the legislator who thinks this subject "is nothing but a drop in the bucket of the body politic." But those personally acquainted with the objectionable features of fraternities know they make a big splash in the school life and in the after life of high-school pupils.

A hubbub between "frats" and "antis" that occurred in a Western State exhibits some of the evils. Ill-smelling gases were conducted through keyholes to break up social meetings of the enemy. Midnight consultations were held by conspiring students under a dark bridge. The "antis" had constant practice in imitating the bleat of a goat. The "frats," being in the minority, had excellent training in preserving their poise as members of an "aristocracy of brains" organization. And legislators and educational officers were made the recipients of letter showers. For many days recitation seats were empty.

The author of "High-School Fraternities" covers the subject fully, and all persons who are opposed to educating a decent lot of youngsters to be snobs and subjecting an equally decent lot to the effects of snobbery, should ponder what he says.

W. C.

New York.

LIKES OUR RECENT COVERS

Your August number seems to me one of the best you have ever published. It contains a larger amount of interesting material than any of this month's magazines.

Digitized by Google⁵⁶⁰

The story "Bonesy" is not only wholesome fun but also a truthful representation of Latin character. Only one who was thoroughly acquainted with it could write in such pleasing style.

The several poems in the magazine also present some of the best verse published in an American periodical for some time. This feature, sometimes overlooked, is to my mind a very important one and deserves the attention paid it by *EVERYBODY'S*.

The timely articles on "The Trail of the Diamond," "Chinese Children at Play," "Hand-made Forests" and "Indispensable Bacteria" add greatly to the value and all-around readability of the number.

Hartley Davis's "Tabloid Drama" is one of the most interesting articles on stage topics which it has been my good fortune to read for years. It is a topic of extreme interest and one which is sure to increase in importance. I have criticized many such plays in Spanish, called "zarzuelas," and am interested to find that the type is appearing on the American stage. I look forward with pleasant anticipations to the next numbers.

I notice that one of your readers asks to have his subscription stopped because you publish no further articles of the "Frenzied Finance" variety. For the same cause it seems to me that the magazine's circulation should increase. Tastes differ.

In closing, let me add that your cover shows better taste than in some past issues, and I desire to express my hope that you will continue to publish as interesting a periodical as this issue.

With congratulations for your past successes and hopes for future progress, I remain,

Yours sincerely, A. P. McM.

Mexico City. Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

To the editor of EVERYBODY'S and all others whom it may concern: I see a paragraph in your August issue headed "Many Men—Many Minds." I wish to answer the man who wrote that. We don't care whether he lets his subscription run out or not; we don't buy this magazine for what is on the covers, but for what is between the covers. It makes me sore to hear somebody kicking because there isn't a \$5,000 picture on the front page. Please pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you. I hope you will publish this letter for the benefit of those people who wish scenic effects on the front of their paper. If you publish this, please publish my name and address. I am your well-wisher and subscriber,

THOS. F. WILLIAMS.

Whitman Hotel,
Colfax, Washington.

THINKS THAT FARMERS PROTEST
TOO MUCH

Really, EVERYBODY'S, your discussion regarding the wrongs inflicted on the honest (?) farmer by commission merchants is ridiculous. As proof of the above statement, ask a thousand country merchants who deal with both which class of men is the more honest, and you will get one thousand answers favoring the commission merchant. Surely the country merchant ought to be a good judge, because he buys produce from the farmer and sells it to the commission merchant—or did until the farmer, who always raises an awful "holler" when he sees anyone making a profit off him, drove the merchant out of that part of his business. I should have liked to have taken you into my father's store ten years ago and given you a chance to count the rotten eggs and weigh up the putrid butter and sort out the wormy fruit that Mr. Farmer had worked off on him in exchange for perfectly good groceries. My father was well satisfied when he could sell this produce for ninety-five per cent. of the price he had given in trade, and was more than contented when Mr. Farmer didn't allow his account to run longer than a year before settling. Now my job as a boy was to count the eggs, and many an argument have I had with farmers over eggs which had been deserted by Biddy, and included in the lot brought to town for trading purposes just as they were on the point of becoming chickens. Mr. Farmer always insisted that I had not taken them from his case, that he gathered his eggs fresh every day, and if we didn't believe him he would trade elsewhere, whereupon, to mollify him, my father usually bought the whole lot, chickens included. Personally, your discussion

has led me to the conclusion that this old-fashioned bluff does not work when tried on the commission merchant. Country merchants do not as a rule experience any difficulty in getting fair weights and prices from the commission merchant. Why, then, should the farmer? As a matter of fact, that the farmer is still raising his old howl about being robbed signifies nothing more to those who know him than that the farmer is still a farmer. It is a part of his nature to talk loudly about being robbed, the same as it is a dog's nature to bay at the moon. He can't help it, for the simple reason that he never has been able to distinguish between a grower's and a handler's profit. Legitimate profit to the business man always means robbery to the farmer, who has never been able to understand why the man who keeps his melon on ice for forty-eight hours should demand a slice when it comes to the cutting. The farmer's numerous coöperative elevators, stores, cheese factories and creameries all bear eloquent testimony to the fact that it is a fixed habit of his to believe himself robbed or underpaid by business men, and the invariable failure of these schemes bear like testimony to the fact that the farmer himself is hardly to be trusted in business matters.

As to conditions on the farm, I wish to say that I have driven among farmers in various parts of three great agricultural states—Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota—and while the conditions, such as hard work, child labor, etc., pointed out by one of your lady contributors, do, as a matter of fact, exist, I cannot refrain from raising the query, "Why doesn't the farmer employ more help and take his family for a vacation occasionally?" Harriman is off on one at present, and no one would feel inclined to show him any sympathy if he stayed at home and complained because he had to work too hard. As a matter of fact, there are few people who get better returns on their original investment, for the time and brains they put into their affairs, than the average farmer, and there are few people better able to educate their children and enjoy the comforts of life than the average farmer. The city man will commonly spend a fair portion of his income in making life to himself and family comfortable, but the ordinary farmer seems to be possessed with the idea that he and his family must drudge all the days of their life and *buy up as much land as possible*. In intellect the farmer is still a peasant, while financially he belongs to the upper middle class, whose purse commands the way to a good education and a comfortable living. All the farmer needs to do to make his own condition more enjoyable is to get over the habit of being a land miser and spend a reasonable portion of his income in the things which make life easier and improve the prospects of the growing generation. Moreover, I am inclined to believe

that if the farmer did this many a town of the Middle West would soon be wondering what had become of that being who is now regarded as a sort of pest because of his habit of voting down every improvement—namely, the retired farmer.

D. L. S.

Sioux City.

LIKES OUR CHESTNUT TREE

My congratulations! The "gold mine" in Spreading Chestnuts is fully worth the price of the September issue. A good laugh is always worth the price.

C. K. G.

OUR COVER WAS A SUCCESS

Would it be possible to procure a print of Alexander's "Study in Black and Green," the beautiful cover picture of your September number, without the letters? I should be glad to pay any reasonable price for such a print. And I cannot forbear to say how great a contribution to the cultivation of the art sense among our people such a reproduction is.

C. I. S.

Ashuelot, N. H.

IS THIS STRAIGHT SNOBBERY, OR IS IT A SLY DIG?

Why don't some of the "old boys," from high school and college get in and tell the truth about "frats"? When I was a boy I loved the "frats" (high school and "Prep" school) to which I belonged. In the first place, they gave me the stamp of being "right," and one of the elect. It was not a matter of money, for many of "the fellows" were poor, but it indicated some good qualities of manhood, and also the possession of a fine degree of discretion. Members were not of the kind that talked too much, and even the generally popular ones had a certain air of being unusual and not a little exclusive. Most of us have grown up conservative men, fit for favor with the system. Those who, even as lads, were inclined to express sympathy with *demagogues* and *reformers* were cautioned that they'd be "queered." Boys know what that means. Also, we were (at fifteen and eighteen) supposed to take our drinks like gentlemen. And we had a far wider range of worldly wisdom than "outsiders."

One of our early sources of information, in the high-school frat, was the boy home from one of the great preparatory schools. He had it from the juniors at college. Almost any boy knows what I mean. It's some years ago, and I've passed from high school to "Prep" school, thence to college, and thence to the great world of

clubs and banquets. But at these same clubs and banquets I'd never dream of singing the songs or repeating the stories that percolated down to me in high school, and that our still infantile mouths reveled to sing and to repeat. I blush at the thought. And constantly, as I scan the fine, clean-cut faces of our "better class" of boys, I wonder— But the boys won't tell, because "frat" boys, as I said, are seldom selected from the "telling" kind, and when, by mistake, they are, they are soon "queered."

C. Q. D.

WANTS A WORD FOR THE AUDIENCE

I want to say how much I was interested in the presentation of the dramatic difficulty by Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Davis. Now won't you *find some one not too superior to voice the grievance of the common people who fill the house? Because we have a grievance.* Somewhere, about once a month, we are contrasted unkindly with European play-goers and our ignorance of dramatic art sharply scored; but no one has pointed out that German and French audiences have the help of constant, careful analysis of plays from trained critics who have won for their profession a high place in literature.

We have an occasional helpful article in some magazines, but from the daily papers I think I may say the play-goers get no training in dramatic criticism. What we learn about it we get by much hard thinking of our own unaided by the men whose profession professes to give just that assistance.

I know there are many people, certainly in New York, who take an earnest if not high-browed interest in the drama, who would be sincerely grateful for help in getting some such basis for their judgment of the plays offered them as would give them confidence in their own opinion. But when a play succeeds, we are told a great deal about the author and the actors—which we find very interesting—but nothing about its specific excellencies or its few faults; when a play fails to please the critics, they poke fun at the author's personal qualities, or tell how the people in the boxes misbehaved, and if it is funny we laugh. But we are being cheated, just the same, and the consciousness of it, I think, is growing among us.

There must be men in America able to help us, but, with pitifully few exceptions, they do not fill space in the magazines or the papers.

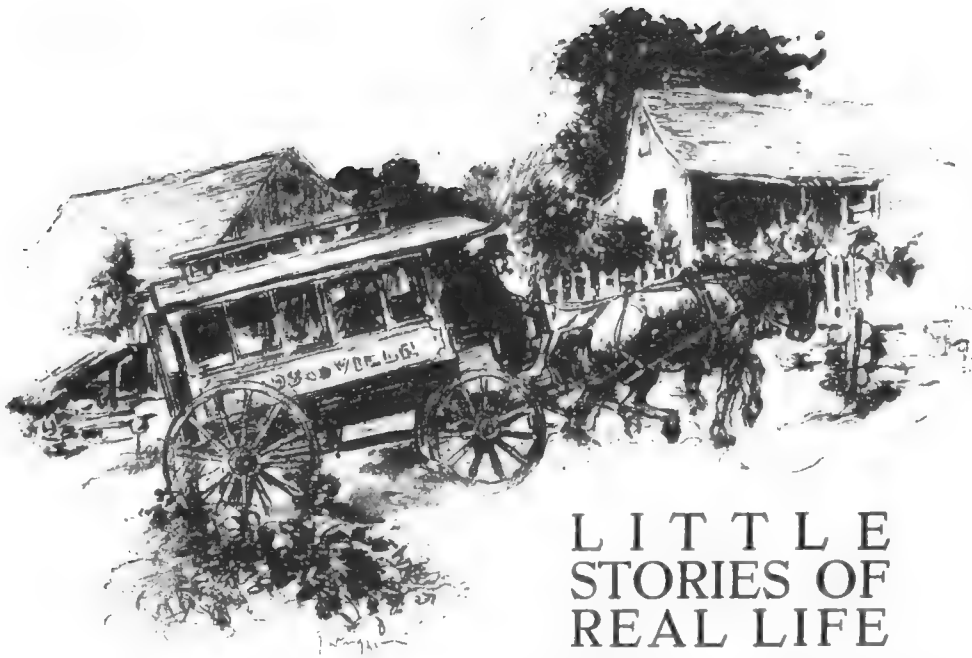
If our sufferings, surely as great in the aggregate as those of the managers and playwrights, appeal to you, won't you give voice to them for us all?

This is a private request. I am not "knocking" for publication nor publicity, please.

Sincerely yours,

E. S.

Ste Agathe des Monts, Canada.



LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

A CHANGED VIEW

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

THE patient in the next bed was moving her lips with a soft, chippering sound that annoyed Martha Bright. Martha made a distinct counter-noise of her own.

"Oh, you awake? You had your eyes shut, and I thought you was asleep. Guess what I've been doing?" The small face turned toward Martha was smiling and palely alert.

"Giving me the fidgets," was on Martha's tongue to answer, but she refrained.

"I'm not any great of a guesser," she substituted stiffly.

"Well, I was counting days again—I'm getting June and July ragged! This is June third, you know, and there's thirty days in all—three from thirty's——"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-seven," supplied Martha Bright hastily. "And thirty-one more's fifty-eight." She was unduly annoyed.

"My! I couldn't add as quick's that! You're real quick, aren't you? I was just putting it down in my mind and getting ready to carry."

"There wasn't anything to carry," returned Martha dryly. The praise of the

little patient in the next bed had unconsciously appeased her; she had more neighborly feelings, she was even a little interested.

"What were you counting days for? I've laid here an' counted flies, an' cracks in the floor, an' tats in the trimming o' my night-gown sleeve; but I never took to counting days."

"Not *days*! Why, they're the best things of all to count—days till you hope you're going home, and how many days you've been here, and how many days a baby can remember his mother—don't you ever reckon *that*?" The laugh of the Next-bed Patient was rather an ambitious effort.

"No," Martha Bright said sharply, "no, I don't." She turned her head on her pillow in token that the conversation was ended. She wanted to hear no more of this small, pale creature's foolish vaporings—Martha called them vaporings in scorn. She'd better be groaning with her pain, or worrying for fear she would never go home at all.

Suddenly Martha recollected a fragment of conversation she had overheard between two of the nurses, when the Next-bed Patient was asleep. In the light of the soft, chippering sound of reckoning days, this recollection of Martha's was unwelcome.

She shrank from it with a little inrush of unexpected tenderness.

"I'm afraid not—poor little thing!" one nurse had said.

"And she's counting on it—and the baby—oh!" in a soft burst from the other. Martha remembered now against her will.

Martha Bright was not "counting" on it, but Martha was going home. It loomed before her as something almost to be dreaded. She had known forty-seven years of life, and for only a small fraction of one of those years had she ever been rested or waited upon. The experience in the hospital had been a distinctly novel one to Martha Bright, and in her own way she had enjoyed even the pain of it. She was in no haste to have the experience closed.

"You asleep?" It was the Next-bed voice again in a cautious, suppressed whisper.

"No, I ain't," Martha said with a new gentleness that surprised herself. "You go ahead and talk all you're a mind to, and I'll lay and listen." Yet she did not want to "lay" and listen. She knew it would be all about the young husband at home and the baby—Martha, having neither, was not interested in young husbands and babies.

The Next-bed voice was gently grateful. "Why, that's real *good* in you! I guess you know it'll save my life! Sometimes seems as though I just must have a chance to say things—don't you ever feel like that? I want to sit right up in this bed and *declaim* 'The Tale of the Beautiful Baby,' I guess it would be to-day!" She laughed in a tremulous, wistful manner. "I can't get him out o' my head—I can't *forget* how white his little throat is; you never saw anything so soft and white! You'd think he'd remember me enough to let me kiss his throat. Just enough for *that*, wouldn't you?" She appealed to Martha across the little space. Martha lifted her head to nod her answer.

"He'll let you," she said decisively, though she knew so little about a baby's soft white throat.

"Yes, of course, *of course*. That's what

his father says every time I ask him—but I get scared again next thing. I dreamed last night the baby—cried."

It was oddly still in the long ward, as if all the occupants of the white beds except these two in this upper end were asleep. Even the Groaning Woman was still, and

Martha had a sudden fear that she must, then, have died. Martha's throat ached with a new ache; she could not look across at the baby's mother.

"There, there, there!" the gentle voice cried after the disturbing silence, "I guess you'll never invite me to talk again—oh, please, *you* talk! That will keep me good. *You* say things—about when you go home—and *I'll* lie and listen. Who'll be there, you know, and the things you'll do first."

A distinct picture rose before Martha Bright. No high lights—a simple, dun-colored little picture. She heard the creak of the swinging old stage as it bore her up the hilly road—its final creak at the gate. She saw the weeds in the little front path, the speckle of new shingles on the old roof, the gap in the parlor blind where the two slats were missing. She saw how Andrew stooped like an old man, coming out to meet her; how he had forgotten to shave, how tanned and hard his hands were. She saw little Milt.

"Aren't you going to talk? You're not talking any," complained the Next-bed Patient; and Martha was glad that the voice was drowsy. She kept perfectly still to make going to sleep easier. She did not want to paint the little dun picture for the Next-bed Patient. She lay and looked at it herself, unwillingly.

Milt was a thin, scrappy little fellow. If he had ever had a soft, white place to kiss, some other woman than Martha had kissed it. She had never really wanted to take him; it had been Andrew's doings. She had made his little shirts and kept them washed and patched; but it had never occurred to her to kiss him. She had sent him off to school and up to bed nights; she had filled his lunch-pail with lavish hand and cut his little nightgowns generously full. If he had



"NURSE SAYS YOU'RE GOING HOME BEFORE ME."

been her own, she would have called him Milton, but if he had been her own he would have *been* a Milton instead of a little lean, brown "Milt." Milton was a beautiful name; Martha had a vague, unexplained idea that it stood in some way for poetry.

It was nearly two months now since Martha Bright had come to the Place of Pain. In a few weeks more, at most, they would let her go home. To let her—but Martha did not want to be let. She told herself so over and over, lying in the sweet white bed and being waited upon. Six months out of forty-seven years was not much to ask, was it? Well, she wanted to stay six months and be waited on. She wanted time for her hands to get white and soft—she would like them so for once. They were already changing a little; she held them up, first one and then the other, and examined them for beginnings of softness and whiteness. Martha's hands had done much work—it would take time to make them over.

She wanted to lie still, sit still, four months longer. It was not asking a great deal out of a lifetime. Martha did not try to compute what per cent. six months was of forty-seven years, but she felt vaguely that it was a small per cent.

So she lay calmly on the white cot, making the best of this little peaceful space. The nurses wondered at her inaction.

"She could sit up—she never asks to," Martha's own particular nurse said. "And there's the poor little thing in the next bed coaxing the life out of me! *She* wants to get up and walk!"

"And she never will, you say?"

"She never will.

Nell, some things break your heart—don't you wish sometimes that you were a—dressmaker, or a stocking-counter clerk? I do, when that little thing pulls me down with her little skeletons of hands and says: 'To-morrow, then? To-morrow, can I?' I want to *lie* then, Nell."

Nell's face was tender. "But you don't, dear—I wonder what you *do* do?"

"I—oh, if nobody's looking I kiss her. The last time I got caught, though; that Bright woman was awake when I thought she was asleep."

"Do you ever kiss the Bright woman?"

"Nell! But it wouldn't hurt her." The two of them were wholesome, capable-looking young persons with the peculiar charm of nurses. Their white uniforms and the bits of white caps on their brown heads gave them the comforting appearance of having been sterilized along with their bandages and instruments. They moved in cheerful calm in and out among the beds of pain, but under the crisp white bibs of their aprons beat tender human hearts. Yet their sympathy, like their powerful little tablets, they must give in cautious doses. Martha Bright took her tablets, but demanded no sympathy. Oddly enough, the first dose of that administered to her by her gentle nurse was on the first occasion of her sitting up.

"I declare, I pitied her, Nell! They are always so glad to sit up, but *she* wasn't. And the way she said: 'I suppose next thing I'll be up and dressed' would have made you cry! Things mix up so, Nell—there in the next bed that little thing was looking on heartbreakingly."

"I know, I know,"

Nell nodded.

"Well, if you hear of a dressmaker's place that's 'vacant' or a stocking-clerk's, let me know. How can I keep on bearing that little thing's wistful eyes?"

The week that Martha was up and dressed, the Next-bed Patient was much worse. Martha came back to her bed one day to find a slender young man with a child in his arms, sitting at her

neighbor's side. The nurse hovered about at a little distance, and Martha detected her wiping her eyes.

The Next-bed Patient's voice was only a thread of sound, but it piped up proudly at Martha's approach. "This is him! This



"THIS IS THE BABY! SEE HIS LITTLE DIMPLE!"

is the baby! His father brought him to see me, and *he didn't cry*. You come and see how sweet he is—see his little dimple! It's so cunning to have it in just one cheek! But his little dress needs mending. When I go home——”

The eager stream of words dwindled under the soft hand of the nurse. “Hush! You promised, dear—you were only to talk a little, you know. We don't want the doctor scolding us.”

Martha Bright sat down a little dizzily on her own bed. This piteous tragedy next to her—Martha recognized it as a tragedy—hurt her. The eager, smiling little face on the pillow, the man's stricken look, the baby's one-sided little dimple, hurt; they seemed like separate pains wrenching at her heart. She wanted to get away from them—suddenly Martha wanted to go home. Andrew's homely, quiet face, and staid little Milt's rose before her and beckoned her to the old gentle, humdrum peace. For the first time Martha shrank from the Place of Pain. When the nurse was at liberty, she motioned to her.

“Can I—when can I go home? To-morrow, can I?” Martha whispered. Her words tripped over each other eagerly. “I guess you wasn't looking, was you, when I came in? I guess you didn't see how strong I walked!”

“Why, why, Mrs. Bright, I believe you're in a hurry!” the nurse laughed. It was a relief to laugh. “I thought you liked us so well you didn't want to go home at all!”

“I like you,” Martha said unsmilingly. “I have liked you right along, and up to now I'd rather have stayed, but now I want to go home. It—it come over me all of a sudden.” Her eyes unconsciously sought the next bed with its slender mound of white



“ANDY, SHUT YOUR EYES. I'M GOING TO KISS YOU!”

covers. The nurse nodded understandingly; she felt a sudden yearning, herself, to go home before the end of the little Next-bed tragedy.

“Must she—can't they *help* her dying?” Martha breathed, voicing her thoughts. “With that young husband and that little speck of a child? Seems as if somebody else could be spared enough sight better——” She was thinking of Martha Bright who could be spared. Andrew would get along, and little Milt was used to going to school and up to bed at night, unmothered. Some one else could tell him the right time to go. But with

a sudden gush of bitterness Martha Bright rebelled—she wanted Andrew to miss her; she wanted to go home and tell little Milt when to go to bed. She wanted to wash dishes and sweep and make bread and be alive. Some one else could be spared better than the little Next-bed Patient, but she did not want it to be Martha Bright.

“I guess you don't know how strong I've got,” she pleaded. “You tell the doctor how strong I walked in to-day. Seems as if by to-morrow——”

“Nell,” the nurse said afterward, “that was when I could have kissed the Bright woman. She was in such a hurry—you ought to have seen her face! I believe it was the first minute she'd been glad to be getting well!—Yes, oh yes, we're going to let her go home in a week. She doesn't want us to write. You'd never think she was the kind to want to *surprise*, would you? I don't believe she ever was before. She's beginning new—you needn't tell me, Nell.”

Martha was very tender that last week to the little person in the next bed. She sat a good deal, smoothing the thin little hands,

for want of something better to do. It seemed to please the little person.

"That's nice—what soft hands you have, haven't you?"

"Yes," Martha said without pride, "they're considerable soft now, but they never were before." She added in her thoughts that they would never be again. It surprised her to think that she was not sorry.

"Nurse says you're going home first—before me. I never expected that, but it's nice for you. Only I'll miss you. I get so tired of waiting—yes, I know I mustn't talk. You talk—kind of keep time to the smoothing!"

And Martha, with new-born eloquence, talked softly as she smoothed. She kept on in a gentle monotone after the little sufferer was asleep, lest stopping should waken her.

"It'll be about milking-time when I get there," she droned, though she wanted to shout it, "an' Andrew'll be coming in from the barn with the pails. I'll get there in time to strain the milk! Little Milt'll be feeding the hens. The stage'll creak an' make him look up—Andrew will set the pails down—" She had rehearsed the humble little arrival to herself many times, but it always stopped where little Milt looked up and Andrew set down the pails. She could go no farther. She could not see how Andrew and little Milt would look; she had no previous, similar arrival to go by. She had never been away before and come creaking home in the stage from a Place of Pain. There was an increasing element of interest in it that began to assume the nature of excitement to Martha.

"Little Milt'll look up when he hears the creaking—" But what would little Milt do then? What would Andrew do after he set the milk-pails down? What would she do?

"Is little Milt your baby?" the Next-bed Patient asked once. And Martha's fingers for a brief space had ceased their steady stroking.

"Yes," Martha had answered with a sort of fierceness. "He's ten, but he's dreadful small." She had not wanted to add the rest, but her strict honesty had demanded it. She had been glad that the sick woman was drowsing again. "He wasn't mine in the beginning, but he is now. I guess I've got a right to call him my baby now." But she never had called him that before. I came

to her with something like a shock that she would not know what to answer if the sick woman asked her if her baby had a dimple—if he laughed in his sleep—if he liked to be kissed. The things she could tell about little Milt were that he wore out his little trousers, liked cookies in his lunch-pail, went patiently to bed. What right had she, then, to call him her baby?

For a day and a night before Martha went, the Next-bed Patient lay in a stupor. The young husband sat beside her instead of Martha, but it hardly mattered—nor that the baby was not there. Martha went down between the beds of pain the last time without seeing them for the tears that were in her eyes. But she was glad she had not had to leave the Next Bed empty; she told herself she could not have borne that as well as this.

"I was Martha Bright when I came, but I don't seem to be her now," she thought. But she could not have told whether she had left something behind or was taking something with her. She went away very glad and a little sorry.

The old stage seemed to have recovered from its habit of creaking. Martha worried a little over it; in some way it seemed to upset her plans. She sat upright for all her weariness, and gazed at the familiar landmarks as they passed. The very trees were old acquaintances; she found herself surprised that they had not grown more. Here a house had been painted. It was better looking now, but not as pretty as the house they were coming to where the cows were being milked. Martha fell to comparing all the houses with that house—some were smaller, some larger, but none was so comfortable-looking and so conveniently planned. None of the barns was so neat, none of the woodpiles so even, none of the syringa or lilac bushes so big. The front-door paths that were weedless and trim she did not notice at all.

They were getting very near—she wished the stage would begin to creak. There was the boundary fence; she did not see that it needed repairing, but thought how prettily the woodbine climbed over it. There was the pump—why, Andrew had painted it! It was just the right color. He had shingled the whole house-roof! Some one had weeded the path up to the front door! How



nice the nasturtiums were growing—nothing in the world was prettier than golden and red nasturtiums. How nice it was to have blinds—so many of the houses hadn't. Martha's gaze rose above the gap in the parlor slats. The things she saw were beautiful things—the little humble house was home.

Some one in blue jeans was coming with sagging pails from the barn. A little blue-jeans boy was feeding hens. It was all as she had planned, except the creaking. But she had planned no farther than this. She sat back suddenly, a little faint and breathless.

"Marthy! Why, why, *Marthy!*"

"It's Mother!—Mother's come!"

The rest was happening. Big blue jeans and little, they were there beside the old stage, and Martha saw their faces. The joy in them both blinded her like a great light; she had not expected joy. She had not expected Andrew to take her down in his arms, nor little Milt to kiss her in that beautiful, grave way. She had planned to kiss little Milt, but here he was kissing her! And he

had a dimple in his little brown chin. He was telling her *he* had weeded the walk and Father had shingled the roof; the speckled hen had laid three dozen eggs and the little Bantam cock could crow! There was a new calf at the barn, there were seven new black pigs—it was all such beautiful news he was telling Martha!

"Marthy! Why, *Marthy!*" was all that Andrew "told," but it was beautiful. She liked Andrew's news best of all.

"I surprised you on purpose." Martha laughed tremulously. "I says to myself, 'I'll go see if they're having a better time without me—I can tell in a minute if they're sorry to see me back.'" She caught at Andrew's sleeve with a joyous clutch; her thinned, pale face was full of a new and soft radiance. "Oh, I've found out—I know, I know!" she cried.

A slow wonder crept into the good face of Andrew. He was making a discovery—Marthy, radiant, was beautiful!

"Why, Marthy!"

"Andy, shut your eyes. I'm going to kiss you!"

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

VII

BROOKDALE MASS, APRIL 7, 1881
DERE COUS. GORGE.

Wel Gorge how are you, I am pritty wel, but I hav bin to bissy to rite for a long time, so manny things hav bin happining, sum good and sum bad I gues about as manny had as good.

What did you do April fools day Gorge, did you get fooled? I did haf the time I new I was being fooled like in school when Dwite Lewis pind a card to me and it sed old Mitchel, that's our teecher, is a fool, and I had it on my back when I went to the bord to do a nexample, and she saw it and she sed taik that off at onse Samuel Torrey and I sed what? and she sed I half beleeve you kno what, but taik it off annyway, and I did and evveryboddy laffed except Dwite who kep a strate faice so old Mitchell punnished him. She gave him five licks of the rattan,

she sed I am taiking a chance, Lewis, that you did that, becawse if you had of bin in-nosent you wood hav taiken advantage of the chanct to laff louder than all the others, so Dwite got it and he deserved it.

And when he caim out of the dressing room whare she'd licked him he winked and old Mitchell had a sign April fool on her back whare Dwite had pind it when she was licking him, he is verry smart. I wood nevver hav thought of it while I was geting lickd, all I can think of when that is going on is how it herts.

Wel, just becawse I put some red peper in the fernase at noon time and my farther was hoam with a stif neck and it maid him snez and nerely kilt him snezing with such a stif neck, he got mad and sed you stay in the yard this afternoon, and you cant play with annyboddy becawse they isent anny boy in the nayborhood that you wont corrup, so I stayed in our yard, and Dwite caim over, he was all rite my farther sed becawse he was the minnisters son and annything rong I put into his hed his farther cood knock out laiter, so Dwite and me plaid togeather, and Uncle Walter he caim along and he sed I supose

you young imps are up to sum devvilment, whats in the wind? And we sed nuthing, why?

And Uncle Walter sed O I was just wondering if you was planning sum mischeef for tonite, are you? and we sed no, we coodent think of annything to do, and uncle Walter sed wel the way you had yore heads together I thought maybe you was fixing up sum skeme to wring the bel on old Brookseys church tonite which wood be verry rong, and we sed no we wasent thinking of such a thing, how cood you do it without being caught? and uncle Walter sed, far be it from me to put such idees into yore



"UNCLE WALTER SED, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO PUT SUCH IDEES INTO YORE PURE YOUNG MINDS."

pure young minds but if you was seeriously thinking of it you cood tie a long roap to the bel and tie that roap to sumthing else such as for instance the brindle cow down in Smalleys back yard that thay leeve out at nite, but don't think I suggest such a thing which wood be verry wicked, only if you shood do it you want to do it erly and get out of the way, and they hapens to be a good long roap out in the barn, so if you shood hapen to think of such a skeme you kno.

And I sed wel we mite think of it if I cood get out of the yard and uncle Walter sed if thats all that trubbles you go ahed, I wil square it with Samuel (which is my farther) so Dwite and me got the roap and went over our fense with the roap under my cote. Wel, we got up in the belfry in Brookseys churtch all rite, you kno Gorge the plaice we got the sqwabs I told you about, and we hitched the roap to the bell and let it dangle down to the ground. That is it wassent me and Dwite that got up there, becawse Dwite sed we are valluable to our parents Sam

and if annything shood hapen to us it wood brake thare harts, and I sed yes that is so but how can we hitch the roap on then? and he sed wel we cood get Eddie Rooney to do it, his farther and mother hav plenty of children and they woodent mind if Eddie shood hav sumthing hapen to him, so we got him and he shinned way up in the dark, becawse it was dark then and we was afrade he mite fall but he didnt he is lucky.

So then we took the end of the roap over in Smalleys back yard and thare was thare old brindle cow and we tied the roap to her and then went hoam and we wated.

wel it was a nawful long time befoar annything hapened, and we was afrade the roap had broaken, but while we was at super all of a suden the bel begun to wring, and it got lowder and lowder and my farther went out on the piaza and he sed what is that bell I nevver herd it befoar? and my uncle Walter he sed maybe its the fire bell, what box is it? and he winked at me, and say Gorge I almost busted out laffing only my farther sed hush! I want to count the stroaks, and evveryboddy was comming out and standing under the lamp posts and looking at thare fire alarm cards and trying to count the stroaks but noboddy cood of counted them they was going so fast, I tel you Gorge that cow was pulling hard.

Wel, Dwite and me was standing and talking about it like evveryboddy else and punching eech other in the ribs, when who shood come running around the coarner but old Brooksey, and he sed by crickety if I ketch the villin that's wringing my churtch bell I'll skin him alive that's what I'll do,

and I sed O Mister Brooks is that yore churtch bell thats wringing? and he looked at me kind of queer and he sed by gorge its lucky for you little devils you aint in it, I beleeve you kno something about it just the saim, and then he run away to go to his churtch.

Wel my uncle Walter and Dwite and me we follard old Brooksey and all the naybors around to the strete whare his churtch was and they was a lot of peepel thare and evveryboddy was looking up and saying I wonder who on earth is wringing that bel, what a joak! And sum of them was saying it was gots, and sumboddy sed it was robbers, and a man sed you fool why wood robbers be wringing a churtch bel if they wanted to do anny robing?

Wel annyway old Brooksey he rushed rite into the crowd and he seen Fatty Dereborn the cop and Brooksey sed, Mister Offiser I demand that you go rite into my churtch and capture the villin thats ringing that bell, and Fatty sed no sirree, not alone, I woodent go in if you giv me the old churtch for kindling would, and I yeld Coward, Coward, Fatty is a coward, and all the kids joined in and Fatty chaised us. Then Brooksey sed if you don't go in I wil repoart you for cowardise, and Fatty sed wel, if sumboddy wil go in with me I wil go, so Eddie Rooneys farther, he was thare and he was toxikated of coarse, and he sed I wil go, so he and Fatty went in. Wel we all wated and while they was in thare the bel kep wright on ringing, that old cow was doing fine.

In a littel while Fatty and Eddie Rooneys farther they caim out and Fatty was as white as a shete and Eddies farther was soaberd up and trembling like annything and they sed they ain't a soul in there, it must be gots, and evveryboddy laffed, but I notised they didnt brake thare necks volunteering to go in just the saim.

Wel the old bel was going like sixty and it was so dark that noboddy cood see the roap even cloase up to the churtch, and evveryboddy was getting a litel skart all but me and Dwite and Eddie Rooney and Uncle Walter, but we was maiking beleeve we was just as fritened. And my farther he was thare and he'd keep asking us cant you see noboddy up in the belfrey, look sharp, and sumboddy sed if youre so smart why dont you look up yorself? and my farther sed I cant, I hav a stif neck, and he had.

And old Brooksey was rushing around and calling evveryboddy naims and swaring

hed hav the hole town rested if sumthing didnt get dun pritty soon and evveryboddy was laffing at him, when just then who shood come rushing up into the crowd but that old brindle cow herself. She must of seen the lites or sumthing, and thare she come a rushing with the roap hanging offen her and geting all tangled up in her legs. Wel old Brooksey he seen the cow furst and he seen the roap leading up to the belfrey and he sed, aha so that is it, hay? but Uncle Walter sed, dont be skart, he dont kno who did it and he cant find out, but coodent he, say?

Old Brooksey he grabbed the cow and he cut the roap and sed I wil find out who done this if it taiks my last sent, Offiser it is up to you, and Fatty Dereborn sed maybe we can traice the culprit by the roap, and Brooksey sed thats so, and he looked at the roap and he sed by jingo if it aint my own roap, its my cloathes line that was stolen out of my yard a cupple of days ago, and Uncle Walter sed to me is that so? and I sed yes, I beleeve I did get it over in Brookseys yard, and he sed confound you why didnt you tel me so, when I sed they was a roap out in our barn, and I sed I forgot, which I did.

Wel evveryboddy was laffing at old Brooksey for being the feller that did it himself, and my but wasent he mad? I never seen him so mad and he can get pritty mad too. And he just fired the roap down on the ground and kicked the cow and started for hoam, but Dwite and me we got the roap and we hurried hoam ahed of him and when he come by our coarner we tripped him with the roap and he went hoam madder than ever. But say, didn't we cum out of that esey? Well so long Gorge, no moar for this time,

From yore aff cous,
SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

VIII

BROOKDALE MASS, JUNE 14, 1881
DERE COUS. GORGE

wel Gorge how are you, you kno how I am I gues, becaws I herd yore farther tel my farther when he was hear the other day, I wil narate the caise of Samuel to Gorge with the hoap that it wil influense him to be a beter boy, what they ment was that I am going to be sent to a bording school. It is becaws they cant do annything moar with

me. my mother sed when my farther sed he wood send me away O think of the turble influenses that wil be brought to bare on our pore child and my farther sed if the turble influenses can stand it I gues he can, annyway he gose, I am not going to be drivven into my graive by his acshuns anny moar. and I doant blaim my farther, what I did was the werst yet.

Wel this is how it hapened. I met Fred Strong and I sed did you here about the Ford brothers that shot Jessie Jaimes they are on exshubition in Boston? and he sed then now is our time to avenge our braive leeder, he ment Jessie Jaimes, we plaid he was our leeder, you kno Gorge, and I sed how do you avenge him, and Fred sed, we wil shoot the scoundrels, so I sed all rite.

So we got our fire arms, mine was a pistol I found in a nold barn out here Gorge, it had four barruls and it cood shoot fine I gues but I nevvver tried, but this time I loded it with some catridges Fred giv me, they was his farthers, and he had a big pistol, it was so long he had to put it down the leg of his trowers and it maid him walk laim and then we went into Boston on the horse car, and Jimmie Carrol he is the driver, he ast us whare we was going, becaws we kno him and we toald him we was going into our farthers offises, so he sed all rite, and we went.

wel Gorge we found the museum and we payed ten sents, I mene I did becaws Fred dident hav anny monney but he giv me the catridges, and we went in, and we saw Zip the what is it, he was the silliest looking thing I evver saw. he doesent kno annything the man sed but he spok to me, he sed, I cant say what he did say, it was so funy, and we saw the surcasshun gurl she had a lot of hare and then we saw the Ford brothers. Say

Gorge but you cood tel they was cowards, they had lots of pistols and nives on and the man was teling about them and he sed these are the braive Ford boys who hav robbed the country of that fiend Jesse Jaimes and someboddy cheered but I wood of hissed oanly Fred sed doant let on you are hear or they will be on thare gard. When I giv the signull you crepe up beside one of them and I wil crepe up beside the other and then our trusty weppins wil do thare work. So I sed all rite, and Fred was reeching for his pistol but it fel out of his pants and the man saw it and

grabd it and Fred sed give me my pistol and then a nuther man grabd me and we was shoved out, but Fred sed I want my pistol and so they took us into the offis of the museum and maid ustel them all about it. And when we sed we was going to avenge Jessie Jaimes a man sed this is too good to kepe and he sent for a noospaper reporter and toald him about it and the reporter ast us our naims and sed this wil maik a bully story, doant tel annyboddy else, and the man sed I wont, now you can go, he

ment us, so we went out and we got a car for haom quick, and that nite we didnt say annything to our farthers and mothers whare we had bin.

But the next moorning my farther was reding the paper at brekfuss and all of a sudden he sed great jumping jehosofat, look at this, and my mother sed what is it, has stocks droped agen, and my farther coodent hardly speke but he started to rede the paper out loud. and say Gorge it was about us, I mene Fred and me, the reporter had printed a story all about us, and my farther was simply the maddest man I evver saw him, say Gorge he coodent say anything for a long time, and when he ald, say Gorge it was



FATTY AND EDDIE ROONEYS FARTHERS
CAIM OUT.

awfull the things he sed, they was true, but they sounded awfull.

And then he sed I wil tend to this gentlemans caise onse and for all, if I doant we wil be ternally disgraiced if we are not already, how wil I daire go to bissness and faice this horrible stoary as it is, my son avenging a noutlaw.

And that nite when he got hoam he had fixed it up for me to go to a bording school, so I am going Gorge, I hoap I wil like it, I gues I wil, if it is annything like the reform school over to Briton, the boys ware the luvliet cloathes all blue and white cheks, and thare hare is cut short and they are awfull strick. Annyway whether I like it or not I am going, so good bye, Gorge.

I hoap you wil come and see me befoar I go away, I have a lot of things you wood like,

three snaiks and a lot of tadpoales that are going to be frogs pritty soon and seventeen burds eggs some rair, and my stamps, say Gorge you had better come out if they wil let you.

Wel Gorge I do not kno when I wil rite agen, the school is in Concord, I dont kno whare it is but my farther ses it is so far away I wil not dair run hoam from it, so I gues I wil not see you til I am groan up, so good by Gorge, you had better come out soon, and get the snaiks.

So no moar from your aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY JR.

p. s. If they wil not let me taik Jocko with me you can hav him, maybe yore mother wil let you now, he is a mutch beter dog sinse he was mine. I think she wil. Ast her.

S. T.



"EVVERYBODDY WAS LAFFING AT OLD BROOKSEY."



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"THE wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs so that——"

"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"

"You never can tell," said a traveling salesman. "Now you'd think that a little New England village, chock full of church influence and higher education, would be just the place to sell a book like 'David Harum,' wouldn't you? Well, I know a man who took a stock up there and couldn't unload one of 'em. He'd have been stuck for fair if he hadn't had a brilliant idea and got the town printer to doctor up the title for him. As it was, he managed to unload the whole lot and get out of town before the first purchaser discovered that 'David's Harum' wasn't quite what he had led himself to suppose."

While Clémenceau was awaiting a train at a little station in southern France, an officious countryman attempted to engage him in conversation upon political matters. The countryman's opinions were far from startling. Clémenceau looked in all directions for relief. Suddenly he called his would-be friend's attention to

a man at the other end of the platform who was yawning.

"Careful, m'sieur," he cautioned. "I fear we are overheard."

"Where's old Four-Fingered Pete?" asked Alkali Ike. "I ain't seen him around since I got back."

"Pete?" said the bartender. "Oh, he went up to Hyena Tongue and got jagged. Went up to a hotel winder, stuck his head in and hollered 'Fire!' an' everybody did."

"Please, Mumsey, just five cents," begged Johnnie.

"But, Johnnie, it was only this morning that I gave you five cents."

"I know, Mumsey, but"—putting his arms around her neck—"I'm *so* hard on money!"

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans was noted for its amateur performances. Once, a social celebrity, gorgeous in the costume of a lord in waiting, was called upon to say: "The Queen has swooned."

As he stepped upon the stage his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and, in a high-pitched voice, said: "The swoon has queued."

There was a roar of laughter. He waited

patiently until it had subsided and tried again: "The sween has cooned."

Again the house roared and the stage manager, in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre, said, "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was being assisted off the stage, screamed: "The coon has sweened!"

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard for the night outside of the colonel's tent. In the morning the colonel stuck his head out.

"Who are you?" he demanded sternly.

The young man turned and affably replied: "Fine; hoo's yerself?"

Editor Junkin of the *Sterling Bulletin* has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the *Sedgwick Pantomograph* has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed little Raymond upon his return from Sunday school, "the superintendent said something awful nice about me in his prayer this morning!"

"That was splendid, Raymond. What did he say?"

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank Thee for food and Raymond.'"

A southern Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The State brought into court as the weapons used, a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe-blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, That we, the jury, would have given a dollar to have seen the fight."

A young preacher, who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D—— practising what he preaches."

The bartender grasped the man next the stove by the shoulder and shook him until he was awake.

"Here, Zeph," he told him, "you'd better go out and get some fresh air. It'll do you good."

Zeph merely grunted, drunkenly, and huddled back in his chair. The bartender tried it again with like result.

"You won't get out, won't you?" he roared angrily. Seizing the unfortunate Zeph by the collar and the seat of the trousers, he escorted him forcibly to the alley. "Get out there in the air and brace up," was his parting advice.

"Y' kin put me out if y' like, but"—Zeph straightened up with drunken dignity—"ye can't make me take no air, du'n ye!"

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

Mr. McGuire was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGuire," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"Oi have not."

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

Said Mr. McGuire with decision: "Not in this case, yer honor."

Steve Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve. Where ye been? A-shootin'?"

"Yep."

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Wall, he didn't look so danged well pleased."

Everybody's Magazine

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

YOU are liable to hear a great deal about Judge Lindsey in the next few months, and we think you should know how his autobiography came to us, and what we have done about safeguarding ourselves and you in connection with its publication. This is all the more necessary, as a strong effort has been made to deter us from printing the story, and grave charges were brought to us reflecting upon the Judge's character and career.

Lindsey's autobiography came to us from Upton Sinclair who stopped off at Denver on his way to California and spent some time with the Judge. The manuscript seemed to us a great human document. It contained the whole story of American municipal and social corruption epitomized in the struggle of a little, unimportant citizen against the forces of evil in his own town. It did not pertain to Denver alone, but applied to every city in the United States. We decided among ourselves to go to work on it, provided we found Lindsey the kind of man he appeared to be from his narrative.

Was Lindsey right? Did he speak the truth? Lincoln Steffens had spent some time in Denver preparing his *McClure's* article about the Children's Court, and was ready to vouch for the Judge's veracity. Steffens said that he had made a thorough investigation of Lindsey's career, and that this was one of the noblest souls he had ever met. Other friends of ours, who knew the Judge and were familiar with conditions in Denver, added further guarantees. Then the Judge himself came to us in New York, and our editorial force threshed out with him such doubts and misgivings as had occurred to them. One cannot sit with Ben

Lindsey, look into his clear face and large, dark eyes, burning with the zeal of an apostle, and not believe in the man. And he tells you his facts in such a fair, kindly way that you yourself know he would not wittingly lie to or about any man on earth.

We were satisfied that the Judge was all right; but his autobiography was not in shape for publication, for he is not a trained writer. We looked around for some man in whom we had confidence, who would sympathize with him and help get his story to the public in the best possible way. After a careful canvas, we asked Harvey J. O'Higgins if he would undertake the job. If you read fiction you must know O'Higgins' work. He is one of the really great American short-story writers; but more than that, he understands poor folks' problems, and knows life at various angles. Also, he has had that newspaper experience which makes every man who has been a reporter suspicious of sham.

O'Higgins read the manuscript, and agreed to go to Denver and work with the Judge. He stipulated that he would look into all the facts and figures himself, for his reputation is quite as precious to him as ours is to us. He set out for Denver January 10th.

Some months later the first third of the story came to us. Frankly, it seemed quite wonderful, and each man and woman on our editorial staff was tremendously impressed by it.

AND THEN THE BEAST SHOWED ITS TEETH

The incident which follows will show you to what trials a good man subjects himself when he dares interfere with the Plutocracy.

In July last, a lawyer friend of ours from Boston brought to our office an agent of the

"Interests" in Denver who came to warn us against Lindsey. Denver people, he said, knew that Lindsey was a liar and that he was not the good man he made himself out to be. We asked for proofs. He promised to get them. This man and our Boston friend appeared again in our office August 11th, and the lawyer read some forty typewritten pages of indictment prepared by the "Agent." He frankly said that he had been employed by a great Denver lawyer to get up this evidence, and he was armed with letters from the heads of several public service corporations of that city, declaring that Lindsey's denunciations of them were mendacious. The charges comprised definite allegations of political trickery, treachery, judicial unfairness, favoritism, demagoguery, and culminated with accusations of lunacy, degeneracy and degrading immorality. Further, it was charged that the autobiography was only a campaign document prepared to further a conspiracy between Lindsey and ex-Senator Patterson of the "Rocky Mountain News" to influence a forthcoming water company franchise fight in Denver. We were assured that documentary proofs of the most heinous charges were to be had, and that witnesses would sustain every one of them. We asked why, if Lindsey had always been fighting the "Interests", they had never before attempted to discredit him. The Agent said it had never before seemed worth while.

BUNGLING ATTACK PROVES A BOOMERANG

This was serious. Our lawyer friend assured us that the Agent had come to him so well accredited by a leading Denver official that his charges must be seriously considered.

Now if our work in the past has meant anything, you are willing to accept as true the statements appearing in *Everybody's*; so it behooves us to be careful not to mislead you. Confronted by this situation, we made up our minds that one of us must go to Denver and examine into the charges personally, and our editor, Mr. Cosgrave, was assigned to the investigation.

The "Interests" Agent promised Mr. Cosgrave a copy of the charges before he started, but this was not forthcoming. Then he agreed it should be turned over on his arrival in Denver, for Mr. Cosgrave

specifically stated that he would deal only with facts and was not concerned about the *opinions* of men whom Lindsey had accused. Three days later he was given the indictment. It now consisted of one and a half typewritten pages instead of the original forty. The charges of immorality were eliminated together with most of the other accusations, and subsequently Mr. Evans, of the tramway company, explained that these charges had been made without his knowledge and that he did not do his fighting that way. However, the names of the witnesses against Lindsey were set forth, and Mr. Cosgrave, accompanied by Mr. O'Higgins, interviewed them all. Notes were taken of the accusations and of the sources of corroboration. There is not space here to set forth the details of the examination, but not one of the charges was sustained. It seemed to Mr. Cosgrave that the Agent had really done his work in bungling fashion, because the statements of no two witnesses matched, and the promised documentary evidence had been "destroyed." The men whom the Judge charges with corrupting Denver entered into elaborate denials of their complicity and stoutly asseverated their good intentions. Their only defense consisted of statements that Lindsey could not tell the truth about them, and that the truth was not in him.

As they protested, it occurred to Mr. Cosgrave that these men were survivals of the old despotic upholders of privilege and that the moral awakening which throughout the country is arousing a sense of the superior rights of the community had not penetrated to Denver.

Mr. Cosgrave did not confine his investigation to the prosecution. He called upon certain of the most representative clergymen—Catholic, Episcopalian and Jewish—also teachers and certain lawyers, officials and newspaper proprietors not allied with the "Interests." All assured Mr. Cosgrave that Judge Lindsey was as honest as he was brave; that he would not lie about his worst enemy, and that it would be difficult to exaggerate the rottenness of the conditions his story set forth.

We believe that we have honestly covered the ground, and in beginning the publication of the autobiography of Judge Lindsey we announce that we believe in him and are behind him in his work.